

THE FITZ-BOODLE PAPERS
AND OTHER SKETCHES



THE
FITZ-BOODLE PAPERS

AND OTHER SKETCHES

BY
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With Illustrations by the Author and John Leech

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NOTE.

THE FITZ-BOODLE PAPERS

(including MEN'S WIVES) are now first reprinted in their entirety. They have been copied from *Fraser's Magazine*, with the result that several passages have been restored. The *Papers* are given in the order in which they appeared originally.

(i.) *Fitz-Boodle's Confessions* (June, 1842) was reprinted in *The Confessions of Fitz-Boodle, etc.* (New York, 1853); *Miscellanies* (vol. iv. : *The Fitz-Boodle Papers*, 1857); in the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xxii. : *Catherine . . . The Fitz-Boodle Papers*, 1869); and also in *Miscellanies* (Boston; vol. iv., 1869).

(ii.) *Professions*. By George Fitz-Boodle. *Being Appeals to the Unemployed Younger Sons of the Nobility* (July, 1842) was reprinted in *The Confessions of Fitz-Boodle, etc.* (New York, 1853). The first two *Professions* were reprinted in *Miscellanies* (vol. iv. : *The Fitz-Boodle Papers*, 1857); in the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xxii. : *Catherine . . . The Fitz-Boodle Papers*, 1869); and also in *Miscellanies* (Boston; vol. iv., 1869). The *Third Profession* was reprinted in Thackeray's *Stray Papers* by Mr. Lewis Melville (1901); and, with the first two, is now included for the first time in a collected edition of Thackeray's Works. The verses in the *Third Profession* entitled 'On the Lady Emily X——,' however, were reprinted under the title of 'My Nora' in the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xviii. : *Ballads, etc.*, 1869); and also in *Miscellanies* (Boston; vol. v., 1870).

(iii.) *Fitz-Boodle's Confessions*—Miss Löwe (October, 1842) was reprinted in *The Confessions of Fitz-Boodle, etc.* (New York, 1853); *Miscellanies* (Boston; vol. iv., 1869); and in a supplementary volume of the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xxiii. : *Miscellaneous Essays, etc.*, 1885).

(iv.) *Fitz-Boodle's Confessions*—*Dorothea* (January, 1843), and

(v.) *Fitz-Boodle's Confessions—Ottilia* (February, 1843), were reprinted in *The Confessions of Fitz-Boodle, etc.* (New York, 1853), and in the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xxii.: *Catherine . . . The Fitz-Boodle Papers*, 1869); and also in *Miscellanies* (Boston; vol. iv., 1869).

Both versions of the verses 'The Willow Tree' and the verses 'Fairy Days' which appeared in *Ottilia* were reprinted in the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xviii.: *Ballads, etc.*, 1869); and also in *Miscellanies* (Boston; vol. v., 1870).

MEN'S WIVES.

(i.) *Mr. and Mrs. Frank Berry* (March, 1843);

(ii.) *The Ravenswing* (April, May, June, August, September, 1843); and

(iii.) *Dennis Haggarty's Wife* (October, 1843)

were reprinted in *Men's Wives* (New York, 1853); *Miscellanies* (vol. iv.: *Men's Wives*, 1857); in the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xviii.: *Ballads and Tales*, 1869); and also in *Miscellanies* (Boston; vol. iii., 1869).

The verses 'The Minaret Bells' and 'Come to the Greenwood Tree' were reprinted in the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xviii.: *Ballads, etc.*, 1869); and also in *Miscellanies* (Boston; vol. v., 1870).

(iv.) *The ——'s Wife* (November, 1843) was reprinted in *Men's Wives* (New York, 1853), Thackeray's *Stray Papers* by Mr. Lewis Melville (1901), and is now included for the first time in a collected edition of Thackeray's Works.

THE SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.

Thackeray witnessed the Second Funeral of Napoleon—that is, the ceremony of conveying the remains of the great warrior to their last resting-place at the Hôtel des Invalides—from a room opening on a garden in the Champs Elysées. He wrote a description of the ceremony, which, with the poem entitled *The Chronicle of the Drum*, was published early in the following year by Hugh Cunningham, the successor of Macrone, who brought out *The Paris Sketch Book*. The book met with little success, though sold at the popular price of half-a-crown.

'Have you read Thackeray's little book, *The Second Funeral of Napoleon?*' Edward Fitz-Gerald wrote to W. H. Thompson on

February 18, 1841. 'If not, pray do, and buy it, and ask others to buy it: as each copy sold puts 7½d. in Thackeray's pocket: which is not very heavy just now, I take it.'

This book was characteristic of the author. Thackeray appreciated Napoleon, but thought the whole affair humbug, and did not hesitate to say so, although he knew he was running counter to the feelings of two nations. *The Times* reviewer blamed him for this, and, while praising the book, accused the author of flippancy and conceit. Thackeray replied to the charge in *Men and Pictures*¹ (*Fraser's Magazine*, July, 1841) in the half-serious, half-bantering manner he affected towards adverse criticism.

The original title-page ran:

The | Second Funeral of Napoleon: | In Three Letters | to
Miss Smith, of London. | And | The Chronicle of the Drum | By
Mr. M. A. Titmarsh. | London: | Hugh Cunningham, St. Martin's
Place, | Trafalgar Square. | 1841.

It was issued in a great pictorial cover with a sketch by Thackeray (see page 272). The other illustrations were by another artist.

There is an interesting advertisement at the end of the volume announcing that there is 'preparing for immediate publication *Dinner Reminiscences, or, The Young Gormandizer's Guide at Paris, by Mr. M. A. Titmarsh.*' Probably discouraged by the scant welcome accorded to *The Second Funeral*, Thackeray abandoned his intention. He used part of the material he had collected in *Memorials of Gormandizing* (*Fraser's Magazine*, June, 1841).

The Second Funeral of Napoleon was reprinted without the illustrations in *The Cornhill Magazine* (January, 1866) with the following Prefatory Note by the Editor, Mr. Frederick Greenwood:—

Mr. Thackeray once more appears in the pages of *The Cornhill Magazine*. We are about to give our readers more sketches of his, which have, indeed, been printed before, but that was when he was writing for a generation so astonishingly dull as to see no merit in *Barry Lyndon*, while we in these days wonder sometimes whether even Thackeray himself ever surpassed that little book, so wonderfully vigorous and keen. But he wrote many things then that were neglected, and were soon altogether forgotten. One of them was 'THE SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON,' of which probably not one in ten thousand of the readers of his magazine ever heard. And yet it was published in due form and in decent duodecimo by Mr. Hugh Cunningham, a

¹ See vol. xiii. of this edition: *Critical Papers in Art*.

bookseller whose shop was at the corner of St. Martin's Place: he who also first published *The Paris Sketch Book*. It was illustrated with some woodcuts of no great merit, and thereto was added the famous 'Chronicle of the Drum,' which the 'leading magazines' had all refused to print. And as the able editors of the time rejected the ballad, so the intelligent public of the time refused to read the account of 'THE SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON,' though it had all the allurements of being written at the time and in the presence of the event it commemorates. The gentleman who sends us the original MS., from which we reprint the long-forgotten narrative, says:—

'The "Letters on the Second Funeral" were a failure. I had the pleasure of editing the tiny volume for Mr. Thackeray, and saw it through the press. And, after a while, on the dismal tidings from the publisher that the little effort made no impression on the public, Mr. Thackeray wrote to me from Paris a pretty little note commencing:—"So your poor Titmarsh has made another fiasco. How are we to take this great stupid public by the ears? Never mind; I think I have something which will surprise them yet. . . ." This was evidently an allusion to *Vanity Fair*, which he had begun at that time.'

It was also reprinted without the illustrations in the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xx.: *Roundabout Papers* . . . *The Second Funeral of Napoleon*, 1869), and also in *Miscellanies* (Boston; vol. iv., 1869). The cover was facsimiled in the Biographical edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xiii.: *Ballads, etc.*, 1899), and in this edition the illustrations are now first reprinted. A portion of the original manuscript was facsimiled in *The Autographic Mirror* (February 20, 1864).

VARIOUS ARTICLES.

(i.) *More Aspects of Paris Life* appeared in *The Corsair* (New York, October 26, 1839) over the signature of 'T. T.' under the title of *Letters from London, Paris, Peking, Petersburg, etc.* By the Author of '*The Yellowplush Correspondence*,' the '*Memoirs of Major Gahagan*,' etc. It was reprinted in *The Students' Quarter* by Mr. John Camden Hotten (1870?), who gave it the name by which it is now known; in Thackeray's *Stray Papers*, by Mr. Lewis Melville (1901), and it is now included for the first time in an edition of Thackeray's Works.

(ii.) *Loose Sketches*. By Michael Angelo Titmarsh—*A St. Philip's Day in Paris* (*The Britannia*, May 15, 22, 1841), and

(iii.) *Loose Sketches*. By Michael Angelo Titmarsh—*Shrove Tuesday in Paris* (*The Britannia*, June 5, 1841) were reprinted in *Loose Sketches, etc.* (1894), and in the Biographical edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xiii.: *Ballads . . . Tales*, 1899).

(iv.) *Little Travels and Roadside Sketches*. By Titmarsh, appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* (May, October, 1844, January, 1845). These articles were reprinted in *Early and Late Papers* by Mr. J. T. Fields (Boston, 1867); in the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xxii.: *Catherine . . . Little Travels*, 1869), and also in *Miscellanies* (Boston; vol. iv., 1869).

(v.) *Going to see a Man Hanged*, signed 'W. M. T.' (*Fraser's Magazine*, August, 1840), was reprinted in *Punch's Prize Novelists . . . and Travels and Sketches in London* (New York, 1853); *Miscellanies* (vol. ii.: *Sketches and Travels in London*, 1856); in the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xv.: *The Book of Snobs and Sketches and Travels in London*, 1869); and also in *Miscellanies* (Boston; vol. iii., 1869).

For some time past Thackeray had had the rather morbid desire to see a man hanged. Years before, at Paris, he had gone to see an execution, but had missed the dismal spectacle. He therefore eagerly accepted an invitation from Monckton Milnes to 'make one at the Hanging' of Courvoisier. The execution took place at five or six o'clock in the morning in those days, and it was customary for intending spectators to 'make a night of it' and to go eastwards after a very late supper. Evidently Milnes suggested that this should be done. 'You must not think me inhospitable in refusing to sit up,' Thackeray wrote in reply. 'I must go to bed, that's the fact, or I shall never be able to attend to the work of to-morrow properly. If you like to come here and have a sofa, it is at your service, but I most strongly recommend sleep as a preparation to the day's pleasure.'

In this article Thackeray spoke his mind, and expressed his disgust 'for the murder he saw done.' Four years later, at Cairo, when he was invited to witness a similar spectacle, he only replied, 'Seeing one man hanged is quite enough in the course of a life.' *J'y ai été*, as the Frenchman said of hunting. In *The Irish Sketch Book* he repeated the sentiments expressed in the *Fraser* paper. But eventually he changed his opinion in this matter, and when Mr. Bedingfield said he had just read the 'Hanging article with admiration,' he remarked, 'I think I was wrong. My feelings were overwrought. These murderers are such devils, after all.'

(vi.) *Memorials of Gormandizing* (*Fraser's Magazine*, June, 1841) has already been referred to in that part of this 'Note' headed *The Second Funeral of Napoleon*. This was reprinted in *Early and Late Papers* by Mr. J. T. Fields (Boston, 1867); in a supplementary volume of the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xxiii.: *Miscellaneous Essays, etc.*, 1885). The verses

To his Serving Boy were reprinted in *Miscellanies* (vol. i. : *Ballads, etc.*, 1855) ; in the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xviii. : *Ballads, etc.*, 1869), and also in *Miscellanies* (Boston, vol. v., 1870).

(vii.) *Barmecide Banquets with Joseph Bregon and Anne Miller* (*Fraser's Magazine*, November, 1845) was reprinted in *Miscellanies* (Boston ; vol. v., 1870), and in a supplementary volume of the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xxiii. : *Miscellaneous Essays, etc.*, 1885).

(viii.) *On Men and Coats* (*Fraser's Magazine*, August, 1841) was reprinted in *Early and Late Papers*, by Mr. J. T. Fields (Boston, 1867) ; *Miscellanies* (Boston, vol. v., 1870), and in a supplementary volume of the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xxiii. : *Miscellaneous Essays, etc.*, 1885).

(ix.) *Travelling Romances : Dumas on the Rhine* ; A review of Alexandre Dumas's *Excursions sur les Bords du Rhin* (*The Foreign Quarterly Review*, October, 1842), is now reprinted for the first time. This paper has hitherto been overlooked by all the bibliographers. The attention of the present compiler has been directed to it by Mr. Frederick S. Dickson, the well-known American Thackeray expert.

L. M.

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THE FITZ-BOODLE PAPERS

PREFACE

GEORGE FITZ-BOODLE, ESQUIRE, TO OLIVER
YORKE, ESQUIRE.¹

OMNIUM CLUB, *May 20, 1842.*

DEAR SIR—I have always been considered the third-best whist player in Europe, and (though never betting more than five pounds) have for many years past added considerably to my yearly income by my skill in the game, until the commencement of the present season, when a French gentleman, Monsieur Lalouette, was admitted to the club where I usually play. His skill and reputation were so great, that no men of the club were inclined to play against us two of a side; and the consequence has been, that we have been in a manner pitted against one another. By a strange turn of luck (for I cannot admit the idea of his superiority), Fortune, since the Frenchman's arrival, has been almost constantly against me, and I have lost two-and-thirty nights in the course of a couple of score of nights' play.

Everybody knows that I am a poor man, and so much has Lalouette's luck drained my finances, that only last week I was obliged to give him that famous grey cob, on which you have seen me riding in the Park (I can't afford a thorough-bred, and hate a cocktail),—I was, I say, forced to give him up my cob in exchange for four ponies which I owed him. Thus, as I never walk, being a heavy man whom nobody cares to mount, my time hangs heavily on my hands; and as I hate home, or that apology for it—a bachelor's lodgings, and as I have nothing earthly to do now until I can afford to purchase another horse, I spend my time in sauntering from one club to another, passing many rather listless hours in them before the men come in.

You will say, Why not take to backgammon, or *écarté*, or amuse yourself with a book? Sir (putting out of the question

¹ [Oliver Yorke, the pseudonym of Dr. Maginn, the editor of *Fraser's Magazine*.]

the fact that I do not play upon credit), I make a point never to play before candles are lighted ; and as for books, I must candidly confess to you I am not a reading man. 'Twas but the other day that some one recommended me to read your Magazine after dinner—saying it contained an exceedingly witty article upon—I forget what—I give you my honour, sir, that I took up the work at six, meaning to amuse myself till seven, when Lord Trumpington's dinner was to come off, and, egad ! in two minutes I fell asleep, and never woke till midnight. Nobody ever thought of looking for me in the library, where nobody ever goes ; and so ravenously hungry was I, that I was obliged to walk off to Crockford's for supper.

What is it that makes you literary persons so stupid ? I have met various individuals in society who I was told were writers of books, and that sort of thing, and expecting rather to be amused by their conversation, have invariably found them dull to a degree, and as for information, without a particle of it. Sir, I actually asked one of these fellows, 'What was the nick to seven ?' and he stared in my face, and said he didn't know. He was hugely overdressed in satin, rings, chains, and so forth ; and at the beginning of dinner was disposed to be rather talkative and pert ; but my little sally silenced him, I promise you, and got up a good laugh at his expense too. 'Leave George alone,' said little Lord Cinqbars, 'I warrant he'll be a match for any of you literary fellows.' Cinqbars is no great wiseacre ; but, indeed it requires no great wiseacre to know *that*.

What is the simple deduction to be drawn from this truth ? Why this,—that a man, to be amusing and well-informed, has no need of books at all, and had much better go to the world and to men for his knowledge. There was Ulysses, now, the Greek fellow engaged in the Trojan war, as I daresay you know ; well, he was the cleverest man possible, and how ? from having seen men and cities, their manners noted and their realms surveyed, to be sure ; so have I,—I have been in every capital, and can order a dinner in every language in Europe.

My notion, then, is this. I have a great deal of spare time on my hands, and as I am told you pay a handsome sum to persons writing for you, I will furnish you occasionally with some of my views upon men and things ; occasional histories of my acquaintance, which I think may amuse you ; personal narratives of my own ; essays and what not. I am told that I do not spell correctly. This, of course, I don't know ; but you will remember that Richelieu and Marlborough could not spell, and, egad ! I am an honest man and desire to be no better than they. I know

that it is the matter, and not the manner which is of importance. Have the goodness, then, to let one of your understrappers correct the spelling and the grammar of my papers ; and you can give him a few shillings in my name for his trouble.

Begging you to accept the assurance of my high consideration,

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE SAVAGE FITZ-BOODLE.

P.S.—By the way, I have said in my letter that I found all literary persons vulgar and dull. Permit me to contradict this with regard to yourself. I met you once at Blackwall, I think it was, and really did not remark anything offensive in your accent or appearance.

FITZ-BOODLE'S CONFESSIONS.

BEFORE commencing the series of moral disquisitions, etc., which I intend, the reader may as well know who I am, and what my past course of life has been. To say that I am a Fitz-Boodle is to say at once that I am a gentleman. Our family has held the estate of Booodle ever since the reign of Henry II., and it is out of no ill-will to my elder brother, or unnatural desire for his death, but only because the estate is a very good one, that I wish heartily it was mine; I would say as much of Chatsworth or Eaton Hall.

I am not, in the first place, what is called a ladies' man, having contracted an irrepressible habit of smoking after dinner, which has obliged me to give up a great deal of the dear creatures' society; nor can I go much to country-houses for the same reason. Say what they will, ladies do not like you to smoke in their bedrooms; their silly little noses scent out the odour upon the chintz, weeks after you have left them. Sir John has been caught coming to bed particularly merry and redolent of cigar smoke. Young George, from Eton, was absolutely found in the little green-house puffing an Havannah; and when discovered, they both lay the blame upon Fitz-Boodle. 'It was Mr. Fitz-Boodle, mamma,' says George, 'who offered me the cigar, and I didn't like to refuse him.' 'That rascal Fitz seduced us, my dear,' says Sir John, 'and kept us laughing until past midnight.' Her ladyship instantly set me down as a person to be avoided. 'George,' whispers she to her boy, 'promise me on your honour, when you go to town, not to know that man.' And when she enters the breakfast-room for prayers, the first greeting is a peculiar expression of countenance and inhaling of breath, by which my lady indicates the presence of some exceedingly disagreeable odour in the room. She makes you the faintest of curtseys, and regards you, if not with a 'flashing eye,' as in the novels, at least with a 'distended nostril.' During the whole of the service, her heart is filled with the blackest gall towards you; and she is thinking about the best means of getting you out of the house.

What is this smoking that it should be considered a crime? I

believe in my heart that women are jealous of it, as of a rival. They speak of it as of some secret, awful vice that seizes upon a man, and makes him a Pariah from genteel society. I would lay a guinea that many a lady who has just been kind enough to read the above lines lays down the book, after this confession of mine that I am a smoker, and says, 'Oh, the vulgar wretch!' and passes on to something else.

The fact is, that the cigar *is* a rival to the ladies, and their conquerer, too. In the chief pipe-smoking nations they are kept in subjection. While the chief, Little White Belt, smokes, the women are silent in his wigwam; while Mahomet Ben Jawbrakine causes volumes of odorous incense of Latakia to play round his beard, the women of the harem do not disturb his meditations, but only add to the delight of them by tinkling on a dulcimer and dancing before him. When Professor Strumpff, of Gottingen, takes down No. 13 from the wall, with a picture of Beatrice Cenci upon it, and which holds a pound of canaster, the Frau Professorin knows that for two hours her Hermann is engaged, and takes up her stockings and knits in quiet. The constitution of French society has been quite changed within the last twelve years; an ancient and respectable dynasty has been overthrown; an aristocracy which Napoleon could never master has disappeared, and from what cause? I do not hesitate to say—*from the habit of smoking*. Ask any man whether, five years before the revolution of July, if you wanted a cigar at Paris, they did not bring you a roll of tobacco with a straw in it? Now the whole city smokes; society is changed; and be sure of this, ladies, a similar combat is going on in this country at present between cigar-smoking and you. Do you suppose you will conquer? Look over the wide world, and see that your adversary has overcome it. Germany has been puffing for threescore years; France smokes to a man. Do you think you can keep the enemy out of England? Pshaw! look at his progress. Ask the club-houses. Have they smoking-rooms, or not? Are they not obliged to yield to the general want of the age, in spite of the resistance of the old women on the committees? I, for my part, do not despair to see a bishop lolling out of the Athenæum with a cheroot in his mouth, or at any rate a pipe stuck in his shovel-hat.

But, as in all great causes and in promulgating of new and illustrious theories, their first propounders and exponents are generally the victims of their enthusiasm, of course the first preachers of smoking have been martyrs too; and George Fitz-Boodle is one. The first gasman was ruined; the inventor of steam-engine printing became a pauper. I began to smoke in days

when the task was one of some danger, and paid the penalty of my crime. I was flogged most fiercely for my first cigar ; for being asked to dine one Sunday evening with a half-pay colonel of dragoons (the gallant, simple, humorous Shortcut—Heaven bless him !—I have had many a guinea from him who had so few), he insisted upon my smoking in his room at the Salopian, and the consequence was, that I became so violently ill as to be reported intoxicated upon my return to Slaughter-house School, where I was a boarder, and I was whipped the next morning for my peccadillo. At Christ Church, one of our tutors was the celebrated lamented Otto Rose, who would have been a bishop under the present government, had not an immoderate indulgence in water-gruel cut short his elegant and useful career. He was a good man, a pretty scholar and poet (the episode upon the discovery of eau de Cologne, in his prize-poem on 'The Rhine,' was considered a masterpiece of art, though I am not much of a judge myself upon such matters), and he was as remarkable for his fondness for a tuft as for his nervous antipathy to tobacco. As ill-luck would have it, my rooms (in Tom Quad) were exactly under his ; and I was grown by this time to be a confirmed smoker. I was a baronet's son (we are of James the First's creation), and I do believe our tutor could have pardoned any crime in the world but this. He had seen me in a tandem, and at that moment was seized with a violent fit of sneezing (a sternutatory paroxysm, he called it), at the conclusion of which I was a mile down the Woodstock Road. He had seen me in pink, as we used to call it, swaggering in the open sunshine across a grass-plot in the court ; but spied out opportunely a servitor, one Todhunter by name, who was going to morning chapel with his shoe-string untied, and forthwith sprung towards that unfortunate person, to set him an imposition. Everything, in fact, but tobacco he could forgive. Why did cursed fortune bring him into the rooms over mine ? The odour of the cigars made his gentle spirit quite furious ; and one luckless morning, when I was standing before my 'oak,' and chanced to puff a great bouffée of Varinas into his face, he forgot his respect for my family altogether (I was the second son, and my brother a sickly creature then,—he is now sixteen stone in weight, and has a half-score of children), gave me a severe lecture, to which I replied rather hotly, as was my wont. And then came demand for an apology ; refusal on my part ; appeal to the dean ; convocation ; and rustication of George Savage Fitz-Boodle.

My father had taken a second wife (of the noble house of Flintskinner) and Lady Fitz-Boodle detested smoking, as a woman of her high principles should. She had an entire mastery

over the worthy old gentleman, and thought I was a sort of demon of wickedness. The old man went to his grave with some similar notion—Heaven help him! and left me but the wretched twelve thousand pounds secured to me on my poor mother's property.

In the army my luck was much the same. I joined the ——th Lancers, Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Martingale, in the year 1817. I only did duty with the regiment for three months. We were quartered at Cork, where I found the Irish doodheen and tobacco the pleasantest smoking possible; and was found by his lordship one day upon stable duty, smoking the shortest, dearest little dumpy clay pipe in the world.

'Cornet Fitz-Boodle,' said my lord in a towering passion, 'from what blackguard did you get that pipe?'

I omit the oaths which garnished invariably his lordship's conversation.

'I got it, my lord,' said I, 'from one Terence Mullins, a jingle-driver, with a packet of his peculiar tobacco. You sometimes smoke Turkish, I believe; do try this. Isn't it good?' And in the simplest way in the world I puffed a volume into his face. 'I see you like it,' said I, so coolly, that the men, and I do believe the horses, burst out laughing.

He started back—choking almost, and recovered himself only to vent such a storm of oaths and curses, that I was compelled to request Captain Rawdon (the captain on duty) to take note of his lordship's words; and unluckily could not help adding a question which settled my business. 'You were good enough,' I said, 'to ask me, my lord, from what blackguard I got my pipe; might I ask from what blackguard you learned your language?'

This was quite enough. Had I said, 'from what *gentleman* did your lordship learn your language?' the point would have been quite as good, and my Lord Martingale would have suffered in my place; as it was, I was so strongly recommended to sell out by his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, that, being of a good-natured disposition, never knowing how to refuse a friend, I at once threw up my hopes of military distinction and retired into civil life.

My lord was kind enough to meet me afterwards, in a field in the Glanmire Road, where he put a ball into my leg. This I returned to him some years later with about twenty-three others—black ones—when he came to be balloted for at a club of which I have the honour to be a member.

Thus by the indulgence of a simple and harmless propensity—of a propensity which can inflict an injury upon no person or

thing except the coat and the person of him who indulges in it,—of a custom honoured and observed in almost all the nations of the world—of a custom which far from leading a man into any wickedness or dissipation to which youth is subject, but, on the contrary, begets only benevolent silence and thoughtful good-humoured observation, I found at the age of twenty all my prospects in life destroyed. I cared not for woman in those days; the calm smoker has a sweet companion in his pipe; I did not drink immoderately of wine, for though a friend to trifling potations, to excessively strong drinks tobacco is abhorrent; I never thought of gambling, for the lover of the pipe has no need of such excitement; but I was considered a monster of dissipation in my family, and bid fair to come to ruin.

‘Look at George,’ my mother-in-law said to the genteel and correct young Flintskimmers; ‘he entered the world with every prospect in life, and see in what an abyss of degradation his fatal habits have plunged him! At school he was flogged and disgraced, he was disgraced and rusticated at the university, he was disgraced and expelled from the army. He might have had the living of Boodle (her ladyship gave it to one of her nephews), but he would not take his degree; his papa would have purchased him a troop—nay, a lieutenant-coloneley some day, but for his fatal excesses. And now as long as my dear husband will listen to the voice of a wife who adores him—never, never shall he spend a shilling upon so worthless a young man. He has a small income from his mother (I cannot but think that the first Lady Fitz-Boodle was a weak and misguided person); let him live upon his mean pittance as he can, and I heartily pray we may not hear of him in gaol!’

My brother, after he came to the estate, married the ninth daughter of our neighbour, Sir John Spreadeagle; and Boodle Hall has seen a new little Fitz-Boodle with every succeeding spring. The dowager retired to Scotland with a large jointure and a wondrous heap of savings. Lady Fitz is a good creature, but she thinks me something diabolical, trembles when she sees me, and gathers her children about her, rushes into the nursery whenever I pay that little seminary a visit, and actually slapped poor little Frank’s ears one day when I was teaching him to ride upon the back of a Newfoundland dog.

“George,” said my brother to me the last time I paid him a visit to the old hall, ‘don’t be angry, my dear fellow, but Maria is in a —hum—in a delicate situation, expecting her—hum —(the eleventh)—and do you know you frighten her? It was but yesterday you met her in the Rookery, you were smoking that

enormous German pipe, and when she came in she had an hysterical seizure, and Drench says that in her situation it's dangerous; and I say, George, if you go to town you'll find a couple of hundred at your banker's,' and with this the poor fellow shook me by the hand and called for a fresh bottle of claret.

Since then he told me, with many hesitations, that my room at Boodle Hall had been made into a second nursery. I see my sister-in-law in London twice or thrice in the season, and the little people, who have almost forgotten to call me Uncle George.

It's hard, too, for I am a lonely man after all, and my heart yearns to them. The other day I smuggled a couple of them into my chambers and had a little feast of cream and strawberries to welcome them. But it had like to have cost the nursery-maid (a Swiss girl that Fitz-Boodle hired somewhere in his travels) her place. My step-mamma, who happened to be in town, came flying down in her chariot, pounced upon the poor thing and the children in the midst of the entertainment; and when I asked her, with rather a bad grace to be sure, to take a chair and a share of the feast,—

'Mr. Fitz-Boodle,' said she, 'I am not accustomed to sit down in a place that smells of tobacco like an ale-house—an ale-house inhabited by a *serpent*, sir! A *serpent*! do you understand me? who carries his poison into his brother's own house, and pursues his infamous designs before his brother's own children. Put on Miss Maria's bonnet this instant. *Mamsell, ontondy-voo? Metty le bonny à mamsell*; and I shall take care, *mamsell*, that you return to Switzerland to-morrow. I've no doubt you are a relation of Courvoisier; *oui, oui, Courvoisier; vous comprenny?* and you shall certainly be sent back to your friends.'

With this speech, and with the children and their maid sobbing before her, my lady retired, but for once my sister-in-law was on my side, not liking the meddlement of the elder lady.

I know, then, that from indulging in that simple habit of smoking, I have gained among the ladies a dreadful reputation. I see that they look coolly upon me, and darkly at their husbands when they arrive at home in my company. Men, I observe, in consequence, ask me to dine much oftener at the club, or the Star and Garter at Richmond, or at Lovegrove's, than in their own houses; and with this sort of arrangement I am fain to acquiesce; for, as I said before, I am of an easy temper, and can at any rate take my cigar-case out after dinner at Blackwall when my lady or the duchess are not by. I know, of course, the best men in town; and as for ladies' society, not having it (for I will have none

of your pseudo-ladies, such as sometimes honour bachelors' parties—actresses, *couturières*, opera-dancers and so forth)—as for ladies' society, I say, I cry pish! 'tis not worth the trouble of the complimenting, and the bother of pumps and black silk stockings.

Let any man remember what ladies' society was when he had an opportunity of seeing them among themselves, as What-d'ye-call-'em does in the Thesmophoriazu—(I beg pardon, I was on the verge of a classical allusion, which I abominate)—I mean at that period of his life when the intellect is pretty acute, though the body is small—namely, when a young gentleman is about eleven years of age, dining at his father's table during the holidays and is requested by his papa to quit the dinner-table when the ladies retire from it.

Corbleu! I recollect their whole talk as well as if it had been whispered but yesterday, and can see, after a long dinner, the yellow summer sun throwing long shadows over the lawn before the dining-room windows, my poor mother and her company of ladies sailing away to the music-room in old Boodle Hall. The Countess Dawdley was the great Lady in our county—a portly lady who used to love crimson satin in those days and birds of paradise. She was flaxen-haired, and the Regent once said she resembled one of King Charles's beauties.

When Sir John Todcaster used to begin his famous story of the exciseman (I shall not tell it here, for very good reasons) my poor mother used to turn to Lady Dawdley, and give that mystic signal at which all females rise from their chairs. Tufthunt, the curate, would spring from his seat, and be sure to be the first to open the door for the retreating ladies; and my brother Tom and I, though remaining stoutly in our places, were speedily ejected from them by the governor's invariable remark, 'Tom and George, if you have had *quite* enough of wine, you had better go and join your mamma.' Yonder she marches, Heaven bless her! through the old oak hall (how long the shadows of the antlers are on the wainscot, and the armour of Rollo Fitz-Boodle looks in the sunset as if it were emblazoned with rubies), yonder she marches, stately and tall in her invariable pearl-coloured tabinet, followed by Lady Dawdley, blazing like a flamingo; next comes Lady Emily Tufthunt (she was Lady Emily Skinflinter), who will not for all the world take precedence of rich, vulgar, kind, good-humoured Mrs. Colonel Grogwater, as she would be called, with a yellow little husband from Madras, who first taught me to drink sangaree. He was a new arrival in our country, but paid nobly to the hounds, and occupied hospitably a house which was

always famous for its hospitality—Sievely Hall (poor Bob Cullender ran through seven thousand a year before he was thirty years old). Once when I was a lad, Colonel Grogwater gave me two gold mohurs out of his desk for whist-markers, and I'm sorry to say I ran up from Eton and sold them both for seventy-three shillings at a shop in Cornhill. But to return to the ladies who are all this while kept waiting in the hall, and to their usual conversation after dinner.

Can any man forget how miserably flat it was? Five matrons sit on sofas and talk in a subdued voice:—

First Lady (mysteriously). 'My dear Lady Dawdley, do tell me about poor Susan Tuckett.'

Second Lady. 'All three children are perfectly well, and I assure you as fine babies as I ever saw in my life. I made her give them Daffy's Elixir the first day; and it was the greatest mercy that I had some of Frederick's baby-clothes by me; for you know I had provided Susan with sets for one only, and really——'

Third Lady. 'Of course one couldn't; and for my part I think your ladyship is a great deal too kind to these people. A little gardener's boy dressed in Lord Dawdley's frocks, indeed! I recollect that one at his christening had the sweetest lace in the world!'

Fourth Lady. 'What do you think of this, ma'am—Lady Emily, I mean? I have just had it from Howell and James:—guipure, they call it. Isn't it an odd name for lace? And they charge me, upon my conscience, four guineas a yard!'

Third Lady. 'My mother, when she came to Skinflinter, had lace upon her robe that cost sixty guineas a yard, ma'am! 'Twas sent from Malines direct by our relation, the Count d'Araignay.'

Fourth Lady (aside). 'I thought she would not let the evening pass without talking of her Malines lace and her Count d'Araignay. Odious people! they don't spare their backs, but they pinch their——'

Here Tom upsets a coffee-cup over his white jean trousers, and another young gentleman bursts into a laugh, saying, 'By Jove, that's a good 'un!'

'George, my dear,' says mamma, 'had not you and your young friend better go into the garden? But mind, no fruit, or Doctor Glauber must be called in again immediately!' and we all go, and in ten minutes I and my brother are fighting in the stables.

If instead of listening to the matrons and their discourse we had taken the opportunity of attending to the conversation of the

misses, we should have heard matter not a whit more interesting.

First Miss. 'They were all three in blue crape; you never saw anything so odious. And I know for a certainty that they wore those dresses at Guttlebury at the archery-ball, and I dare say they had them in town.'

Second Miss. 'Don't you think Jemima decidedly crooked? And those fair complexions they freckle so, that really Miss Blanche ought to be called Miss Brown.'

Third Miss. 'He, he, he!'

Fourth Miss. 'Don't you think Blanche is a pretty name?'

First Miss. 'La! do you think so, dear? Why, it's my second name!'

Second Miss. 'Then I'm sure Captain Travers thinks it a beautiful name!'

Third Miss. 'He, he, he!'

Fourth Miss. 'What was he telling you at dinner that seemed to interest you so?'

First Miss. 'O law, nothing!—that is, yes! Charles—that is, Captain Travers, is a sweet poet and was reciting to me some lines that he had composed upon a faded violet:—

'The odour from the flower is gone,
That like thy—

like thy something, I forget what it was; but his lines are sweet, and so original too! I wish that horrid Sir John Todhunter had not begun his story of the exciseman, for Lady Fitz-Boodle always quits the table when he begins.'

Third Miss. 'Do you like those tufts that gentlemen wear sometimes on their chins?'

Second Miss. 'Nonsense, Mary!'

Third Miss. 'Well, I only asked Jane. Frank thinks, you know, that he shall very soon have one, and puts bear's-grease on his chin every night.'

Second Miss. 'Mary, nonsense!'

Third Miss. 'Well, only ask him. You know he came to our dressing-room last night and took the pomatum away; and he says that when boys go to Oxford they always—'

First Miss. 'Oh, heavens! have you heard the news about the Lancers? Charles—that is, Captain Travers, told it me!'

Second Miss. 'Law! they won't go away before the ball, I hope!'

First Miss. 'No, but on the 15th they are to shave their mustachios! He says that Lord Tufto is in a perfect fury about it!'

Second Miss. 'And poor George Beardmore, too!' etc.

Here Tom upset the coffee over his trousers, and the conversations end. I can recollect a dozen such, and ask any man of sense whether such talk amuses him?

Try again to speak to a young lady while you are dancing—what we call in this country—a quadrille. What nonsense do you invariably give and receive in return? No, I am a woman-scorner, and don't care to own it. I hate young ladies! Have I not been in love with several, and has any one of them ever treated me decently? I hate married women! Do they not hate me? and, simply because I smoke, try to draw their husbands away from my society? I hate dowagers! Have I not cause? Does not every dowager in London point to George Fitz-Boodle as to a dissolute wretch whom young and old should avoid?

And yet do not imagine that I have not loved. I have, and madly, many, many times! I am but eight-and-thirty,¹ not past the age of passion, and may very likely end by running off with an heiress—or a cook-maid, (for who knows what strange freaks Love may choose to play in his own particular person? and I hold a man to be a mean creature who calculates about checking any such sacred impulse as lawful love)—I say, though despising the sex in general for their conduct to me, I know of particular persons belonging to it who are worthy of all respect and esteem, and as such I beg leave to point out the particular young lady who is perusing these lines. Do not, dear madam, then imagine that if I knew you, I should be disposed to sneer at you. Ah, no! Fitz-Boodle's bosom has tenderer sentiments than from his way of life you would fancy, and stern by rule is only too soft by practice. Shall I whisper to you the story of one or two of my attachments? All terminating fatally (not in death, but in disappointment, which, as it occurred, I used to imagine a thousand times more bitter than death, but from which one recovers somehow more readily than from the other-named complaint)—all, I say, terminating wretchedly to myself, as if some fatality pursued my desire to become a domestic character.

My first love—no, let us pass *that* over. Sweet one! thy name shall profane no hireling page. Sweet, sweet memory! Ah, ladies; those delicate hearts of yours have too felt the throb;—and between that last *ob* in the word throb and the words now written, I have passed a delicious period of perhaps an hour, perhaps a minute, I know not how long, thinking of that holy first love and of her who inspired it. How clearly every single incident of the passion is remembered by me! and yet 'twas long,

¹ He is five-and-forty, if he is a day old.—O. Y.

long since; I was but a child then—a child at school—and, if the truth must be told—L—ra R—ggl—s (I would not write her whole name to be made one of the Marquess of Hertford's executors) was a woman full thirteen years older than myself; at the period of which I write, she must have been at least five-and-twenty. She and her mother used to sell tarts, hard-bake, lollipops, and other such simple comestibles, on Wednesdays and Saturdays (half-holidays) at a private school where I received the first rudiments of a classical education. I used to go and sit before her tray for hours, but I do not think the poor girl ever supposed any motive led me so constantly to her little stall beyond a vulgar longing for her tarts and her ginger-beer. Yes, even at that early period my actions were misrepresented, and the fatality which has oppressed my whole life began to shew itself,—the purest passion was misinterpreted by her and my school-fellows, and they thought I was actuated by simple gluttony. They nicknamed me Alicompayne.

Well, be it so. Laugh at early passion ye who will; a high-born boy madly in love with a lowly ginger-beer girl! She married afterwards, took the name of Latter, and now keeps with her old husband a turnpike, through which I often ride; but I can recollect her bright and rosy of a sunny summer afternoon, her red cheeks, shaded by a battered straw bonnet, her tarts and ginger-beer upon a neat white cloth before her, mending blue worsted stockings until the young gentlemen should interrupt her by coming to buy.

Many persons will call this description low; I do not envy them their gentility, and have always observed through life (as to be sure, every other *gentleman* has observed as well as myself) that it is your *parvenu* who stickles most for what he calls the genteel, and has the most squeamish abhorrence for what is frank and natural. Let us pass at once, however, as all the world must be pleased, to a recital of an affair which occurred in the very best circles of society as they are called, viz. my next unfortunate attachment.

It did not occur for several years after that simple and platonic passion just described, for though they may talk of youth as the season of romance, it has always appeared to me that there are no beings in the world so entirely unromantic and selfish as certain young English gentlemen from the age of fifteen to twenty. The oldest Lovelace about town is scarcely more hard-hearted and scornful than they; they ape all sorts of selfishness and *rouerie*; they aim at excelling at cricket, at billiards, at rowing, and drinking, and set more store by a red

coat and a neat pair of top-boots, than by any other glory. A young fellow staggers into college-chapel of a morning, and communicates to all his friends that he was 'so cut last night' with the greatest possible pride. He makes a joke of having sisters and a kind mother at home who loves him; and if he speaks of his father, it is with a knowing sneer to say that he has a tailor's and a horse-dealer's bill that will surprise 'the old governor.' He would be ashamed of being in love. I, in common with my kind, had these affectations, and my perpetual custom of smoking added not a little to my reputation as an accomplished *roué*. What came of this custom in the army and at college, the reader has already heard. Alas! in life it went no better with me, and many pretty chances I had went off in that accursed smoke.

After quitting the army in the abrupt manner stated, I passed some short time at home, and was tolerated by my mother-in-law because I had formed an attachment to a young lady of good connexions and with a considerable fortune, which was really very nearly becoming mine. Mary M'Alister was the only daughter of Colonel M'Alister, late of the Blues, and Lady Susan his wife. Her ladyship was no more; and, indeed, of no family compared to ours (which has refused a peerage any time these two hundred years), but being an earl's daughter and a Scotch woman, Lady Emily Fitz-Boodle did not fail to consider her highly. Lady Susan was daughter of the late Admiral Earl of Marlingspike and Baron Plumduff. The colonel, Miss M'Alister's father, had a good estate, of which his daughter was the heiress, and as I fished her out of the water upon a pleasure-party, and swam with her to shore, we became naturally intimate, and Colonel M'Alister forgot, on account of the service rendered to him, the dreadful reputation for profligacy which I enjoyed in the country.

Well, to cut a long story short, which is told here merely for the moral at the end of it, I should have been Fitz-Boodle M'Alister at this minute most probably, and master of four thousand a year, but for the fatal cigar-box. I bear Mary no malice in saying that she was a high-spirited little girl, loving, before all things, her own way; nay, perhaps, do not from long habit and indulgence in tobacco-smoking appreciate the delicacy of female organisations which were oftentimes most painfully affected by it. She was a keen-sighted little person, and soon found that the world had belied poor George Fitz-Boodle, who, instead of being the cunning monster people supposed him to be, was a simple, reckless, good-humoured, honest fellow, marvellously

addicted to smoking, idleness, and telling the truth. She called me Orson, and I was happy enough on the 14th February, in the year 18—(it's of no consequence), to send her such a pretty little copy of verses about Orson and Valentine, in which the rude habits of the savage man were shown to be overcome by the polished graces of his kind and brilliant conqueror, that she was fairly overcome, and said to me, 'George Fitz-Boodle, if you give up smoking for a year I will marry you.'

I swore I would, of course, and went home and flung four pounds of Hudson's cigars, two meerschaum pipes that cost me ten guineas at the establishment of Mr. Gattie at Oxford, a tobacco-bag that Lady Fitz-Boodle had given me *before* her marriage with my father (it was the only present that I ever had from her or any member of the Skinflinter family), and some choice packets of Varinas and Syrian, into the lake in Boodle Park. The weapon amongst them all which I most regretted was—will it be believed—the little black doodheen which had been the cause of the quarrel between Lord Martingale and me. However, it went along with the others. I would not allow my groom to have so much as a cigar, lest I should be tempted hereafter; and the consequence was that a few days after many fat carps and tenches in the lake (I must confess 'twas no bigger than a pond) nibbled at the tobacco, and came floating on their backs on the top of the water quite intoxicated. My conversion made some noise in the country, being emphasised, as it were, by this fact of the fish. I can't tell you with what pangs I kept my resolution; but keep it I did for some time.

With so much beauty and wealth, Mary M'Alister had of course many suitors, and among them was the young Lord Dawdley, whose mamma has previously been described in her gown of red satin. As I used to thrash Dawdley at school, I thrashed him in after-life in love, and he put up with his disappointment pretty well, and came after a while and shook hands with me, telling me of the bets that there were in the county where the whole story was known, for and against me. For the fact is, as I must own, that Mary M'Alister, the queerest, frankest of women, made no secret of the agreement, or the cause of it.

'I did not care a penny for Orson,' she said, 'but he would go on writing me such dear pretty verses that at last I couldn't help saying yes. But if he breaks his promise to me, I declare, upon my honour, I'll break mine, and nobody's heart will be broken either.'

This was the perfect fact, as I must confess, and I declare that

it was only because she amused and delighted me, and provoked me and made me laugh very much, and because, no doubt, she was very rich, that I had any attachment for her.

'For Heaven's sake, George,' my father said to me, as I quitted home to follow my beloved to London, 'remember that you are a younger brother and have a lovely girl and four thousand a year within a year's reach of you. Smoke as much as you like, my boy, after marriage,' added the old gentleman, knowing^y (as if he, honest soul, after his second marriage, dared drink an extra pint of wine without my lady's permission!), 'but eschew the tobacco-shops till then.'

I went to London resolving to act upon the paternal advice, and oh! how I longed for the day when I should be married, vowing in my secret soul that I would light a cigar as I walked out of St. George's, Hanover Square.

Well, I came to London, and so carefully avoided smoking that I would not even go into Hudson's shop to pay his bill, and as smoking was not the fashion then among young men as (thank Heaven!) it is now, I had not many temptations from my friends' examples in my clubs or elsewhere; only little Dawdley began to smoke as if to spite me. He had never done so before, but confessed—the rascal!—that he enjoyed a cigar now, if it were but to mortify me. But I took to other and more dangerous excitements, and upon the nights when not in attendance upon Mary M'Alister, might be found in very dangerous proximity to a polished mahogany table, round which claret-bottles circulated a great deal too often, or worse still, to a table covered with green cloth and ornamented with a couple of wax-candles and a couple of packs of cards, and four gentlemen playing the enticing game of whist. Likewise, I came to carry a snuff-box, and to consume in secret huge quantities of rappee.

For ladies' society I was even then disinclined, hating and despising small-talk, and dancing, and hot routs, and vulgar scrambles for suppers. I never could understand the pleasure of acting the part of lackey to a dowager, and standing behind her chair, or bustling through the crowd for her carriage. I always found an opera too long by two acts, and have repeatedly fallen asleep in the presence of Mary M'Alister herself, sitting at the back of the box shaded by the huge beret of her old aunt, Lady Betty Plumduff; and many a time has Dawdley, with Miss M'Alister on his arm, wakened me at the close of the entertainment in time to offer my hand to Lady Betty and lead the ladies to their carriage. If I attended her occasionally to any ball or party of pleasure, I went, it must be confessed, with clumsy, ill-disguised

ill-humour. Good Heavens ! have I often and often thought in the midst of a song, or the very thick of a ball-room, can people prefer this to a book and a sofa, and a dear, dear cigar-box from thy stores, O charming Mariana Woodville ! Deprived of my favourite plant, I grew sick in mind and body, moody, sarcastic, and discontented.

Such a state of things could not long continue, nor could Miss M'Alister continue to have much attachment for such a sullen, ill-conditioned creature as I then was. She used to make me wild with her wit and her sarcasm, nor have I ever possessed the readiness to parry or reply to those fine points of woman's wit, and she treated me the more mercilessly as she saw that I could not resist her.

Well ; the polite reader must remember a great fête that was given at B—— House, some years back, in honour of his Highness the Hereditary Prince of Kalbsbraten-Pumpnickel, who was then in London on a visit to his illustrious relatives. It was a fancy ball, and the poems of Scott being at that time all the fashion, Mary was to appear in the character of 'The Lady of the Lake,' old M'Alister making a very tall and severe-looking harper ; Dawdley, a most insignificant Fitzjames, and your humble servant a stalwart and manly Roderick Dhu. We were to meet at B—— House at twelve o'clock, and as I had no fancy to drive through the town in my cab dressed in a kilt and philibeg, I agreed to take a seat in Dawdley's carriage, and to dress at his house in May Fair. At eleven I left a very pleasant bachelor's party, growling to quit them and the honest, jovial claret bottle, in order to scrape and cut capers like a harlequin from the theatre. When I arrived at Dawdley's, I mounted to a dressing-room, and began to array myself in my cursed costume.

The art of costuming was by no means so well understood in those days as it has been since, and mine was out of all correctness. I was made to sport an enormous plume of black ostrich feathers, such as never was worn by any Highland chief, and had a huge tiger-skin sporran to dangle like an apron before innumerable yards of plaid petticoat. The tartan cloak was outrageously hot and voluminous : it was the dog-days, and all these things I was condemned to wear in the midst of a crowd of a thousand people !

Dawdley sent up word as I was dressing, that his dress had not arrived, and he took my cab and drove off in a rage to his tailor.

There was no hurry, I thought, to make a fool of myself ; so having put on a pair of plaid trews, and very neat pumps with shoe-buckles, my courage failed me as to the rest of the dress, and

taking down one of his dressing-gowns, I went downstairs to the study to wait until he should arrive.

The windows of the pretty room were open, and a snug sofa, with innumerable cushions, drawn towards one of them. A great tranquil moon was staring into the chamber, in which stood, amidst books and all sorts of bachelor's lumber, a silver tray with a couple of tall Venice glasses, and a bottle of Maraschino bound with straw. I can see now the twinkle of the liquor in the moonshine, as I poured it into the glass; and I swallowed two or three little cups of it, for my spirits were downcast. Close to the tray of Maraschino stood—must I say it?—a box, a mere box of cedar, bound rudely together with pink paper, branded with the name of 'HUDSON' on the side, and bearing on the cover the arms of Spain. I thought I would just take up the box and look in it.

Ah, Heaven! there they were—a hundred and fifty of them, in calm, comfortable rows, lovingly side by side they lay with the great moon shining down upon them—thin at the tip, full in the waist, elegantly round and full, a little spot here and there shining upon them—beauty-spots upon the cheek of Silva. The house was quite quiet. Dawdley always smoked in his room;—I had not smoked for four months and eleven days.

When Lord Dawdley came into the study, he did not make any remarks; and, oh, how easy my heart felt! He was dressed in his green and boots, after Westall's picture, correctly.

'It's time to be off, George,' said he; 'they told me you were dressed long ago. Come up, my man, and get ready.'

I rushed up into the dressing-room, and madly dashed my head and arms into a pool of eau de Cologne. I drank, I believe, a tumbler-full of it. I called for my clothes, and, strange to say, they were gone. My servant brought them, however, saying that he had put them away—making some stupid excuse. I put them on, not heeding them much, for I was half tipsy with the excitement of the ci—, of the smo—, of what had taken place in Dawdley's study, and with the Maraschino and the eau de Cologne I had drank.

'What a fine odour of lavender-water!' said Dawdley, as we rode in the carriage.

I put my head out of the window and shrieked out a laugh; but made no other reply.

'What's the joke, George?' said Dawdley, 'did I say anything witty?'

'No,' cried I, yelling still more wildly; 'nothing more witty than usual.'

'Don't be severe, George,' said he, with a mortified air, and we drove on to B—— House.

There must have been something strange and wild in my appearance, and these awful black plumes, as I passed through the crowd; for I observed people looking and making a strange nasal noise (it is called sniffing, and for which I have no other more delicate term), and making way as I pushed on; but I moved forward very fiercely, for the wine, the Maraschino, the eau de Cologne, and the—the excitement had rendered me almost wild, and at length I arrived at the place where my lovely Lady of the Lake and her Harper stood. How beautiful she looked—all eyes were upon her as she stood blushing. When she saw me, however, her countenance assumed an appearance of alarm. 'Good heavens, George!' she said, stretching her hand to me; 'what makes you look so wild and pale?' I advanced, and was going to take her hand, when she dropped it with a scream.

'Ah—ah—ah!' she said, 'Mr. Fitz-Boodle, you've been smoking!'

There was an immense laugh from four hundred people round about us, and the scoundrelly Dawdley joined in the yell. I rushed furiously out, and as I passed, hurtled over the fat Hereditary Prince of Kalbsbraten-Pumpernickel.

'*Es riecht hier ungeheuer stark von Tabak!*' I heard his highness say, as madly I flung myself through the aides-de-camp.

The next day Mary M'Alister, in a note full of the most odious good sense and sarcasm, reminded me of our agreement; said that she was quite convinced that we were not by any means fitted for one another, and begged me to consider myself henceforth quite free. The little wretch had the impertinence to send me a dozen boxes of cigars, which, she said, would console me for my lost love; as she was perfectly certain that I was not mercenary, and that I loved tobacco better than any woman in the world.

I believe she was right, though I have never to this day been able to pardon the scoundrelly stratagem by which Dawdley robbed me of a wife and won one himself. As I was lying on his sofa, looking at the moon and lost in a thousand happy contemplations, Lord Dawdley, returning from the tailor's, saw me smoking at my leisure. On entering his dressing-room, a horrible thought struck him. 'I must not betray my friend,' said he; 'but in love all is fair, and he shall betray himself.' There were my tartans, my cursed feathers, my tiger-skin sporran, upon the sofa.

He called up my groom; he made the rascal put on all my clothes, and, giving him a guinea and four cigars, bade him lock himself into the little pantry and smoke them *without taking the clothes off*. John did so, and was very ill in consequence, and so when I came to B—— House, my clothes were redolent of tobacco, and I lost lovely Mary M'Alister.

I am godfather to one of Lady Dawdley's boys, and hers is the only house where I am allowed to smoke unmolested; but I have never been able to admire Dawdley, a sly, *sournois*, spiritless, lily-livered fellow, that took his name off all his clubs the year he married.

'I am sick of this squeamish English world,' said I, in bitter scorn, as I sat in my lonely lodgings smoking Mary M'Alister's cigars: 'a curse upon their affectations of propriety and silly obedience to the dictates of whimpering woman! I will away to some other country where thought is free, and honest men have their way. I will have no more of your rose-water passion, or cringing drawing-room tenderness. Pshaw! is George Fitz-Boodle to be bound up in the scented ringlets of a woman, or made to fetch and carry her reticule? No, I will go where women shall obey and not command me. I will be a Sheikh, and my wife shall cook my couscous, and dance before me, and light my *naryhilé*. I will be a painted savage spearing the fish, and striking the deer, and my wife shall sing my great actions to me as I smoke my calumet in my lodge. Away! land of dowagers and milk-sops. Fitz-Boodle disowns you; he will wander to some other clime; where man is respected, and woman takes her proper rank in the creation, as the pretty smiling slave she would be.'

I received at this time, in an abrupt enclosure from my father, £120, being a quarter's income, and a polite intimation from Lady Fitz-Boodle, that as I had disappointed every one of my parents' expectations (*she my parent! laugh!*) I must never look to the slightest pecuniary aid from them. Such a sum would not enable me to travel across the Atlantic or to the shores of the Red Sea, as was my first intention; I determined, therefore, to visit a country where, if woman was still too foolishly worshipped, at least smoking was tolerated, and took my departure at the Tower Stairs for Rotterdam and the Rhine.

There were no incidents of the voyage worth recounting, nor am I so absurd as to attempt to give the reader an account of Holland or any other country. This memoir is purely personal; and relates rather to what I suffered than to what I saw. Not a word then about Cologne and the eleven thousand British virgins,

whom a storm drove into that port, and who were condemned, as I am pleased to think, to a most merited death. Ah, Mary M'Alister, in my rage and fury I wished that there had been eleven thousand and one spinsters so destroyed. Ah! Minna Löwe, Jewess as thou wert, thou meritedst no better a fate than that which overtook those Christian damsels.

Minna Löwe was the daughter of Moses Löwe, banker at Bonn. I passed through the town last year, fifteen years after the event I am about to relate, and heard that Moses was imprisoned for forgery and fraudulent bankruptcy. He merited the punishment which the merciful Prussian law inflicted on him.

Minna was the most beautiful creature that my eyes ever lighted on. Sneer not, ye Christian maidens: but the fact was so. I saw her for the first time seated at a window covered with golden vine-leaves, with grapes just turning to purple, and tendrils twisting in the most fantastical arabesques. The leaves cast a pretty chequered shadow over her sweet face, and the simple, thin, white muslin gown in which she was dressed. She had bare white arms, and a blue riband confined her little waist. She was knitting, as all German women do, whether of the Jewish sort or otherwise; and in the shadow of the room sat her sister Emma, a powerful woman with a powerful voice. Emma was at the piano, singing, '*Herz mein herz warum so trau-au-rig,*' singing much out of tune.

I had come to change one of Coutt's circulars at Löwe's bank, and was looking for the door of the caisse.

'*Links, mein Herr!*' said Minna Löwe, making the gentlest inclination with her pretty little head; and blushing ever so little, and raising up tenderly a pair of heavy blue eyes, and then dropping them again, overcome by the sight of the stranger. And no wonder, I was a sight worth contemplating then,—I had golden hair which fell gracefully over my shoulders, and a slim waist (where are you now, slim waist and golden hair?) and a pair of brown mustachios that curled gracefully under a firm Roman nose, and a tuft to my chin that could not but vanquish any woman. '*Links, mein Herr,*' said lovely Minna Löwe.

That little word *links* dropped upon my wounded soul like balm. There is nothing in *links*: it is not a pretty word. Minna Löwe simply told me to turn to the left, when I was debating between that side and its opposite, in order to find the cash-room door. Any other person might have said *links* (or *rechts* for that matter) and would not have made the slightest impression upon me; but Minna's full red lips, as they let slip the monosyllable, wore a smile so tender and uttered it with such

inconceivable sweetness, that I was overcome at once. 'Sweet bell!' I could have said, 'tinkle that dulcet note for ever; links, clinks, linx! I love the chime. It soothes and blesses me.' All this I could have said, and much more, had I had my senses about me, and had I been a proficient in the German language; but I could not speak, both from ignorance and emotion. I blushed, stuttered, took off my cap, made an immensely foolish bow, and began forthwith fumbling at the door-handle.

The reason why I have introduced the name of this siren is to show that if tobacco in a former unlucky instance has proved my enemy, in the present case it was my firmest friend. I, the descendant of the Norman Fitz-Boodle, the relative of kings and emperors, might, but for tobacco, have married the daughter of Moses Löwe, the Jew forger and convict of Bonn. I would have done it; for I hold the man a slave who calculates in love, and who thinks about prudence when his heart is in question. Men marry their cook-maids and the world looks down upon them. *Ne sit ancillæ amor pudori!* I exclaim with a notorious poet, if you heartily and entirely love your cook-maid, you are a fool and a coward not to wed her. What more can you want than to have your heart filled up? Can a duchess do more? You talk of the difference of rank and the decencies of society. Away, sir! love is divine, and knows not your paltry, worldly calculations. It is not love you worship, O heartless, silly calculator! it is the interest of thirty thousand pounds in the three per cents, and the blessing of a genteel mother-in-law in Harley Street, and the ineffable joy of snug dinners, and a butler behind your chair. Fool! love is eternal, butlers and mothers-in-law are perishable: you have but the enjoyment of your three per cents for forty years: and then, what do they avail you? But if you believe that she whom you choose, and to whom your heart clings, is to be your soul's companion, not now merely, but for ever and ever; then what a paltry item of money or time has deterred you from your happiness, what a miserable penny-wise economist you have been!

And here, if as a man of the world, I might be allowed to give advice to fathers and mothers of families, it would be this: young men fall in love with people of a lower rank, and they are not strong enough to resist the dread of disinheritance, or of the world's scorn, or of the cursed tyrant gentility, and dare not marry the woman they love above all. But if prudence is strong, passion is strong too, and principle is not, and women (Heaven keep them!) are weak. We all know what happens then.

Prudent papas and mammas say, 'George will sow his wild oats soon, he will be tired of that odious woman one day, and we'll get a good marriage for him: meanwhile it is best to hush the matter up and pretend to know nothing about it.' But suppose George does the only honest thing in his power and marries the woman he loves above all; *then* what a cry you have from parents and guardians, what shrieks from aunts and sisters, what excommunications and disinheriting! 'What a weak fool George is!' say his male friends in the clubs; and no hand of sympathy is held out to poor Mrs. George, who is never forgiven, but shunned like a plague, and sneered at by a relentless pharisaical world until death sets her free. As long as she is *unmarried*, avoid her if you will; but as soon as she is married, go! be kind to her, and comfort her, and pardon and forget, if you can! And lest some charitable people should declare that I am setting up here an apology for vice, let me here, and by way of precaution, flatly contradict them, and declare that I only would offer a *plea for marriage*.

But where has Minna Löwe been left during this page of disquisition? Blushing under the vine-leaves positively, whilst I was thanking my stars that she never became Mrs. George Fitz-Boodle. And yet who knows what thou mightst have become, Minna, had such a lot fallen to thee? She was too pretty and innocent-looking to have been by nature that artful, intriguing huzzy that education made her, and that my experience found her. The case was simply this, not a romantical one by any means.

At this very juncture, perhaps, it will be as well to pause, and leave the world to wait for a month until it learns the result of the loves of Minna Löwe and George Fitz-Boodle. I have other tales still more interesting in store; and though I have never written a line until now, I doubt not before long to have excited such a vast sympathy in my favour, that I shall become as popular as the oldest (I mean the handsomest and most popular) literary characters of this or any other age or country. Artists and print-publishers, desirous of taking my portrait, may as well, therefore, begin sending in their proposals to Mr. Nickisson; nor shall I so much look to a high remuneration for sitting (egad! it is a frightful operation) as to a clever and skilful painter, who must likewise be a decently bred and companionable person.

Nor is it merely upon matters relating to myself (for egotism I hate, and the reader will remark that there is scarcely a single 'I' in the foregoing pages) that I propose to speak. Next

month, for instance (besides the continuation of my own and other people's memoirs) I shall acquaint the public with a discovery which is intensely interesting to all fathers of families : I have in my eye *three new professions* which a gentleman may follow with credit and profit, which are to this day unknown, and which, in the present difficult times, cannot fail to be eagerly seized upon.

Before submitting them to public competition, I will treat privately with parents and guardians, or with young men of good education and address ; such only will suit

G. S. F. B.

PROFESSIONS. BY GEORGE FITZ-BOODLE.

BEING APPEALS TO THE UNEMPLOYED YOUNGER SONS
OF THE NOBILITY.

FIRST PROFESSION.

THE fair and honest proposition which I put forth at the end of my last (and first) appeal to the British public, and in which I offered to communicate privately with parents and guardians relative to three new and lucrative professions which I had discovered, has, I find from the publisher, elicited not one single inquiry from those personages, who I can't but think are very little careful of their children's welfare to allow such a chance to be thrown away. It is not for myself I speak, as my conscience proudly tells me; for though I actually gave up Ascot in order to be in the way should any father of a family be inclined to treat with me regarding my discoveries, yet I am grieved, not on my account, but on theirs, and for the wretched penny-wise policy that has held them back.

That they must feel an interest in my announcement is unquestionable. Look at the way in which the public prints of all parties have noticed my appearance in the character of a literary man! Putting aside my personal narrative, look at the offer I made to the nation,—a choice of no less than three new professions! Suppose I had invented as many new kinds of butcher's meat; does any one pretend that the world, tired as it is of the perpetual recurrence of beef, mutton, veal, cold beef, cold veal, cold mutton, hashed ditto, would not have jumped eagerly at the delightful intelligence that their old, stale, stupid meals were about to be varied at last?

Of course people would have come forward. I should have had deputations from Mr. Giblets and the fashionable butchers of this world; petitions would have poured in from Whitechapel salesmen; the speculators panting to know the discovery; the

cautious with stock in hand eager to bribe me to silence and prevent the certain depreciation of the goods which they already possessed. I should have dealt with them, not greedily or rapaciously, but on honest principles of fair barter. 'Gentlemen,' I should have said, or rather 'Gents,' which affectionate diminutive is, I am given to understand, at present much in use among commercial persons, 'Gents, my researches, my genius, or my good fortune, have brought me to the valuable discovery about which you are come to treat. Will you purchase it outright, or will you give the discoverer an honest share of the profits resulting from your speculation? My position in the world puts *me* out of the power of executing the vast plan I have formed, but 'twill be a certain fortune to him who engages in it; and why should not I, too, participate in the fortune?'

Such would have been my manner of dealing with the world, too, with regard to my discovery of the new professions. Does not the world want new professions? Are there not thousands of well-educated men panting, struggling, pushing, starving, in the old ones? Grim tenants of chambers looking out for attorneys who never come? wretched physicians practising the stale joke of being called out of church until people no longer think fit even to laugh or to pity? Are there not hoary-headed midshipmen, antique ensigns growing mouldy upon fifty years' half-pay? Nay, are there not men who would pay anything to be employed rather than remain idle? But such is the glut of professionals, the horrible cut-throat competition among them, that there is no chance for one in a thousand, be he ever so willing, or brave, or clever; in the great ocean of life he makes a few strokes, and puffs and sputters, and sinks, and the innumerable waves overwhelm him and he is heard of no more.

Walking to my banker's t'other day—and I pledge my sacred honour this story is true—I met a young fellow whom I had known *attaché* to an embassy abroad, a young man of tolerable parts, unwearied patience, with some fortune, too, and moreover allied to a noble Whig family, whose interest had procured him his appointment to the legation at Krahwinkel, where I knew him. He remained for ten years a diplomatic character; he was the working-man of the legation; he sent over the most diffuse translations of the German papers for the use of the Foreign Secretary; he signed passports with most astonishing ardour; he exiled himself for ten long years in a wretched German town, dancing attendance at court-balls, and paying no end of money for uniforms. And for what? At the end of the ten years—during which period of labour he never received a single shilling

from the government which employed him (rascally spendthrifts of a government, *va !*)—he was offered the paid *attachéship* to the court of H.M. the King of the Mosquito Islands, and refused that appointment a week before the Whig ministry retired. Then he knew that there was no further chance for him, and incontinently quitted the diplomatic service for ever, and I have no doubt will sell his uniform a bargain. The government had *him* a bargain certainly ; nor is he by any means the first person who has been sold at that price.

Well, my worthy friend met me in the street and informed me of these facts with a smiling countenance,—which I thought a masterpiece of diplomacy. Fortune had been belabouring and kicking him for ten whole years, and here he was grinning in my face ; could Monsieur de Talleyrand have acted better ? ‘I have given up diplomacy,’ said Protocol, quite simply and good-humouredly, ‘for between you and me, my good fellow, it’s a very slow profession ; sure perhaps, but slow. But though I gained no actual pecuniary remuneration in the service, I have learned all the languages in Europe, which will be invaluable to me in my new profession—the mercantile one—in which directly I looked out for a post, I found one.’

‘What ! and a good pay !’ said I.

‘Why, no ; that’s absurd, you know. No young men, strangers to business, are paid much to speak of. Besides, I don’t look to a paltry clerk’s pay. Some day, when thoroughly acquainted with the business (I shall learn it in about seven years) I shall go into a good house with my capital and become junior partner.’

‘And meanwhile ?’

‘Meanwhile I conduct the foreign correspondence of the eminent house of Jam, Ram, and Johnson ; and very heavy it is, I can tell you. From nine till six every day, except foreign post days, and then from nine till eleven ; dirty dark court to sit ; snobs to talk to—great change, as you may fancy.’

‘And you do all this for nothing ?’

‘I do it to learn the business ;’ and so saying Protocol gave me a knowing nod and went his way.

Good heavens ! I thought, and is this a true story ? Are there hundreds of young men in a similar situation at the present day, giving away the best years of their youth for the sake of a mere windy hope of something in old age, and dying before they come to the goal ! In seven years he hopes to have a business, and then, to have the pleasure of risking his money ! He will be admitted into some great house as a particular favour, and three

months after the house will fail. Has it not happened to a thousand of our acquaintance? I thought I would run after him and tell him about the new professions that I had invented.

‘Oh! ay! those you wrote about in *Fraser’s Magazine*. Egad! George, Necessity makes strange fellows of us all. Who would ever have thought of you *spelling*, much more writing?’

‘Never mind that. Will you, if I tell you of a new profession, that with a little cleverness and instruction from me, you may bring to a most successful end—will you, I say, make me a fair return?’

‘My dear creature,’ replied young Protocol, ‘what nonsense you talk! I saw that very humbug in the Magazine. You say you have made a great discovery—very good; you puff your discovery—very right; you ask money for it—nothing can be more reasonable; and then you say that you intend to make your discovery public in the next number of the Magazine. Do you think I will be such a fool as to give you money for a thing which I can have next month for nothing? Good-bye, George, my boy; the *next* discovery you make I’ll tell you how to get a better price for it;’ and with this the fellow walked off, looking supremely knowing and clever.

This tale of the person I have called Protocol is not told without a purpose, as you may be sure. In the first place, it shows what are the reasons that nobody has made applications to me concerning the new professions, namely, because I have passed my word to make them known in this Magazine, which persons may have for the purchasing, stealing, borrowing, or hiring, and, therefore, they will never think of applying personally to me. And, secondly, his story proves also my assertion, viz., that all professions are most cruelly crowded at present, and that men will make the most absurd outlay and sacrifices for the smallest chance of success at some future period. Well, then, I will be a benefactor to my race, if I cannot be to one single member of it, whom I love better than most men. What I have discovered I will make known; there shall be no shilly-shallying work here, no circumlocution, no bottle-conjuring business. But oh! I wish for all our sakes that I had had an opportunity to impart the secret to one or two persons only; for after all, but one or two can live in the manner I would suggest. And when the discovery is made known, I am sure ten thousand will try. The rascals! I can see their brass plates gleaming over scores of doors. Competition will ruin my professions, as it has all others.

It must be premised that the two first professions are intended

for gentlemen and gentlemen only,—men of birth and education. No others could support the parts which they will be called upon to play.

And, likewise, it must be honestly confessed, that these professions have, to a certain degree, been exercised before. Do not cry out at this and say it is no discovery! I say it *is* a discovery. It is a discovery, if I show you—a gentleman—a profession which you may exercise without derogation or loss of standing, with certain profit, nay, possibly, with honour, and of which until the reading of this present page, you never thought but as of a calling beneath your rank and quite below your reach. Sir, I do not mean to say that I create a profession. I cannot create gold; but if, when discovered, I find the means of putting it in your pocket, do I or do I not deserve credit?

I see you sneer contemptuously when I mention to you the word AUCTIONEER. 'Is this all,' you say, 'that this fellow brags and prates about? An auctioneer, forsooth! he might as well have "invented" chimney-sweeping!'

No such thing. A little boy of seven, be he ever so low of birth, can do this as well as you. Do you suppose that little stolen Master Montague made a better sweeper than the lowest-bred chummy that yearly commemorates his release? No, sir. And he might have been ever so much a genius or a gentleman and not have been able to make his trade respectable.

But all such trades as can be rendered decent the aristocracy has adopted one by one. At first they followed their profession of arms, flouting all others as unworthy, and thinking it ungentleman-like to know how to read or write. They did not go into the church in very early days till the money to be got from the church was strong enough to tempt them. It is but of later years that they have condescended to go to the bar, and since the same time only that we see some of them following trades. I know an English lord's son who is, or was, a wine-merchant (he may have been a bankrupt for what I know). As for bankers, several partners in banking-houses have four balls to their coronets, and I have no doubt that another sort of banking, viz., that practised by gentlemen who lend small sums of money upon deposited securities, will be one day followed by the noble order, so that they may have four balls on their coronets and carriages, and three in front of their shops.

Yes, the nobles come peoplewards as the people, on the other hand, rise and mingle with the nobles. With the *plebs*, of course, Fitz-Boodle, in whose veins flows the blood of a thousand kings, can have nothing to do; but watching the progress of the world,

'tis impossible to deny that the good old days for our race are passed away. We want money still as much as ever we did ; but we cannot go down from our castles with horse and sword and waylay fat merchants—no, no, confounded new policemen and the assize courts prevent that. Younger brothers cannot be pages to noble houses, as of old they were, serving gentle dames without disgrace, handing my lord's rose-water to wash, or holding his stirrup as he mounted for the chase. A page, forsooth ! A pretty figure would George Fitz-Boodle or any other man of fashion cut, in a jacket covered with sugar-loafed buttons and handing in penny-post notes on a silver tray. The plebs have robbed us of that trade among others, nor, I confess, do I much grudge them their *trouvaille*. Neither can we collect together a few scores of free lances, like honest Hugh Calverly in the Black Prince's time, or brave Harry Butler of Wallenstein's dragoons, and serve this or that prince, Peter the Cruel or Henry of Trastamare, Gustavus or the Emperor, at our leisure ; or, in default of service, fight and rob on our own gallant account, as the good gentlemen of old did. Alas ! no. In South America or Texas, perhaps, a man might have a chance that way ; but in the ancient world, no man can fight except in the king's service (and a mighty bad service that is too), and the lowest European sovereign, were it Baldomero Espartero himself, would think nothing of seizing the best born Condottiere chief that ever drew sword and shooting him down like the vulgarest deserter.

What, then, is to be done ? We must discover fresh fields of enterprise—of peaceable and commercial enterprise in a peaceful and commercial age. I say, then, that the auctioneer's pulpit has never been yet ascended by a scion of the aristocracy, and am prepared to prove that they might scale it, and do so with dignity and profit.

For the auctioneer's pulpit is just the peculiar place where a man of social refinement, of elegant wit, of polite perceptions, can bring his wit, his eloquence, his taste, and his experience of life, most delightfully into play. It is not like the bar, where the better and higher qualities of a man of fashion find no room for exercise. In defending John Jorrocks in an action of trespass, for cutting down a stick in Sam Snooks's field, what powers of mind do you require ?—powers of mind, that is, which Mr. Serjeant Snorter, a butcher's son with a great loud voice, a sizar at Cambridge, a wrangler, and so forth, does not possess as well as yourself ? Snorter has never been in decent society in his life. He thinks the bar-mess the most fashionable assemblage in Europe, and the jokes of 'grand day' the *ne plus ultra* of wit. Snorter

lives near Russell Square, eats beef and Yorkshire pudding, is a judge of port wine, is in all social respects your inferior. Well, it is ten to one but in the case of Snooks *v.* Jorrocks, before-mentioned, he will be a better advocate than you; he knows the law of the case entirely, and better probably than you. He can speak long, loud, to the point, grammatically—more grammatically than you, no doubt, will condescend to do. In the case of Snooks *v.* Jorrocks he is all that can be desired. And so about dry disputes, respecting real property, he knows the law; and beyond this, has no more need to be a gentleman than my body-servant has—who, by the way, from constant intercourse with the best society, is almost a gentleman. But this is apart from the question.

Now, in the matter of auctioneering, this, I apprehend, is not the case, and assert that a high-bred gentleman, with good powers of mind and speech, must, in such a profession, make a fortune. I do not mean in all auctioneering matters. I do not mean that such a person should be called upon to sell the good-will of a public-house, or discourse about the value of the beer-barrels, or bar with pewter fittings, or the beauty of a trade doing a stroke of so many hogsheads a week. I do not ask a gentleman to go down and sell pigs, ploughs, and cart-horses, at Stoke Pogis; or to enlarge at the Auction Rooms, Wapping, upon the beauty of *The Lively Sally* schooner. These articles of commerce or use can be better appreciated by persons in a different rank of life to his.

But there are a thousand cases in which a gentleman only can do justice to the sale of objects which the necessity or convenience of the genteel world may require to change hands. All articles may require to change hands. All articles, properly called, of taste should be put under his charge. Pictures—he is a travelled man, has seen and judged the best galleries of Europe, and can speak of them as a common person cannot. For, mark you, you must have the confidence of your society, you must be able to be familiar with them, to plant a happy *mot* in a graceful manner, to appeal to my lord or the duchess in such a modest, easy, pleasant way as that her grace should not be hurt by your allusion to her—nay, amused (like the rest of the company) by the manner in which it was done.

What is more disgusting than the familiarity of a snob? What more loathsome than the swaggering quackery of some present holders of the hammer? There was a late sale, for instance, which made some noise in the world (I mean the late Lord Gimcrack's at Dilberry Hill). Ah! what an opportunity

was lost there! I declare solemnly that I believe, but for the absurd quackery and braggadocio of the advertisements, much more money would have been bid; people were kept away by the vulgar trumpeting of the auctioneer, and could not help thinking the things were worthless that were so outrageously lauded.

They say that sort of Bartholomew-fair advocacy (in which people are invited to an entertainment by the medium of a hoarse yelling beef-eater, twenty-four drums, and a jack-pudding turning head over heels) is absolutely necessary to excite the public attention. What an error! I say that the refined individual so accosted is more likely to close his ears and, shuddering, run away from the booth. Poor Horace Waddlepool! to think that thy gentle accumulation of *bric-à-brac* should have passed away in such a manner! by means of a man who brings down a butterfly with a blunderbuss, and talks of a pin's head through a speaking-trumpet! Why, the auctioneer's very voice was enough to crack the Sèvres porcelain and blow the lace into annihilation. Let it be remembered that I speak of the gentleman in his public character merely, meaning to insinuate nothing more than I would by stating that Lord Brougham speaks with a northern accent, or that the voice of Mr. Sheil is sometimes unpleasantly shrill.

Now the character I have formed to myself of a great auctioneer is this. I fancy him a man of first-rate and irreproachable birth and fashion. I fancy his person so agreeable that it must be a pleasure for ladies to behold and tailors to dress it. As a private man, he must move in the very best society, which will flock round his pulpit when he mounts it in his public calling. It will be a privilege for vulgar people to attend the hall where he lectures; and they will consider it an honour to be allowed to pay their money for articles the value of which is stamped by his high recommendation. Nor can such a person be a mere fribble, or any loose hanger-on of fashion imagine he may assume the character. The gentleman-auctioneer must be an artist above all, adoring his profession; and adoring it, what must he not know? He must have a good knowledge of the history and language of all nations; not the knowledge of the mere critical scholar, but of the lively and elegant man of the world. He will not commit the gross blunders of pronunciation that untravelled Englishmen perpetrate; he will not degrade his subject by coarse eulogy, or sicken his audience with vulgar banter. He will know where to apply praise and wit properly; he will have the tact only acquired in good society, and know where a joke is in place, and how far a compliment may go. He will not outrageously and indiscriminately laud all objects

committed to his charge, for he knows the value of praise; that diamonds, could we have them by the bushel, would be used as coals; that, above all, he has a character of sincerity to support; that he is not merely the advocate of the person who employs him, but that the public is his client too, who honours him and confides in him. Ask him to sell a copy of Raffaele for an original; a trumpery modern Brussels counterfeit for real old Mechlin; some common French forged crockery for the old delightful, delicate, Dresden china, and he will quit you with scorn, or order his servant to show you the door of his study.

Study, by the way,—no, ‘study’ is a vulgar word; every word is vulgar which a man uses to give the world an exaggerated notion of himself or his condition. When the wretched bagman, brought up to give evidence before Judge Coltman, was asked what his trade was and replied that ‘he represented the house of Dobson and Hobson,’ he shewed himself to be a vulgar, mean-souled wretch, and was most properly reprimanded by his lordship. To be a bagman is to be humble, but not of necessity vulgar. Pomposity is vulgar, to ape a higher rank than your own is vulgar, for an ensign of militia to call himself captain is vulgar, or for a bagman to style himself the ‘representative of Dobson and Hobson.’ The honest auctioneer, then, will not call his room his study; but his ‘private room,’ or his office, or whatever may be the phrase commonly used among auctioneers.

He will not for the same reason call himself (as once in a momentary feeling of pride and enthusiasm for the profession I thought he should)—he will not call himself ‘an advocate,’ but an auctioneer. There is no need to attempt to awe people by big titles, let each man bear his own name without shame. And a very gentlemanlike and agreeable, though exceptional position (for it is clear that there cannot be more than two of the class), may the auctioneer occupy.

He must not sacrifice his honesty, then, either for his own sake or his clients’ in any way, nor tell fibs about himself or them. He is by no means called upon to draw the long bow in their behalf; all that his office obliges him to do—and let us hope his disposition will lead him to do it also—is to take a favourable, kindly philanthropic view of the world; to say what can fairly be said by a good-natured and ingenious man in praise of any article for which he is desirous to awaken public sympathy. And how readily and pleasantly may this be done! I will take upon myself, for instance, to write an eulogium upon So-and-so’s last novel, which shall be every word of it true; and which work, though to some discontented spirits it might appear dull, may be

shown to be really amusing and instructive—nay, *is* amusing and instructive to those who have the art of discovering where those precious qualities lie.

An auctioneer should have the organ of truth large; of imagination and comparison, considerable; of wit, great; of benevolence, excessively large.

And how happy might such a man be and cause others to be! He should go through the world laughing, merry, observant, kind-hearted. He should love everything in the world because his profession regards everything. With books of lighter literature (for I do not recommend the genteel auctioneer to meddle with heavy antiquarian and philological works) he should be elegantly conversant, being able to give a neat history of the author, a pretty sparkling kind criticism of the work, and an appropriate eulogium upon the binding, which would make those people read who never read before; or buy, at least, which is his first consideration. Of pictures we have already spoken. Of china, of jewellery, of gold-headed canes, valuable arms, picturesque antiquities, with what eloquent *entrainement* might he not speak! He feels every one of these things in his heart. He has all the tastes of all the fashionable world; Dr. Meyrick cannot be more enthusiastic about an old suit of armour than he; Sir Harris Nicolas not more eloquent regarding the gallant times in which it was worn, and the brave histories connected with it. He takes up a pearl necklace with as much delight as any beauty who was sighing to wear it round her own snowy throat, and hugs a china monster with as much joy as the oldest duchess could do. Nor must he affect these things; he must feel them. He is a glass in which all the tastes of fashion are reflected. He must be every one of the characters to whom he addresses himself—a genteel Goethe or Shakspeare, a fashionable world-spirit.

How can a man be all this and not be a gentleman; and not have had an education in the midst of the best company—an insight into their most delicate feelings, and wants, and usages? The pulpit oratory of such a man would be invaluable; people would flock to listen to him from far and near. He might out of a single tea-cup cause streams of world-philosophy to flow, which would be drank in by grateful thousands; and draw out of an old pin-cushion points of wit, morals, and experience, that would make a nation wise.

Look round, examine the ANNALS of AUCTIONS, as Mr. Robins remarks, and (with every respect for him and his brethren) say, is there in the profession SUCH A MAN? Do we want such a man? Is such a man likely or not likely to make an immense

fortune? Can we get such a man except out of the very best society, and among the most favoured there?

Everybody answers 'No!' I knew you would answer no. And now, gentlemen who have laughed at my pretension to discover a profession, say, have I not? I have laid my finger upon the spot where the social deficit exists. I have shewn that we labour under a want; and when the world wants; do we not know that A MAN WILL STEP FORTH to fill the vacant space that Fate has left for him? Pass we now to the

SECOND PROFESSION.

THIS profession, too, is a great, lofty, and exceptional one, and discovered by me considering these things, and deeply musing upon the necessities of society. Nor let honourable gentlemen imagine that I am enabled to offer them in this profession, more than any other, a promise of what is called future glory, deathless fame, and so forth. All that I say is, that I can put young men in the way of making a comfortable livelihood, and leaving behind them, not a name, but, what is better, a decent maintenance to their children. Fitz-Boodle is as good a name as any in England. General Fitz-Boodle, who, in Marlborough's time, and in conjunction with the famous Van Slaap, beat the French in the famous action of Vischzouchee, near Mardyck, in Holland, on the 14th of February, 1709, is promised an immortality upon his tomb in Westminster Abbey; but he died of apoplexy, deucedly in debt, two years afterwards; and what after that is the use of a name?

No, no; the age of chivalry is past. Take the twenty four first men who come into the club, and ask who they are, and how they made their money? There's Woolsey-Sackville, his father was Lord Chancellor, and sat on the wool-sack, whence he took his title; his grandfather dealt in coal-sacks, and not in wool-sacks—small coal-sacks, dribbling out little supplies of black diamonds to the poor. Yonder comes Frank Leveson, in a huge broad-brimmed hat, his shirt-cuffs turned up to his elbows. Leveson is as gentlemanly a fellow as the world contains, and, if he has a fault, is perhaps too finikin. Well, you fancy him related to the Sutherland family; nor, indeed, does honest Frank deny it; but *entre nous*, my good sir, his father was an attorney, and his grandfather a bailiff in Chancery Lane, bearing a name still older than that of Leveson, namely, Levy. So it is that this con-

founded equality grows and grows, and has laid the good old nobility, by the heels. Look at that venerable Sir Charles Kitley, of Kitley Park; he is interested about the Ashantees, and has just come from Exeter Hall. Kitley discounted bills in the City in the year 1787, and gained his baronetcy by a loan to the French princes. All these points of history are perfectly well known; and do you fancy the world cares? Psha! Profession is no disgrace to a man; be what you like, provided you succeed. If Mr. Fauntleroy could come to life with a million of money, you and I would dine with him; you know we would; for why should we be better than our neighbours?

Put, then, out of your head the idea that this or that profession is unworthy of you: take any that may bring you profit, and thank him that puts you in the way of being rich.

The profession I would urge (upon a person duly qualified to undertake it) has, I confess, at the first glance, something ridiculous about it; and will not appear to young ladies so romantic as the calling of a gallant soldier, blazing with glory, gold lace, and vermilion coats; or a dear, delightful clergyman, with a sweet blue eye, and a pocket-handkerchief scented charmingly with lavender-water. The profession I allude to *will*, I own, be to young women disagreeable, to sober men trivial, to great stupid moralists unworthy.

But mark my words for it, that in the religious world, (I have once or twice, by mistake no doubt, had the honour of dining in 'serious houses,' and can vouch for the fact that the dinners there are of excellent quality), in the serious world, in the great mercantile world; among the legal community (notorious feeders), in every house in town, (except some half a dozen which can afford to do without such aid), the man I propose might speedily render himself indispensable.

Does the reader now begin to take? Have I hinted enough for him, that he may see with eagle glance the immense beauty of the profession I am about to unfold to him? We have all seen Gunter and Chevet; Fregoso, on the Puerta del Sol (a relation of the ex-minister Calomarde), is a good purveyor enough for the benighted olla-eaters of Madrid; nor have I any fault to find with Guimard, a Frenchman, who has lately set up on the Piazza d'España, at Naples, where he furnishes people with decent food. It has given me pleasure, too, in walking about London—in the Strand, in Oxford Street, and elsewhere, to see *fournisseurs* and comestible merchants newly set up. Messrs. Morell have good articles in their warehouses; Fortnum and Mason are known to most of my readers.

But what is not known, what is wanted, what is languished for in England, is a *dinner-master*,—a gentleman who is not a provider of meat, or wine, like the parties before named,—who can have no earthly interest in the price of truffled turkeys or dry champagne beyond that legitimate interest which he may feel for his client, and which leads him to see that the latter is not cheated by his tradesman. For the dinner-giver is almost naturally an ignorant man. How in mercy's name can Mr. Serjeant Snorter, who is all day at Westminster, or in chambers, know possibly the mysteries, the delicacy, of dinner-giving? How can Alderman Pogson know anything beyond the fact that venison is good with currant-jelly, that he likes lots of green fat with his turtle? Snorter knows law, Pogson is acquainted with the state of the tallow-market; but what should he know of eating, like you and me, who have given up our time to it? (I say *me* only familiarly, for I have only reached so far in the science as to know that I know nothing.) But men there are, gifted individuals, who have spent years of deep thought—not merely intervals of labour, but hours of study every day—over the gormandising science,¹—who, like alchemists, have let their fortunes go, guinea by guinea, into the all-devouring pot—who, ruined as they sometimes are, never get a guinea by chance, but they will have a plate of peas in May with it, or a little feast of ortolans, or a piece of Glo'ster salmon, or one more flask from their favourite claret-bin.

It is not the ruined gastronomist that I would advise a person to select as his *table-master*; for the opportunities of speculation would be too great in a position of such confidence—such complete abandonment of one man to another. A ruined man would be making bargains with the tradesmen. They would offer to cash bills for him, or send him opportune presents of wine, which he could convert into money, or bribe him in one way or another. Let this be done, and the profession of table-master is ruined. Snorter and Pogson may almost as well order their own dinners, as be at the mercy of a 'gastronomic agent,' whose faith is not beyond all question.

¹ The publisher has referred me to an essay in this Magazine upon the subject of eating in Paris, by a person of the name of Tidmarsh, who may be a very worthy man for aught I know to the contrary; but has, with permission be it spoken, shown the most lamentable vulgarity and ignorance in his writing. As for Nimrod's "*Cibaria*," the barbarity of them is quite amusing.—G. F. B.

[The essay to which reference is made in the above footnote is 'Memorials of Gormandising. In a Letter to Oliver Yorke. By M. A. Titmarsh.' See page 397 of this volume.]

A vulgar mind, in reply to these remarks regarding the gastronomic ignorance of Snorter and Pogson, might say 'True, these gentlemen know nothing of household economy, being occupied with other more important business elsewhere. But what are their wives about? Lady Pogson in Harley Street has nothing earthly to do but to mind her poodle, and her mantua-makers' and housekeeper's bills. Mrs. Snorter in Bedford Place, when she has taken her drive in the Park with the young ladies, may surely have time to attend to her husband's guests, and preside over the preparations of his kitchen, as she does worthily at his hospitable mahogany.' To this I answer, that a man who expects a woman to understand the philosophy of dinner-giving, shows the strongest evidence of a low mind. He is unjust towards that lovely and delicate creature, woman, to suppose that she heartily understands and cares for what she eats and drinks. No; taken as a rule, women have no real appetites. They are children in the gormandising way; loving sugar, sops, tarts, trifles, apricot-creams, and such gewgaws. They would take a sip of Malmsey, and would drink currant-wine just as happily, if that accursed liquor were presented to them by the butler. Did you ever know a woman who could lay her fair hand upon her gentle heart and say on her conscience that she preferred dry Sillery to sparkling champagne? Such a phenomenon does not exist. They are not made for eating and drinking; or, if they make a pretence to it, become downright odious. Nor can they, I am sure, witness the preparations of a really great repast without a certain jealousy. They grudge spending money (ask guards, coachmen, inn-waiters, whether this be not the case). They will give their all, Heaven bless them! to serve a son, a grandson, or a dear relative, but they have not the heart to pay for small things magnificently. They are jealous of good dinners, and no wonder. I have shown in a former discourse how they are jealous of smoking and other personal enjoyments of the male. I say, then, that Lady Pogson or Mrs. Snorter can never conduct their husbands' table properly. Fancy either of them consenting to allow a calf to be stewed down into gravy for one dish, or a dozen hares to be sacrificed to a single *purée* of game, or the best Madeira to be used for a sauce, or half-a-dozen of champagne to boil a ham in. They will be for bringing a bottle of Marsala in place of the old particular, or for having the ham cooked in water. But of these matters—of kitchen philosophy—I have no practical or theoretic knowledge; and must beg pardon, if only understanding the goodness of a dish when cooked, I may have unconsciously made some blunder regarding the preparation.

Let it, then, be set down as an axiom, without further trouble of demonstration, that a woman is a bad dinner-caterer, either too great and simple for it, or too mean—I don't know which it is; and gentlemen accordingly as they admire or condemn the sex, may settle that matter their own way. In brief, the mental constitution of lovely woman is such that she cannot give a great dinner. It must be done by a man, it can't be done by an ordinary man, because he does not understand it. Vain fool! and he sends off to the pastry-cook in Great Russell Street or Baker Street, he lays on a couple of extra waiters (green-grocers in the neighbourhood), he makes a great pother with his butler in the cellar, and fancies he has done the business.

Bon Dieu! Who has not been at these dinners?—those monstrous exhibitions of the pastry-cook's art? Who does not know those made-dishes, with the universal sauce to each: *fricandeaux*, sweet-breads, damp dumpy cutlets, etc., seasoned with the compound of grease, onions, bad port wine, cayenne-pepper, currie-powder (Warren's blacking, for what I know, but the taste is always the same)—there they lie in the old corner-dishes, the poor wiry Moselle and sparkling Burgundy in the ice-coolers, and the old story of white and brown soup, turbot, little smelts, boiled turkey, saddle of mutton, and so forth? 'Try a little of that *fricandeau*,' says Mr. Snorter with a kind smile; 'you'll find it, I think, very nice;' be sure it has come in a green tray from Great Russell Street. 'Mr. Fitz-Boodle, you have been in Germany,' cries Snorter knowingly; 'taste the hock, and tell me what you think of *that*.'

How should he know better, poor benighted creature; or she, dear, good soul that she is? If they would have a leg of mutton and an apple-pudding, and a glass of sherry and port (or simple brandy and water called by its own name) after dinner, all would be very well; but they must shine, they must dine as their neighbours. There is no difference (as I have heard an excellent observer of human nature remark, the man who I don't care to own first opened my eyes to cookery)—there is no difference in the style of dinners in London: people with five hundred a year treat you exactly as those of five thousand. They will have their Moselle or hock, their fatal side-dishes brought in the green trays from the pastry-cook's.

Well, there is no harm done: not as regards the dinner-givers at least, though the dinner-eaters may have to suffer somewhat; it only shows that the former are hospitably inclined, and wish to do the very best in their power,—good, honest fellows! If they do wrong, how can they help it? they know no better.

And now, is it not as clear as the sun at noon-day, that A WANT exists in London for a superintendent of the table—a gastronomic agent—a dinner-master, as I have called him before? A man of such a profession would be a metropolitan benefit: hundreds of thousands of people of the respectable sort, people in white waist-coats, would thank him daily. Calculate how many dinners are given in the City of London, and calculate the numbers of benedictions that ‘the Agency’ might win.

And as no doubt the observant man of the world has remarked, that the freeborn Englishman of the respectable class is, of all others, the most slavish and truckling to a lord; that there is no fly-blown peer but he is pleased to have him at his table, proud beyond measure to call him by his surname (without the lordly prefix); and that of those lords whom he does not know, he yet (the freeborn Englishman) takes care to have their pedigrees and ages by heart from his world-bible, the ‘Peerage’; as this is an indisputable fact, and as it is in this particular class of Britons that our agent must look to find clients, I need not say it is necessary that the agent should be as high-born as possible, and that he should be able to tack, if possible, an honourable or some other handle to his respectable name. He must have it on his card.

THE HONOURABLE GEORGE GORMAND GUTTLETON,
APICIAN CHAMBERS, PALL MALL.

Or,

SIR AUGUSTUS CARVER CRAMLEY CRAMLEY,
AMPHITRYONIC COUNCIL OFFICE, SWALLOW STREET.

Or in some such neat way, Gothic letters on a large, handsome crockery-ware card, with possibly a gilt coat of arms and supporters or the blood-red hand of baronetcy duly displayed; depend on it plenty of guineas will fall in it, and that Guttleton’s supporters will support him comfortably enough.

For this profession is not like that of the auctioneer, which I take to be a far more noble one, because more varied and more truthful: but in the Agency case, a little humbug at least is necessary. A man cannot be a successful agent by the mere force of his simple merit or genius in eating and drinking. He must of necessity impose upon the vulgar to a certain degree. He must be of that rank which will lead them naturally to respect him, otherwise they might be led to jeer at his profession; but let a noble exercise it, and bless your soul, all the court-guide is dumb!

He will then give out in a manly and somewhat pompous address what has before been mentioned, namely, that he has seen

the fatal way in which the hospitality of England had been perverted hitherto, *accaparé*d by a few cooks with green trays. (He must use a good deal of French in his language, for that is considered very gentlemanlike by vulgar people.) He will take a set of chambers in Carlton Gardens, which will be richly though severely furnished, and the door of which will be opened by a French valet (he *must* be a Frenchman, remember), who will say, on letting Mr. Snorter or Sir Benjamin Pogson in, that '*Milor* is at home.' Pogson will then be shewn into a library furnished with massive book-cases containing all the works on cookery and wines (the titles of them) in all the known languages in the world. Any books, of course, will do, as you will have them handsomely bound, and keep them under plate-glass. On a side-table will be little sample-bottles of wines, a few truffles on a white porcelain saucer, a prodigious strawberry or two, perhaps, at the time when such fruit costs much money. On the library will be busts marked UDE, CARÈME, BÉCHAMEL, in marble (never mind what heads of course); and, perhaps, on the clock should be a figure of the Prince of Condé's cook killing himself because the fish had not arrived in time; there may be a wreath of *immortelles* on the figure to give it a more decidedly Frenchified air. The walls will be of a dark rich paper, hung round with neat gilt frames containing plans of *menus* of various great dinners, those of Cambacérès, Napoleon, Louis XIV., Louis XVIII., Heliogabalus, if you like, each signed by the respective cook.

After the stranger has looked about him at these things, which he does not understand in the least, especially the truffles, which look like dirty potatoes, you will make your appearance, dressed in a dark dress, with one handsome enormous gold chain, and one large diamond ring; a gold snuff-box, of course, which you will thrust into the visitor's paw before saying a word. You will be yourself a portly, grave man, with your hair a little bald and grey. In fact, in this as in all other professions, you had best try to look as like Canning as you can.

When Pogson has done sneezing with the snuff, you will say to him, 'Take a *fauteuil*; I have the honour of addressing Mr. Pogson, I believe?' And then you will explain to him your system.

This, of course, must vary with every person you address. But let us lay down a few of the heads of a plan which may be useful, or may be modified infinitely, or may be cast aside altogether just as circumstances dictate. After all, I am not going to turn gastronomic agent and speak only for the benefit, perhaps, of the very person who is reading this.

SYNOPSIS OF THE GASTRONOMIC AGENCY OF THE HONOURABLE
GEORGE GUTTLETON.

The Gastronomic Agent having traversed Europe, and dined with the best society of the world, has been led naturally, as a patriot, to turn his thoughts homeward, and cannot but deplore the lamentable ignorance regarding gastronomy displayed in a country for which Nature has done almost everything.

But it is ever singularly thus. Inherent indolence belongs to man, and The Agent, in his Continental travels, has always remarked, that the countries most fertile in themselves were invariably worse tilled than those more barren. The Italians and the Spaniards leave their fields to Nature, as we leave our vegetables, fish, and meat. And, Heavens! what richness do we fling away—what dormant qualities in our dishes do we disregard—what glorious gastronomic crops (if The Agent may be permitted the expression), what glorious gastronomic crops do we sacrifice, allowing our goodly meats and fishes to lie fallow! ‘Chance,’ it is said by an ingenious historian, who, having been long a Secretary in the East India House, must certainly have had access to the best information upon Eastern matters,—‘Chance,’ it is said by Mr. Charles Lamb, ‘which burnt down a Chinaman’s house, with a litter of sucking pigs that were unable to escape from the interior, discovered to the world the excellence of ROAST PIG.’ Gunpowder, we know, was invented by a similar fortuity. (The reader will observe that my style in the supposed character of a Gastronomic Agent is purposely pompous and loud.) So, ’tis said, was printing—so glass. We should have drunk our wine poisoned with the villainous odour of the borracha, had not some Eastern merchants, lighting their fires in the desert, marked the strange composition which now glitters on our sideboard, and holds the costly produce of our vines. We have spoken of the natural riches of a country. Let the reader think but for one moment of the gastronomic wealth of our country of England, and he will be lost in thankful amazement as he watches the astonishing riches poured out upon us from Nature’s bounteous cornucopia! Look at our fisheries! the trout and salmon tossing in our brawling streams; the white and full-breasted turbot struggling in the mariner’s net; the purple lobster lured by hopes of greed into his basket-prison, which he quits only for the red ordeal of the pot. Look at white-bait, great Heavens!—look at white-bait, and a thousand frisking, glittering, silvery things beside, which the nymphs of our native streams bear kindly to the deities of our kitchens—our kitchens such as they are.

And though it may be said that other countries produce the freckle-backed salmon and the dark broad-shouldered turbot; though trout frequent many a stream besides those of England, and lobsters sprawl on other sands but ours; yet, let it be remembered, that OUR NATIVE COUNTRY possesses those altogether, while other lands only know them separately: that, above all, WHITE-BAIT is peculiarly our country's—OUR CITY'S own! Blessings and eternal praises be on it, and, of course, on brown bread and butter! And the Briton should further remember, with honest pride and thankfulness, the situation of his capital of London; the lordly turtle floats from the sea into the stream, and from the stream to the city; the rapid fleets of all the world *se donnent rendezvous* in the docks of our silver Thames; the produce of our coasts and provincial cities, east and west, is borne to us on the swift lines of lightning railroads. In a word—and no man but one who, like The Agent, has travelled Europe over, can appreciate the gift—there is no city on earth's surface so WELL SUPPLIED WITH FISH as London!

With respect to our meats, all praise is supererogatory. Ask the wretched hunter of *chevreuil*, the poor devourer of *rehbraten*, what they think of the noble English haunch, that, after bounding in the Park of Knole or Windsor, exposes its magnificent flank upon some broad silver platter at our tables? It is enough to say of foreign venison that *they are obliged to lard it!* Away! ours is the palm of roast; whether of the crisp mutton that crops the thymy herbage of our downs, or the noble ox who revels on lush Althorpien oil-cakes. What game is like to ours? Mans excels us in poultry, 'tis true, but 'tis only in merry England that the partridge has a flavour, that the turkey can almost *se passer de truffes*, that the jolly juicy goose can be eaten as he deserves.

Our vegetables, moreover, surpass all comment: Art (by the means of glass) has wrung fruit out of the bosom of Nature, such as she grants to no other clime. And if we have no vineyards on our hills, we have gold to purchase their best produce. Nature, and enterprise that masters Nature, have done everything for our land.

But, with all these prodigious riches in our power, is it not painful to reflect how absurdly we employ them? Can we say that we are in the habit of DINING WELL? Alas, no! and The Agent, roaming o'er foreign lands, and seeing how, with small means and great ingenuity and perseverance, great ends were effected, comes back sadly to his own country, whose wealth he sees absurdly wasted, whose energies are misdirected and whose vast capabilities are allowed to lie idle. . . . (Here should follow what I have only hinted at previously, a vivid and terrible picture

of the degradation of our table). . . . O, for a master spirit to give an impetus to the land, to see its great power directed in the right way, and its wealth not squandered or hidden, but nobly put out to interest and spent !

The Agent dares not hope to win that proud station—to be the destroyer of a barbarous system wallowing in abusive prodigality—to become a dietetic reformer—the Luther of the table.

But convinced of the wrongs which exist, he will do his humble endeavour to set them right, and to those who know that they are ignorant (and this is a vast step to knowledge) he offers his counsel, his active co-operation, his frank and kindly sympathy. The Agent's qualifications are these :—

1. He is of one of the best families in England, and has in himself, or through his ancestors, been accustomed to good living for centuries. In the reign of Henry V., his maternal great-great-grandfather, Roger de Gotylton (the name may be varied, of course, or the king's reign, or the dish invented), was the first who discovered the method of roasting a peacock whole, with its tail-feathers displayed ; and the dish was served to the two kings at Rouen. Sir Walter Cramley, in Elizabeth's reign, produced before her majesty, when at Killingworth Castle, mackerel with the famous *gooseberry sauce*, etc.

2. He has, through life, devoted himself to no other study than that of the table ; and has visited to that end the courts of all the monarchs of Europe : taking the receipts of the cooks, with whom he lives on terms of intimate friendship, often at an enormous expense to himself.

3. He has the same acquaintance with all the vintages of the Continent ; having passed the autumn of 1811 (the comet year) on the great Weinberg of Johannisberg ; being employed similarly at Bourdeaux, in 1836 ; at Oporto, in 1822 ; and at Xeres de la Frontera, with his excellent friends, Duff, Gordon and Co., the year after. He travelled to India and back in company with fourteen pipes of Madeira (on board of the *Samuel Snob*, East Indiaman, Captain Scuttler), and spent the vintage season in the island, with unlimited powers of observation granted to him by the great houses there.

4. He has attended Mr. Groves of Charing Cross, and Mr. Giblett of Bond Street, in a course of purchases of fish and meat ; and is able at a glance to recognise the age of mutton, the primeness of beef, the firmness and freshness of fish of all kinds.

5. He has visited the parks, the grouse-manors, and the principal gardens of England, in a similar professional point of view.

The Agent, then, through his subordinates, engages to provide gentlemen who are about to give dinner-parties—

1. With cooks to dress the dinners ; a list of which gentlemen he has by him, and will recommend none who are not worthy of the strictest confidence.

2. With a *menu* for the table, according to the price which the Amphitryon chooses to incur.

3. He will, through correspondence with the various *fournisseurs* of the metropolis, provide them with viands, fruit, wine, etc., sending to Paris if need be, where he has a regular correspondence with Messrs. Chevet.

4. He has a list of dexterous table-waiters (all answering to the name of John for fear of mistakes, the butler's name to be settled according to pleasure), and would strongly recommend that the servants of the house should be locked in the back-kitchen or servants' hall during the time that the dinner takes place.

5. He will receive and examine all the accounts of the *fournisseurs*—of course pledging his honour as a gentleman not to receive one shilling of paltry gratification from the tradesmen he employs, but to see that their bills are more moderate, and their goods of better quality, than they would provide to any person of less experience than himself.

6. His fee for superintending a dinner will be five guineas ; and The Agent entreats his clients to trust *entirely* to him and his subordinates for the arrangement of the repast—not to think of inserting dishes of their own invention, or producing wine from their own cellars, as he engages to have it brought in the best order, and fit for immediate drinking. Should the Amphitryon, however, desire some particular dish or wine, he must consult The Agent, in the first case by writing, in the second, by sending a sample to The Agent's chambers. For it is manifest that the whole complexion of a dinner may be altered by the insertion of a single dish ; and, therefore, parties will do well to mention their wishes on the first interview with The Agent. He cannot be called upon to recompose his bill of fare, except at great risk to the *ensemble* of the dinner and enormous inconvenience to himself.

7. The Agent will be at home for consultation from ten o'clock until two—earlier, if gentlemen who are engaged at early hours in the City desire to have an interview ; and be it remembered that a *personal interview* is always the best ; for it is greatly necessary to know not only the number but the character of the guests whom the Amphitryon proposes to entertain—whether they are fond of any particular wine or dish, what is their state of health, rank, style, profession, etc.

8. At two o'clock he will commence his rounds ; for as the metropolis is wide, it is clear that he must be early in the field in some districts. From 2 to 3 he will be in Russell Square and the neighbourhood ; 3 to $3\frac{3}{4}$, Harley Street, Portland Place, Cavendish Square, and the environs ; $3\frac{3}{4}$ to $4\frac{1}{4}$, Portman Square, Gloucester Place, Baker Street, etc. ; $4\frac{1}{4}$ to 5, the new district about Hyde Park Terrace ; 5 to $5\frac{3}{4}$, St. John's Wood and the Regent's Park. He will be in Grosvenor Square by 6, and in Belgrave Square, Pimlico, and its vicinity by 7. Parties there are requested not to dine until 8 o'clock ; and The Agent, once for all, peremptorily announces that he will NOT go to the Palace, where it is utterly impossible to serve a good dinner.

TO TRADESMEN.

Every Monday evening during the season the Gastronomic Agent proposes to give a series of trial-dinners, to which the principal *gourmands* of the metropolis, and a few of The Agent's most respectable clients, will be invited. Covers will be laid for *ten* at nine o'clock precisely. And as The Agent does not propose to exact a single shilling of profit from their bills, and as his recommendation will be of infinite value to them, the tradesmen he employs will furnish the weekly dinner *gratis*. Cooks will attend (who have acknowledged characters) upon the same terms. To save trouble, a book will be kept where butchers, poulterers, fishmongers, etc., may inscribe their names in order, taking it by turns to supply the trial-table. Wine merchants will naturally compete every week promiscuously, sending what they consider their best samples, and leaving with the hall-porter tickets of the prices. Confectionery to be done out of the house. Fruiterers, market-men, as butchers and poulterers. The Agent's *maitre d'hotel* will give a receipt to each individual for the articles he produces ; and let all remember that The Agent is a *very keen judge*, and woe betide those who serve him or his clients ill !

GEORGE GORMAND GUTTLETON.

CARLTON GARDENS, June 10, 1842.

Here I have sketched out the heads of such an address as I conceive a gastronomic agent might put forth ; and appeal pretty confidently to the British public regarding its merits and my own discovery. If this be not a profession—a new one—a feasible one—a lucrative one—I don't know what is. Say that a man attends but fifteen dinners daily, that is seventy-five guineas, or five hundred and fifty pounds weekly, or fourteen thousand three hundred pounds for a season of six months, and how many of our younger sons have such a capital even ? Let, then, some unem-

ployed gentleman with the requisite qualifications come forward. It will not be necessary that he should have down all that is stated in the prospectus ; but, at any rate, let him say he has : there can't be much harm in an innocent fib of that sort ; for the gastronomic agent must be a sort of dinner-pope, whose opinions cannot be supposed to err.

And as he really *will* be an excellent judge of eating and drinking, and will bring his whole mind to bear upon the question, and will speedily acquire an experience which no person out of the profession can possibly have ; and as, moreover, he will be an honourable man, not practising upon his client in any way, or demanding sixpence beyond his just fee, the world will gain vastly by the coming forward of such a person—gain in good dinners, and absolutely save money ; for what is five guineas for a dinner of sixteen ? The sum may be a *gaspillé* by a cook-wench, or by one of those abominable before-named pastry-cooks, with their green trays.

If any man take up the business, he will invite me, of course, to the Monday dinners. Or does ingratitude go so far as that a man should forget the author of his good fortune ? I believe it does. Turn we away from the sickening theme, and let us say a few words regarding my

THIRD PROFESSION.

The last profession is one in all respects inferior to the two preceding—is merely temporary, whereas they are for life ; but has this advantage, that it may be exercised by the vulgarest man in Europe, and requires not the least previous experience or education.

It is better, unluckily, for a foreigner than an Englishman ; but the latter may easily adopt it, if he have any American relations, or if he choose to call himself a citizen of the great republic. In fact, this profession simply consists in being a *foreigner*.

You may be ever so illiterate and low-bred, and you are all the better for the profession. Your worst social qualities will stand you instead. You should, to practise properly, be curious, talkative, abominably impudent, and forward. You should never be rebuffed because people turn their backs on you, but should attack them again and again ; and, depend upon it, that if you are determined to know a man, he will end, out of mere weariness, by admitting you to his acquaintance.

Say that you met a person once at a *café*, or tavern, and that

you do not know one single Englishman in the world (except the tradesmen in the nameless quarter where you were born) but this, some young fellow from college probably, who is spending his vacation abroad. Well, you know *this* man, and it is enough. Ask him at once for letters of introduction; say that you are a young American (for I presume the reader is an Englishman, and this character he can therefore assume more readily than any other), wishing to travel, and ask him for letters to his family in England. He hums and ha's, and says he will send them. Nonsense! call the waiter to bring pens, ink, and paper; lay them laughingly before your friend; say that now is the best time, and almost certainly you will have the letters. He can't abuse you in the notes, because you are looking over his shoulder. The two or three first men upon whom you make the attempt may say that you may go to the deuce, and threaten to kick you out of the room:—but 'tis against the chances, this sort of ferocity. Men are rather soft than spirited; and if they *be* spirited, you have only to wait until you find a soft one.

It will be as well, perhaps, while making the demand upon your friend in the *café*, to produce a series of letters directed to the Marquess of L——e, the Duke of D——, Mr. R——, the poet, Mr. C. K——, the eminent actor now retired, and other distinguished literary or fashionable persons, saying that your friends in America have already supplied you with these, but that you want chiefly introductions to *private families*, to see '*the homes of England*'; and as Englishmen respect lords (see the remarks in Profession II.), most likely your young *café* acquaintance will be dazzled by the sight of these addresses, and will give you letters the more willingly, saying to himself, 'Who knows, egad, but that this American may get my sisters to L—— House?' One way or the other, you will be sure to end by having a letter—a real letter; and as for those you have written, why, upon my honour, I do not think that you can do better than present some of them on the chance; for the Duke and the Marquess receive so many people at their houses, that they cannot be expected to remember all their names. Write, then, bravely at once—

To his Grace the Duke of Dorsetshire, K.G., London.

TWENTY-ONE STREET, BOSTON,
May 1842.

MY DEAR DUKE—In the friendly hospitality which you exercised towards me on my last visit to London, I am fain to hope that you

looked somewhat to my character as an individual, as well as to my quality as a citizen of the greatest country in the world; I, for my part, have always retained the warmest regard for you, and shall be happy to see you any time you come our way.

Assuming, I am sure justifiably, that your repeated assurances of regard were sincere (for I do not consider you as false as I found the rest of the English nobility), I send, to be under your special protection, whilst in London, my dear young friend, Nahum Hodge, distinguished among us as a patriot and a poet; in the first of which capacities he burned several farm-houses in Canada last fall, and, in the latter, has produced his celebrated work *The Bellowings of the Buffalo*, printed at Buffalo, New York, by Messrs. Bowie and Cutler, and which are far superior to any poems ever produced in the old country. Relying upon our acquaintance, I have put down your name, my dear Duke, as a subscriber for six copies, and will beg you to hand over to my young friend Nahum twelve dollars—the price.

He is a modest, retiring young man, as most of our young republicans are, and will want to be urged and pushed forward into good society. This, my dear fellow, I am sure you will do for me. Ask him as often as you can to dinner, and present him at the best houses you can in London. I have written to the Marquess of Sandown, reminding him of our acquaintance, and saying that you will vouch for the respectability of young Nahum, who will take the liberty of leaving his card at Sandown House. I do not wish that he should be presented at your court; for I conceive that a republican ought not to sanctify by his presence any exhibition so degrading as that of the English *levée*.

Nahum Hodge will call on you at breakfast-time; I have told him that is the best hour to find yourself and the dear Duchess at home. Give my love to her and the children, and believe me, my dear friend, your Lordship's most faithful Servant,

EBENEZER BROWN.

Such a letter as this will pretty surely get you admission to his Grace; and of course you will be left to your own resources to make yourself comfortable in the house. Do not be rebuffed if the porter says 'Not at home'; say, 'You liveried varlet and slave! do you pretend to lie in the face of a free-born American republican? Take in that note, do your hear, or I'll wap you like one of my niggers!' Those fat, overfed men, who loll in porters' chairs, are generally timid, and your card will be sure to be received.

While a servant has gone upstairs with it, walk into the library at once,¹ look at all the papers, the seals, the books on the table, the addresses of all the letters, examine the pictures, and

¹ Of course you will select a house that is not *entre cour et jardin*.

shout out 'Here, you fat porter, come and tell me who these tarnation people are!' The man will respectfully come to you ; and whatever be your fate with the family upstairs—whether the Duke says he cannot see you, or that he knows nothing of you, at least you will have had an insight into his house and pictures, and may note down everything you see.

It is not probable he will say he knows nothing of you. He is too polite and kind-hearted for that,—nay, possibly, may recall to his mind that he once *did* receive an American by the name of Brown. If he only says he cannot see you, of course you will call again till he does ; and be sure that the porter will never dare to shut the door on you.

You will call and call so often, that he will end by inviting you to a party. Meanwhile, you will have had your evenings pretty well filled by invitations from the sisters of your friend whom you met in the *café* at Paris—agreeable girls—say their name is Smith, and they live in Montague Place, or near Blackheath. Be sure you tell them all that you know the Duke of Dorsetshire, that you have been with his Grace that morning, and so on ; and not only good old Mr. Smith but all his circle will take care to invite you to as many dinners as you can possibly devour.

Your conduct at these repasts will be perfectly simple. Keep your eyes open, and do pretty much as you see other people do ; but never acknowledge you are in fault if any one presumes to blame you. Eat peas with your knife ; and if gently taken to task about this habit by Smith (a worthy man, who takes an interest in his 'son's friend'), say, 'Well, General Jackson eats peas with *his* knife : and I a'n't proud. I guess General Jackson can wap any Englishman.' Say this sort of thing simply and unaffectedly, and you will be sure not to be pestered as to your mode of conveying your food to your mouth.

Take care at dinner not to admire anything ; on the contrary, if they bring you Madeira, saying, 'La bless you, taste *our* Madeira ! My father's got some that he gave fifty dollars a bottle for ; this here ain't fit to bile for puddens.' If there are ducks, ask everybody if they have tasted canvas-backed ducks ; oysters, say the New York oyster will feed six men ; turtle, prefer tarapin, and so on.

And don't fancy that because you are insolent and disagreeable, people will be shy of you in this country. Sir, they like to be bullied in England, as to be bullies when abroad. They like a man to sneer at their dinners ; it argues that you are in the habit of getting better. I have known the lowest-bred men

imaginable pass for fine fellows by following this simple rule. Remember through life that a man will always rather submit to insolence than resist it.

Let this be your guide, then, in your commerce with all ranks. You will dine, of course, with your friends about Russell Square and Greenwich, until such time as you get a fair entry into the houses of greater people (by the way, you will find these much more shy of dinners and more profuse with their tea-parties than your humble entertainers). But if you don't dine with them, you must keep up your credit in the other quarter of the town—*make believe* to dine with them. You can get a dinner for eightpence on those days, and figure in the evening party afterwards.

At the great parties, make up to that part of the room where the distinguished people are—not the great men of the land, but the wits, mark you—and begin talking with them at once; they will all respect you in their hearts, as they respect themselves, for being at such a grand house as that of his Grace the Duke of Dorsetshire.

The wits will, after a little, take you to the Wits' Club, the Muffinæum, where you will enter *gratis* as a distinguished foreigner. You can breakfast there for a shilling, have the run of the letter-paper, and will, of course, take care to date your letters from thence.

Mind, then, once put your foot into a great house, and your fortune in society is easily made. You have but to attack, people will rather yield than resist. I once knew a Kentucky man, who, hearing the Marquess of Carum Gorum talking of the likelihood of grouse that year, interposed, 'My lord, it must be a wonderful sight for a stranger to see a grand meeting of the aristocrats of England in the heathery hills of Scotia. What would I not give to behold such an exhibition?' The marquess smiled, shrugged, and said, 'Well, sir, if you come north, you must give me a day;' and then turned on his heel. This was in March; on the fourteenth of August Kentuck appeared with a new shooting jacket and a double-barrelled gun, got on credit, and stayed a fortnight at Mull House.

At last, he sent in a letter, before breakfast on Sabbath morning, to Lord Carum Gorum, saying, that he knew he was trespassing beyond all measure upon his lordship's patience, but that he was a stranger in the land, his remittances from America had somehow been delayed, and the fact was, that there he was, waterlogged till they came.

Lord Carum Gorum inclosed him a ten-pound note in an

envelope with a notification that a gig would be ready for him after service ; and Kentuck passed a very agreeable fortnight in Edinburgh, and published in *The Buffalo's Hump* a brilliant account of his stay at the noble lord's castle.

Then, again, if you see a famous beauty, praise every one of her points outrageously in your letter to *The Buffalo's Hump*, as

ON THE LADY EMILY X——

*Who left dancing and came and talked to the poet at the déjeuner
at C—— Lodge.*

Beneath the gold acacia buds
My gentle Nora sits and broods,
Far, far away in Boston woods,
My gentle Nora !

I see the tear-drop in her e'e,
Her bosom's heaving tenderly ;
I know—I know she thinks of me,
My darling Nora !

And where am I ? My love, whilst thou
Sitt'st sad beneath the acacia bough,
Where pearl's on neck and wreath on brow,
I stand, my Nora !

'Mid carcanet and coronet,
Where joy-lamps shine and flowers are set—
Where England's chivalry are met,
Behold me, Nora !

In this strange scene of revelry,
Amidst this gorgeous chivalry,
A form I saw, was like to thee,
My love—my Nora !

She paused amidst her converse glad ;
The lady saw that I was sad,
She pitied the poor lonely lad,—
Dost love her, Nora ?

In sooth, she is a lovely dame,
A lip of red, an eye of flame,
And clustering golden locks, the same !
As thine, dear Nora !

Her glance is softer than the dawn's,
 Her foot is lighter than the fawn's,
 Her breast is whiter than the swan's,
 Or thine, my Nora !

Oh, gentle breast to pity me !
 Oh, lovely Ladye Emily !
 Till death—till death I'll think of thee—
 Of thee and Nora !

This sort of thing addressed to a thin, shrivelled person of five-and-forty (and I declare it is as easy to write such verses as to smoke a cigar) will be sure to have its effect ; and in this way, you may live a couple of years in England very fashionably and well. By impudence you may go from one great house to another—by impudence you may get credit with all the fashionable tradesmen in London—by impudence you may find a publisher for your tour ; and if with all this impudence you cannot manage to pick up a few guineas by the way, you are not the man I take you for.

And this *is my last profession*. In concluding the sketch of which it is of course not necessary for me to say that the little character I have drawn out is not taken from any particular individual. No, on my honour, far from it ; it is rather an agreeable compound of many individuals whom it has been our fortune to see here ; and as for the story about the Marquess of Carum Gorum, it is, like the noble Marquess himself, a fiction. It is a possibility, that is all—an embodiment of a good and feasible way of raising money. Perhaps gentlemen in America, where our periodicals are printed regularly, as I am given to understand, may find the speculation worth their while ; and accordingly it is recommended to the republican press.

To the discriminating press of this country how shall I express my obligations for the unanimous applause which hailed my first appearance ? It is the more wonderful, as I pledge my sacred word, I never wrote a document before, much longer than a laundress's bill, or the acceptance of an invitation to dinner. But enough of this egotism ; thanks for praise conferred sounds like vanity ; gratitude is hard to speak of, and at present it swells the full heart of

GEORGE SAVAGE FITZ-BOODLE.

P.S. My memoirs and other interesting works will appear next month. The length necessary to a discussion of the promised 'Professions' having precluded the possibility of their insertion in the present Number. They are of thrilling interest.

MISS LÖWE.

It has twice been my lot to leave Minna Löwe under the vine-leaves; on one occasion to break off into a dissertation about marriage, which, to my surprise, nobody has pronounced to be immoral; and secondly, Minna was obliged to give place to that great essay on professions which appeared in July, and which enables me, as *The Kelso Warder* observes, 'to take my place among the proudest and wisest of England's literary men.' This praise is, to be sure, rather qualified, and I beg leave to say once more that I am *not* a literary character in the least, but simply a younger brother of a good house wanting money.

Well, twice has Minna Löwe been left. I was very nearly being off from her in the above sentence, but luckily paused in time; for if anything were to occur in this paragraph, calling me away from her yet a third time, I should think it a solemn warning to discontinue her history, which is, I confess, neither very romantic in its details, nor very creditable to myself.

Let us take her where we left her in the June number of this Magazine, gazing through a sunny cluster of vine-leaves, upon a young and handsome stranger, of noble face and exquisite proportions, who was trying to find the door of her father's bank. That entrance being through her amiable directions discovered, I entered and found Messrs. Moses and Solomon Löwe, in the counting-house. Herr Solomon being the son of Moses, and head-clerk or partner in the business. That I was cheated in my little matter of exchange stands to reason. A Jew banker (or such as I have had the honour to know) cannot forego the privilege of cheating; no, if it be but for a shilling. What do I say—a shilling?—a penny! He will cheat you, in the first place, in the exchanging your note; he will then cheat you in giving gold for your silver; and though very likely he will invite you to a splendid repast afterwards that shall have cost him a score of thalers to procure, he will have had the satisfaction of robbing you of your *groschen*, as no doubt he would rob his own father or son.

Herr Moses Löwe must have been a very sharp Israelite, indeed, to rob Herr Solomon or *vice versa*. The poor fellows are both in prison for a matter of forgery, as I heard last year in passing through Bonn; and I confess it was not without a little palpitation of the heart (it is a sausage-merchant's now) that I went and took one look at the house where I had first beheld the bright eyes of Minna Löwe.

For let them say as they will, that woman whom a man has once loved *cannot* be the same to him as another. Whenever one of my passions comes into a room, my cheeks flush,—my knees tremble,—I look at her with pleased tenderness and (for the objects of my adoration do not once in forty times know their good fortune) with melancholy, secret wonder. There they are, the same women, and yet not the same; it is the same nose and eyes, if you will, but not the same looks; the same voice, but not the same sweet words as of old. The figure moves, and looks, and talks to you; you know how dear and how different its speech and actions once were; 'tis the hall with all the lights put out and the garlands dead (as I have said in one of my poems). Did you ever have a pocket-book that once contained five thousand pounds? Did you ever look at that pocket-book with the money lying in it? Do you remember how you respected and admired that pocket-book, investing it with a secret awe, imagining it had a superiority to other pocket-books? I have such a pocket-book; I keep it now, and often look at it rather tenderly. It cannot be as other portfolios to me. I remember that it once held five thousand pounds.

Thus it is with love. I have empty pocket-books scattered all over Europe of this kind; and I always go and look at them just for a moment, and the spirit flies back to days gone by, kind eyes look at me as of yore, and echoes of old gentle voices fall tenderly upon the ear. Away! to the true heart the past *never* is past; and some day when Death has cleared our dull faculties, and past and future shall be rolled into one we shall . . .

Well, you were quite right, my good sir, to interrupt me. I can't help it, I am too apt to grow sentimental, and always on the most absurd pretexts. I never know when the fit will come on me, or *à propos* of what. I never was so jolly in my whole life as one day coming home from a funeral; and once went to a masked ball at Paris, the gaiety of which made me so profoundly miserable that, egad! I wept like Xerxes (wasn't that the fellow's name?), and was sick—sick at heart. This premised, permit me, my friend, to indulge in sentiment *à propos* of Minna Löwe; for *corbleu!* for three weeks, at least, I adored the

wench; and could give any person curious that way a complete psychological history of the passion's rise, progress, and decay;—decay, indeed, why do I say decay? A man does not 'decay' when he tumbles down a well, he drowns there; so is love choked sometimes by abrupt conclusions, falls down wells, and, oh, the dismal truth at the bottom of them!

'If, my lord,' said Herr Moses, counting out the gold Fredericks to me, 'you intend to shtay in our town, I hope my daughtersh and I vill have shometimsh de pleashure of your high vell-born shoshiety?'

'The town is a most delightful one, Mr. Löwe,' answered I. 'I am myself an Oxford man, and exceedingly interested about—ahem—about the Byzantine historians, of which I see the university is producing an edition; and I shall make, I think, a considerable stay.' Heaven bless us! 'twas Miss Minna's eyes that had done the business. But for them I should have slept at Coblenz that very night; where, by the way, the Hôtel de la Poste is one of the very best inns in Europe.

A friend had accompanied me to Bonn—a jolly dragoon, who was quite versed in the German language, having spent some time in the Austrian service before he joined us; or in the 'Awthtwian thervith,' as he would call it, with a double-distilled gentility of accent, very difficult to be acquired out of Regent Street. We had quarrelled already thrice on the passage from England—viz. at Rotterdam, at Cologne, and once here; so that when he said he intended to go to Mayence, I at once proclaimed that I intended to stay where I was; and with Miss Minna Löwe's image in my heart, went out and selected lodgings for myself as near as possible to her father's house. Wilder said I might go to—any place I liked; he remained in his quarters at the hotel, as I found a couple of days afterwards, when I saw the fellow smoking at the gateway in the company of a score of Prussian officers with whom he had made acquaintance.

I for my part have never been famous for that habit of extemporaneous friendship-making, which some lucky fellows possess. Like most of my countrymen, when I enter a room I always take care to look about with an air as if I heartily despised every one, and wanted to know what the d—l they did there! Among foreigners I feel this especially; for the truth is, right or wrong, I can't help despising the rogues, and feeling manifestly my own superiority. In consequence of this amiable quality, then (in this particular instance of my life), I gave up the *table d'hôte* dinner at the Star as something low and ungentlemanlike, made a point of staring and not answering when

people spoke to me, and thus I have no doubt impressed all the world with a sense of my dignity. Instead of dining at the public place, then, I took my repasts alone; though, as Wilder said with some justice, though with a good deal too much *laissez-aller* of tongue, 'You gweat fool, if it'th only becauth you want to be thilent, why don't you thtill dine with uth? You'll get a wegular good dinner inthtead of a bad one; and ath for *thepeaking* to you, depend on it every man in the room will thee you hanged futht!'

'Pray allow me to dine in my own way, Wilder,' says I, in the most dignified way.

'Dine and be d—d!' said the lieutenant, and so I lived solitary and had my own way.

I proposed to take some German lessons: and for this purpose asked the banker, Mr. Löwe, to introduce me to a master. He procured one, a gentleman of his own persuasion; and further, had the kindness to say that his clerk, Mr. Hirsch, should come and sit with me every morning and perfect me in the tongue; so that, with the master I had, and the society I kept, I might look to acquire a very decent German pronunciation.

This Hirsch was a little Albino of a creature with pinkish eyes, white hair, flame-coloured whiskers, and earrings. His eyes jutted out enormously from his countenance, as did his two large, swollen red lips, which had the true Israelitish coarseness. He was always, after a short time, in and out of my apartments. He brought a dozen messages and ran as many errands for me in the course of the day. My way of addressing him was 'Hirsch, you scoundrel, get my boots!' 'Hirsch, my Levite, brush my coat for me!' 'Run, you stag of Israel, and put this letter in the post!' and with many similar compliments. The little rascal was, to do him justice, as willing as possible, never minded by what name I called him, and above all—came from Minna. He was not the rose; no, indeed, nor anything like it; but as the poet says, 'he had lived beside it,' and was there in all Sharon such a rose as Minna Löwe?

If I did not write with a moral purpose, and because my unfortunate example may act wholesomely upon other young men of fashion, and induce them to learn wisdom, I should not say a single syllable about Minna Löwe, nor all the blunders I committed, nor the humiliation I suffered. There is about a young Englishman of twenty a degree of easy self-confidence, hardly possessed even by a Frenchman. The latter swaggers and bullies about his superiority, taking all opportunities to shriek it into your ears, and to proclaim the infinite merits of himself and his

nation; but, upon my word, the bragging of the Frenchman is not so conceited or intolerable as that calm, silent, contemptuous conceit of us young Britons, who think our superiority so well established that it is really not worth arguing upon, and who take upon us to despise thoroughly the whole world through which we pass. We are hated on the Continent, they say, and no wonder. If any other nation were to attempt to domineer over us as we do over Europe, we would hate them as heartily and as furiously as many a Frenchman and Italian does us.

Now when I went abroad I fancied myself one of the finest fellows under the sun. I patronised a banker's dinners as if I did him honour in eating them; I took my place before grave professors and celebrated men, and talked rapid nonsense to them in infamous French, laughing heartily in return at their own manner of pronouncing that language. I set down as a point beyond question that their customs were inferior to our own, and would not in the least scruple, in a calm way, to let my opinion be known. What an agreeable young fellow I must have been!

With these opinions, and my pleasant way of expressing them, I would sit for hours by the side of lovely Minna Löwe, ridiculing with much of that elegant satire for which the English are remarkable every one of the customs of the country—the dinners, with the absurd un-English pudding in the very midst of them; the dresses of the men, with their braided coats and great seal rings. As for little Hirsch, he formed the constant subject of my raillery with Mademoiselle Minna; and I gave it as my fixed opinion, that he was only fit to sell sealing-wax and oranges to the coaches in Piccadilly.

'*O fous avez tant d'esprit, fous autres jeunes Anglais,*' would she say; and I said, '*Oui, nous ayons beaucoup d'esprit, beaucoup plus que les Allemands,*' with the utmost simplicity; and then would half close my eyes, and give her a look that I thought must kill her.

Shall I tell the result of our conversation? In conversation Minna asked me if I did not think the tea remarkably good, with which she and her sister treated me. She said it came overland from China, that her papa's correspondent at Petersburg forwarded it to them, and that no such tea was to be had in Germany. On this I seriously believed the tea to be excellent; and next morning at breakfast little Hirsch walked, smirking into my room, with a parcel of six pounds of congo for which I had the honour of paying eighteen Prussian thalers, being two pounds fourteen shillings of our money.

The next time I called, Herr Moses insisted on regaling me

with a glass of Cyprus wine. His brother Löwe of Constantinople was the only person in the world who possessed this precious liquor. Four days afterwards Löwe came to know how I liked the Cyprus wine which I had ordered and would I like another dozen? On saying that I had not ordered any, that I did not like sweet wine, he answered, 'Pardon!' it had been in my cellar three days, and he would send some excellent Medoc at a moderate price, and would take no refusal. A basket of Medoc came that very night in my absence, with a bill directed to the 'High Well-born Count von Fitz-Boodle.' This excessive desire of the Löwe family to serve me made me relax my importunities somewhat. 'Ah!' says Minna, with a sigh, the next time I saw her, 'have we offended you, Herr George? You don't come to see us any more now!'

'I'll come to-morrow,' says I; and she gave me a look and a smile which, oh!—'I am a fool, I know I am!' as the honourable member for Montrose said t'other day. And was not Sampson ditto? was not Hercules another? Next day she was seated at the vine-leaves as I entered the court. She smiled, and then retreated. She had been on the look-out for me. I knew she had. She held out her little hand to me as I came into the room. Oh, how soft it was and how round! and with a little apricot-coloured glove that—that I have to this day! I had been arranging a little compliment as I came along, something quite new and killing. I had only the heart to say '*Es ist sehr warm.*'

'Oh, Herr George!' says she; '*Lieber* Herr George, what a progress have you made in German! You speak it like a native.'

But somehow I preferred to continue the conversation in French; and it was made up, as I am bound to say, of remarks equally brilliant and appropriate with that one above given. When old Löwe came in I was winding a skein of silk, seated in an enticing attitude, gazing with all my soul at Delilah, who held down her beautiful eyes.

That day they did not sell me any bargains at all; and the next found me, you may be very sure, in the same parlour again, where in his *schlafrock*, the old Israelite was smoking his pipe.

'Get away, papa,' said Minna. 'English lords can't bear smoke. I'm sure Herr George dislikes it.'

'Indeed, I smoke occasionally myself,' answered your humble servant.

'Get his lordship a pipe, Minna, my soul's darling!' exclaimed the banker.

'O yes! the beautiful long Turkish one,' cried Minna, springing up, and presently returned bearing a long cherry-stick, covered with a scarlet and gold cloth, at one end an enamelled amber mouth-piece, a gilded pipe at the other. In she came dancing, wand in hand, and looking like a fairy!

'Stop!' she said; 'I must light it for Herr George.' (By Jupiter! there was a way that girl had of pronouncing my name 'George,' which I never heard equalled before or since.) And accordingly, bidding her sister get fire, she put herself in the prettiest attitude ever seen: with one little foot put forward, and her head thrown back, and a little hand holding the pipe-stick between finger and thumb, and a pair of red lips kissing the amber mouth-piece with the sweetest smile ever mortal saw. Her sister, giggling, lighted the tobacco, and presently you saw issuing from between those beautiful, smiling, red lips of Minna's little curling, graceful, white smoke, which rose soaring up to the ceiling. I swear, I felt quite faint with the fragrance of it.

When the pipe was lighted, she brought it to me with quite as pretty an attitude and a glance that—Psha! I gave old Moses Löwe fourteen pounds sterling for that pipe that very evening; and as for the mouth-piece, I would not part with it away from me, but I wrapped it up in a glove that I took from the table, and put both into my breast-pocket; and next morning, when Charley Wilder burst suddenly into my room, he found me sitting up in bed in a green silk night-cap, a little apricot coloured glove lying on the counterpane before me, your humble servant employed in mumbling the mouth-piece as if it were a bit of barley-sugar.

He stopped, stared, burst into a shriek of laughter, and made a rush at the glove on the counterpane; but, in a fury, I sent a large single-volumed Tom Moore (I am not a poetical man, but I must confess I was reading some passages in *Lalla Rookh* that I found applicable to my situation)—I sent, I say, a Tom Moore at his head, which, luckily, missed him; and to which he responded by seizing a bolster and thumping me outrageously. It was lucky that he was a good-natured fellow, and had only resorted to that harmless weapon, for I was in such a fury that I certainly would have murdered him at the least insult.

I did not murder him then; but if he peached a single word upon the subject, I swore I would, and Wilder knew I was a man of my word. He was not unaware of my *tendre* for Minna Löwe, and was for passing some of his delicate light-dragon jokes upon it and her; but these, too, I sternly cut short.

'Why, cuth me, if I don't think you want to mawwy her?' blurted out Wilder.

'Well, sir,' said I, 'and suppose I do?'

'What! mawwy the daughter of that thwindling old clotheman? I tell you what, Fitth-Boodle, they alwayth thaid you were mad in the weg'ment, and run me thwough, if I don't think you are.'

'The man,' says I, 'sir, who would address Mademoiselle Löwe in any but an honourable way is a scoundrel; and the man who says a word against her character is a liar!'

After a little further parley (which Wilder would not have continued but that he wanted to borrow money of me); that gentleman retired, declaring that 'I wath ath thulky ath a bear with a thaw head,' and left me to my apricot-coloured glove and my amber mouth-piece.

Wilder's assertion that I was going to act up to opinions which I had always professed, and to marry Minna Löwe, certainly astounded me, and gave me occasion for thought. Marry the daughter of a Jew banker! I, George Fitz-Boodle! That would never do; not unless she had a million to her fortune at least, and it was not probable that a humble dealer at Bonn could give her so much. But, marry her or not, I could not refrain from the sweet pleasure of falling in love with her, and shut my eyes to the morrow that I might properly enjoy the day. Shortly after Wilder's departure, little Hirsch paid his almost daily visit to me. I determined—and wondered that I had never thought of the scheme before—sagely to sound him regarding Minna's fortune, and to make use of him as my letter and message-carrier.

'Ah, Hirsch! my lion of Judah!' says I, 'you have brought me the pipe-stick, have you?'

'Yes, my lord, and seven pounds of the tobacco you said you liked; 'tis real Syrian, and a great bargain you get it, I promise.'

'Egad!' replied I, affecting an air of much careless ingenuousness, 'Do you know, Hirsch, my boy, that the youngest of the Miss Löwes—Miss Anna, I think you call her——'

'Minna,' said Hirsch, with a grin.

'Well, Minna—Minna, Hirsch, is a devilish fine girl; upon my soul, now, she is.'

'Do you really think so?' says Hirsch.

'Pon my honour, I do. And yesterday when she was lighting the pipe-stick, she looked so confoundedly handsome that I—I quite fell in love with her; really I did.'

'Ho! Vell, you do our people great honour, I'm sure,' answered Hirsch.

'Father a warm man?'

'Varm! How do you mean varm?'

'Why, *rich*. We call a rich man *warm* in England; only you don't understand the language. How much will he give his daughter?'

'Oh! very little. Not a veek of your income, my lord,' said Hirsch.

'Pooh, pooh! You always talk of me as if I'm rich; but I tell you I am poor—exceedingly poor.'

'Go away vid you!' said Hirsch, incredulously. '*You poor!* I vish I had a year of your income; that I do' (and I have no doubt he did, or of the revenue of any one else). 'I'd be a rich man and have de best house in Bonn.'

'Are you so very poor yourself, Hirsch, that you talk in this way?' asked I.

To which the young Israelite replied, that he had not one dollar to rub against another; that Mr. Löwe was a close man; and finally (upon my pressing the point, like a cunning dog as I was!), that he would do anything to earn a little money.

'Hirsch,' said I, like a wicked young reprobate and Don Juan, 'will you carry a letter to Miss Minna Löwe?'

Now there was no earthly reason why I should have made a twopenny-postman of Mr. Hirsch. I might with just as much ease have given Minna the letter myself. I saw her daily and for hours, and it would be hard if I could not find her for a minute alone, or at least slip a note into her glove or pocket-handkerchief, if secret the note just be. But, I don't care to own it, I was as ignorant of any love-making which requires mystery as any bishop on the bench, and pitched upon Hirsch as it were, because in comedies and romances that I had read the hero has always a go-between—a valet, or humble follower—who performs the intrigue of the piece. So I asked Hirsch the above question, 'Would he carry a letter to Miss Minna Löwe?'

'Give it me,' said he, with a grin.

But the deuce of it was, it wasn't written. Rosina, in the opera, has hers ready in her pocket, and says '*Eccolo quà*' when Figaro makes the same request, so I told Hirsch that I would get it ready. And a very hard task I found it too, in sitting down to compose the document. It shall be in verse, thought I, for Minna understands some English; but there is no rhyme to Minna, as everybody knows, except a cockney, who might make 'thinner, dinner, winner,' etc., answer to it. And as for Löwe, it

is just as bad. Then it became, as I thought, my painful duty to send her a note in French ; and in French finally it was composed, and I blush now when I think of the nonsense and bad grammar it contained—the conceit above all. The easy vulgar assurance of victory with which I, a raw lad from the stupidest country in Europe, assailed one of the most beautiful women in the world !

Hirsch took the letter, and to bribe the fellow to silence, I agreed to purchase a great hideous amethyst brooch, which he had offered me a dozen times for sale, and which I had always refused till now. He said it had been graciously received, but as all the family were present in the evening when I called, of course no allusion could be made to the note ; but I thought Minna looked particularly kind, as I sat and lost a couple of Fredericks at *écarté* to a very stout Israelite lady, Madame Löwe, junior, the wife of Monsieur Solomon Löwe. I think it was on this night, or the next, that I was induced to purchase a bale of remarkably fine lawn for shirts, for old Löwe had everything to sell, as is not uncommon with men of his profession and persuasion ; and had I expressed a fancy for a coffin or a hod of mortar, I have no doubt Hirsch would have had it at my door next morning.

I went on sending letters to Minna, copying them out of a useful little work called *Le Petit Secrétaire Français*, and easily adapting them to circumstances, by altering a phrase here and there. Day and night I used to dangle about the house. It was provoking, to be sure, that Minna was never alone now ; her sister or Madame Solomon were always with her, and as they naturally spoke German, of which language I knew but few words, my evenings were passed in sighing, ogling, and saying nothing. I must have been a very charming companion. One evening was pretty much like another. Four or five times in the week old Löwe would drop in and sell me a bargain. Berlin-iron chains and trinkets for my family at home, Naples soap, a case of *eau de Cologne* ; a beautiful dressing-gown, lined with fur for the winter ; a rifle, one of the famous Frankfort make ; a complete collection of the German classics ; and finally, to my awful disgust, a set of the Byzantine historians.

I must tell you that, although my banking friend had furnished me with half a stone of Syrian tobacco from his brother at Constantinople, and though the most beautiful lips in the world had first taught me to smoke it, I discovered after a few pipes of the weed, that it was not so much to my taste as that grown in the West Indies ; and as his Havannah cigars were also not to my

liking, I was compelled, not without some scruples of conscience at my infidelity, to procure my smoking supplies elsewhere.

And now I come to the fatal part of my story. Wilder, who was likewise an amateur of the weed, once came to my lodgings in the company of a tobacconist, whom he patronised, and who brought several boxes and samples for inspection. Herr Rohr, which was the gentleman's name, sat down with us, his wares were very good, and—must I own it?—I thought it would be a very clever and prudent thing on my part to exchange some of my rare Syrian against his canaster and Havannahs. I vaunted the quality of the goods to him, and, going into the inner room, returned with a packet of the real Syrian. Herr Rohr looked at the parcel rather contemptuously, I thought.

‘I have plenty of these goods in my shop,’ said he.

‘Why, you don’t thay tho,’ says Wilder, with a grin, ‘ith the weal regular Thywian. My friend Fithth-Boodle got it from hith bankerth and no mithtake!’

‘Was it from Mr. Löwe?’ says Rohr, with another provoking sneer.

‘Exactly. His brother Israel sent it from Constantinople.’

‘Bah!’ says Rohr, ‘I sold this very tobacco, seven pounds of it, at fourteen groschen a pound, to Miss Minna Löwe, and little Mr. Hirsch, who came express to my shop for it. Here’s my seal,’ says Mr. Rohr. And sure enough he produced, from a very fat and dirty forefinger, a seal, which bore the engraving on the packet.

‘You sold that to Miss Minna Löwe?’ groaned poor George Fitz-Boodle.

‘Yes, and she bated me down half a gros in the price. Heaven help you, sir! she *always* makes the bargains for her father. There’s something so pretty about her, that we can’t resist her.’

‘And do you thell *wineth*, too—Thypwuth and Medoc, hay?’ continued the brute Wilder, enjoying the joke.

‘No,’ answered Mr. Rohr, with another confounded sneer. ‘He makes those himself; but I *have* some very fine Medoc and Greek wine, if his high well-born lordship would like a few dozen. Shall I send a panier?’

‘*Leave the room, sir!*’ here shouted I, in a voice of uncontrollable ferocity, and looked so wildly that little Rohr rushed away in a fright and Wilder burst into one of his demoniacal laughs again.

‘Don’t you thee, my good fwiend,’ continued he, ‘how wegularly thethe people have been doing you? I tell your their chawacterth are known all over the town. There’th not a thudent in the place

but can give you a hithtory of the family. Löwe ith an infernal old uthuwer, and hith daughterth wegular manthwapth. At the Thtar, where I dine with the officertth of the garrithon, you and Minna are a thantard joke. Captain Heerpauk wath caught himself for near six weekth ; young Von Twommel wath wemoved by hith fwiends ; old Colonel Blitz wath at one time tho nearly gone in love with the elder, that he would have had a divorce from hith lady. Among the thudenth the mania hath been jutht the thame. Whenever one wath worth plucking, Löwe uthed to have him to hith houthe and wob him, until at latht the wathealth chawacter became tho well known, that the thtudentth in a body have detherted him, and you will find that not one of them will dance with hith daughterth, handthome ath they are. Go down to Godesberg to-night and thee.'

'I am going,' answered I ; 'the young ladies asked me to drive down in their carriage ;' and flung myself back on the sofa and puffed away volumes of smoke, and tossed and tumbled the live-long day, with a horrible conviction that something of what Wilder had told me might be true, with a vow to sacrifice at least one of the officers who had been laughing at me.

There they were, the scoundrels ! in their cursed tight frock-coats and hay-coloured moustachios, twirling round in the waltzes with the citizens' daughters, when, according to promise, I arrived with the Israelitish ladies at the garden at Godesberg, where dancing is carried on twice or thrice in a week. There were the students, with their long pipes, and little caps, and long hair, tippling at the tables under the leaves, or dancing that absurd waltz which has always been the object of my contempt. The fact is, I am not a dancing man.

Students and officers, I thought, every eye was looking at me, as I entered the garden with Miss Minna Löwe on my arm. Wilder tells me that I looked blue with rage, and as if I should cut the throat of any man I met.

We had driven down in old Löwe's landau, the old gentleman himself acting as coachman, with Mr. Hirsch in his best clothes by his side. In the carriage came Madame Solomon, in yellow satin ; Miss Löwe, in light green (it is astonishing how persons of a light complexion will wear this detestable colour) ; Miss Minna was in white muslin, with a pair of black knit gloves on her beautiful arms, a pink riband round her delicate waist, and a pink scarf on her shoulders, for in those days—and the fashion exists still somewhat on the Rhine—it was the custom for ladies to dress themselves in what we call an evening costume for dinner-time ; and so was the lovely Minna attired. As I sat by her on

the back seat, I did not say one single word, I confess, but looked unutterable things, and forgot in her beauty all the suspicions of the morning. I hadn't asked her to waltz,—for the fact is, I didn't know how to waltz (though I learned afterwards, as you shall hear), and so only begged her hand for a quadrille.

We entered thus Mr. Blintzner's garden as I have described, the men staring at us, the lovely Minna on my arm. I ordered refreshments for the party; and we sat at a table near the boarded place where the people were dancing. No one came up to ask Minna to waltz, and I confess I was not sorry for it,—for I own to that dog-in-the-manger jealousy which is common to love—no one came but poor little Hirsch, who had been absent to get sandwiches for the ladies, and came up making his bow just as I was asking Minna whether she would give no response to my letters. She looked surprised, —looked at Hirsch, who looked at me, and laying his hand (rather familiarly) upon my arm, put the other paw to his great, red, blubber lips, as if enjoining silence; and before a word, carried off Minna, and began twisting her round in the waltz.

The little brute had assumed his best clothes for the occasion. He had a white hat and a pair of white gloves; a green satin stock, with profuse studs of jewels in his shirt; a yellow waistcoat, with one of pink Cashmere underneath; very short nankeen trousers, and striped silk stockings; and a swallow-tailed, short-waisted, light-brown coat, with brass buttons; the tails whirled in the wind as he and his partner spun round to a very quick waltz,—not without agility, I confess, on the little scoundrel's part,—and oh, with what incomparable grace on Minna's! The other waltzers cleared away doubtless to look at her performance; but though such a reptile was below my jealousy, I felt that I should have preferred to the same music to kick the little beast round the circle rather than see his hand encircling such a waist as that.

They only made one or two turns, however, and came back. Minna was blushing very red, and very much agitated.

'Will you take one turn, Fraülein Lisa?' said the active Hirsch; and after a little to-do on the part of the elder sister, she got up, and advanced to the dancing place.

What was my surprise, when the people again cleared off, and left the pair to perform alone! Hirsch and his partner enjoyed their waltz, however, and returned, looking as ill-humoured as possible. The band struck up presently a quadrille tune. I would not receive any of Minna's excuses. She did not wish to dance; she was faint,—she had no *vis-à-vis*.

'Hirsch,' said I, with much courtesy, 'take out Madame

Solomon, and come and dance.' We advanced—big Mrs. Solomon and Hirsch, Minna and I,—Miss Lisa remaining with her papa over the Rhine wine and sandwiches.

There were at least twenty couple, who were mustering to make a quadrille when we advanced. Minna blushed scarlet, and I felt her trembling on my arm; no doubt 'twas from joy at dancing with the fashionable young Englishman. Hirsch, with a low bow and a scrape, led Madame Solomon opposite us, and put himself in the fifth position. It *was* rather disgusting, certainly, for George Savage Fitz-Boodle to be dancing *vis-à-vis* with such an animal as that!

Mr. Hirsch clapped his hands with a knowing air to begin. I looked up from Minna (what I had been whispering to her must not be concealed,—in fact I had said so previously, *es ist sehr warm*; but I said it with an accent that must have gone to her heart),—when I say I looked up from her lovely face, I found that every one of the other couples had retired, and that we four were left to dance the quadrille by ourselves!

Yes, by Heavens, it was so! Minna, from being scarlet, turned ghastly pale, and would have fallen back had I not encircled her with my arm.

'I'm ill,' said she; 'let me go back to my father.'

'You *must* dance,' said I, and held up my clenched fist at Hirsch, who I thought would have moved off too; on which the little fellow was compelled to stop. And so we four went through the quadrille.

The first figure seemed to me to last a hundred thousand years. I don't know how Minna did not fall down and faint; but gathering courage all of a sudden, and throwing a quick, fierce look round about her, as if in defiance, and a look which made my little angel for a moment look like a little demon, she went through the dance with as much gracefulness as a duchess. As for me,—at first the whole air seemed to be peopled with grinning faces, and I moved about almost choked with rage and passion. Then gradually the film of fury wore off, and I became wonderfully calm—nay, had the leisure to look at Monsieur Hirsch, who performed all the steps with wonderful accuracy; and at every one of the faces round about it, officers, students, and citizens. None of the gentlemen, probably, liked my face—for theirs wore, as I looked at them, a very grave and demure expression. But as Minna was dancing, I heard a voice behind her cry sneeringly, 'Brava!' I turned quickly round, and caught the speaker. He turned very red, and so betrayed himself. Our eyes met,—it was a settled thing. There was no need of any

further arrangement, and it was then, as I have said, that the film cleared off; and I have to thank Capt. Heerpauk for getting through the quadrille without an apoplexy.

‘Did you hear that—that voice, Herr George?’ said Miss Minna, looking beseechingly in my face, and trembling on my arm, as I led her back to her father. Poor soul! I saw it all at once. She loved me—I knew she did, and trembled lest I should run into any danger. I stuttered, stammered, vowed I did not hear it; at the same time swearing inwardly an oath of the largest dimensions, that I would cut the throat whence that ‘Brava!’ issued. I left my lady for a moment, and finding Wilder out, pointed the man to him.

‘Oh, Heerpauk,’ says he. ‘What do you want with him?’

‘Charley,’ says I, with much heroism and ferocity, ‘*I want to shoot him*; just tell him so.’ And when, on demurring, I swore I would go and pull the captain’s nose on the ground, Wilder agreed to settle the business for me; and I returned to our party.

It was quite clear that we could not stay longer in the gardens. Löwe’s carriage was not to come for an hour yet; for the banker would not expend money in stabling his horses at the inn, and had accordingly sent them back to Bonn. What should we do? There is a ruined castle at Godesberg, which looks down upon the fair green plain of the Rhine, where Mr. Blintzner’s house stands (and let the reader be thankful that I don’t give a description of scenery here): there is, I say, a castle at Godesberg. ‘*Explorons le chatto*,’ says I, which elegant French, Hirsch translated; and this suggestion was adopted by the five Israelites, to the fairest of whom I offered my arm. The lovely Minna took it, and away we went; Wilder, who was standing at the gate, giving me a nod, to say all was right. I saw him presently strolling up the hill after me, with a Prussian officer, with whom he was talking. Old Löwe was with his daughter, and as the old banker was infirm, the pair walked but slowly. Monsieur Hirsch had given his arm to Madame Solomon. She was a fat woman; the consequence was, that Minna and I were soon considerably ahead of the rest of the party, and were ascending the hill alone. I said several things to her, such as only lovers say.

‘*Com il fay bo issy*,’ says I, in the most insinuating way. No answer. ‘*Es ist etwas kalt*,’ even I continued, admirably varying my phrase. She did not speak; she was agitated by the events of the evening, and no wonder.

That fair round arm resting on mine, -that lovely creature walking by my side, in the calm moonlight—the silver Rhine flashing before us, with Drachenfels, and the Seven Mountains

rising clear in the distance,—the music of the dance coming up to us from the plain below,—the path winding every now and then into the darkest foliage, and at the next moment giving us rich views of the moonlit river and plain below. Could any man but feel the influence of a scene so exquisitely lovely?

‘Minna,’ says I, as she wouldn’t speak,—‘Minna, I love you; you have known it long, long ago, I know you have. Nay, do not withdraw your hand; your heart has spoken for me. Be mine then!’ and taking her hand, I kissed it rapturously, and should have proceeded to her cheek, no doubt, when,—she gave me a swinging box on the ear, started back, and incontinently fell a-screaming as loudly as any woman ever did.

‘Minna, Minna,’ I heard the voice of that cursed Hirsch shouting. ‘Minna, meine gattin!’ and he rushed up the hill; and Minna flung herself in his arms, crying, ‘Lorenzo, my husband, save me!’

The Löwe family, Wilder and his friend came skurrying up the hill at the same time; and we formed what in the theatres they call a tableau.

‘You coward!’ says Minna, her eyes flashing fire, ‘who could see a woman insulted, and never defend her?’

‘You coward!’ roared Hirsch, ‘coward as well as profligate! You communicated to me your lawless love for this angel,—to me, her affianced husband; and you had the audacity to send her letters, not one of which, so help me Heaven, has been received. Yes, you will laugh at Jews—will you, you brutal Englishman? You will insult our people,—will you, you stupid islander? Psha! I spit upon you!’ and here Monsieur Hirsch snapped his fingers in my face, holding Minna at the same time round the waist, who thus became the little monster’s buckler.

They presently walked away, and left me in a pleasant condition. I was actually going to fight a duel on the morrow for the sake of this fury, and it appeared she had flung me off for cowardice. I had allowed myself to be swindled by her father, and insulted by her filthy little bridegroom, and for what? All the consolation I got from Wilder was,—‘I told you tho, my boy, but you wouldn’t lithn, you gweat thoopid, blundewing ignowamuth; and now I shall have to thee you shot and buwied to-mowow; and I darethay you won’t even remember me in your will. Captain Schlager,’ continued he, presenting me to his companion, ‘Mr. Fitz-Boodle; the captain acts for Heerpauk in the morning, and we were just talking matters over, when

Webecca yonder quied out, and we found her in the armth of Bwian de Bois Guilbert here.'

Captain Schlager was a little, social, good-humoured man, with a moustachio of a straw and silver mixed, and a brilliant purple sabre-cut across a rose-coloured nose. He had the iron cross at his button-hole, and looked, as he was, a fierce little fighter. But he was too kind-hearted to allow of two boys needlessly cutting each other's throats; and much to the disappointment of Wilder, doubtless, who had been my second in the Martingale affair, and enjoyed no better sport, he said in English, laughing, 'Vell, make your mind easy, my goot young man, I tink you af got into enough sgrabes about dis tam Schewess; and dat you and Heerpauk haf no need to blow each other's brains off.'

'Ath for Fithth apologithing,' burst out Wilder, 'that'th out of the questhtion. He gave the challenge, you know; and how the *dooth* ith he to apologithe now?'

'He gave the challenge, and you took it, and you are de greatest fool of de two. I say the two young men shall not fight;' and then the honest captain entered into a history of the worthy family of Israel, which would have saved me at least fifty pounds had I known it sooner. It did not differ in substance from what Rohr and Wilder had both told me in the morning. The venerable Löwe was a great thief and extortioner; the daughters were employed 'as decoy-ducks in the first place, for the university and the garrison, and afterwards for young strangers, such as my wise self, who visited the place. There was some very sad story about the elder Miss Löwe and a tutor from St. John's College, Cambridge, who came to Bonn on a reading tour; but I am not at liberty to set down here the particulars. And with regard to Minna, there was a still more dismal history. A fine, handsome, young student, the pride of the 'university,' had first ruined himself through the offices of the father, and then shot himself for love of the daughter; from which time the whole town had put the family into Coventry; nor had they appeared for two years in public until upon the present occasion with me. As for Monsieur Hirsch, he did not care. He was of a rich Frankfort family of the people, serving his apprenticeship with Löwe, a cousin, and the destined husband of the younger daughter. He traded as much as he could on his own account, and would run upon any errand, and buy or sell anything for a consideration. And so, instead of fighting Captain Heerpauk, I agreed willingly enough to go back to the hotel at Godesberg, and shake hands with that officer. The reconcilia-

tion, or, rather, the acquaintance between us, was effected over a bottle of wine, at Mr. Blintzner's hotel; and we rode comfortably back in a drosky together to Bonn, where the friendship was still more closely cemented by a supper. At the close of the repast, Heerpauk made a speech on England, fatherland, and German truth and love, and kindly saluted me with a kiss, which is at any lady's service who peruses this little narrative.

As for Mr. Hirsch, it must be confessed, to my shame, that the next morning a gentleman having the air of an old clothesman off duty presented me with an envelope, containing six letters of my composition addressed to Miss Minna Löwe (among them was a little poem in English, which has since called tears from the eyes of more than one lovely girl): and, furthermore, a letter from himself, in which he, Baron Hirsch, of Hirschenwald (the scoundrel, like my friend Wilder, purchased his title in the 'Awtltwian Thervith')—in which he, I say, Baron Hirsch, of Hirschenwald, challenges me for insulting Miss Minna Löwe, or demanded an apology.

This, I said, Mr. Hirsch might have whenever he chose to come and fetch it, pointing to a horsewhip which lay in a corner; but that he must come early, as I proposed to quit Bonn the next morning. The baron's friend, hearing this, asked whether I would like some remarkably fine cigars for my excursion, which he could give me a great bargain? He was then shewn to the door by my body-servant; nor did Hirsch von Hirschenwald come for the apology.

Twice every year, however, I get a letter from him, dated Frankfort, and proposing to make me a present of a splendid palace in Austria or Bohemia, or 200,000 florins, should I prefer money. I saw his lady at Frankfort only last year, in a front box at the theatre, loaded with diamonds, and at least sixteen stone in weight.

Ah! Minna, Minna! thou mayest grow to be as ugly as sin, and as fat as Daniel Lambert, but I have the amber mouth-piece still, and swear that the prettiest lips in Jewry have kissed it!

[The MS. here concludes with a rude design of a young lady smoking a pipe.]

DOROTHEA.

THE reason why my Memoirs have not been continued with that regularity which, I believe, is considered requisite by professional persons, in order to ensure the success of their work, is a very simple one—I have been otherwise engaged; and as I do not care one straw whether the public do or do not like my speculations (heartily pitying, and at the same time despising, those poor devils who write under different circumstances)—as I say, I was in Scotland shooting grouse for some time past, coming home deucedly tired of evenings, which I devoted to a cigar and a glass of toddy, it was quite impossible to satisfy the curiosity of the public. I bagged 1114 brace of grouse in sixty days, besides dancing in kilt before her M—y at Bi—r Ath-l. By the way, when Mr. F—x M—le gives away cairngorums, he may as well say *whose property* they are. I lent the man the very stone out of a snuff-mull with which Charles Edward complimented my great-great-aunt, Flora MacWhirter.

The worthy publisher sent me down his Magazine to Dunkeld (a good deal of it will be found in wadding over the moors, and perhaps in the birds which I sent him), and, at the same time, he despatched some critiques, both epistolary and newspaperacious upon the former chapter of my Memoirs. The most indignant of the manuscript critiques came from a member of the Hebrew persuasion. And what do you think is the opinion of this Lion of Judah? Simply that George Savage Fitz-Boodle is a false name, assumed by some coward, whose intention it is to insult the Jewish religion! He says that my history of the Löwe family is a dastardly attack upon the people! How is it so? If I say that an individual Christian is a rogue, do I impugn the professors of the whole Christian religion? Can my Hebrew critic say that a Hebrew banker never cheated in matters of exchange, or that a Hebrew was never guilty of a roguery? If so, what was the gold-dust robbery, and why is Ikey Solomons at Botany Bay? No; the Lion of Judah may be a good lion, but

he is a deucedly bad arguer—nay, he is a bad lion, he roars before he is hurt. Be calm, thou red-maned desert-roarer, the arrows of Fitz-Boodle have no poison at their tip, and are shot only in play.

I never wished to attack the Jewish nation, far from it, I have three bills now out; nor is he right in saying that I have made a dastardly statement, which I have given under a false name; just the contrary, my name is, as everybody knows, my real name—it is the *statement* which is false, and I confess there is not one word of truth in it—I never knew, to my knowledge, any Hirsch or Löwe in my life; I never was with Minna Löwe; the adventures never did occur at Bonn. Is my friend now satisfied? Let him remember, in the first place, that the tale is related of individuals, and not of his people at large; and in the second place, that the statement is not true. If *that* won't satisfy him, what will? Rabbi, let us part in peace! Neither thee nor thy like would George Fitz-Boodle ever willingly harm—neither thee nor any bearded nor unbearded man. If there be no worse rogues in Jewry, the people is more lucky than the rest of the world, and the fact is good to be known.

And now for the second objections. These are mainly of one kind—most of the journalists, from whose works pleasing extracts have been made, concurring in stating, that the last paper, which the Hebrew thought so dangerous, was, what is worse still, exceedingly stupid.

This disgusting unanimity of sentiment at first annoyed me a good deal, for I was pained to think that success so soon bred envy, and that the members of the British press could not bear to see an amateur enter the lists with them, and carry off laurels for which they had been striving long years in vain. Is there no honesty left in the world, I thought? And the thought gave me extreme pain, for, though (as in the Hebrew case above mentioned) I love occasionally to disport with the follies and expose the vices of individuals, to attribute envy to a whole class is extremely disagreeable to one whose feelings are more than ordinarily benevolent and pure.

An idea here struck me. I said to myself, 'Fitz-Boodle! perhaps the paper *is* stupid, and the critics are right.' I read the paper: I found that it *was* abominably stupid, and, as I fell asleep over it, an immense repose and calm came over my mind, and I woke reconciled with human nature.

Let authors consider this above fact well, and draw their profit from it. I have met with many men, who, like myself, fancy themselves the victims of a conspiracy—martyrs; but, in

the long run, the world and the critics of nowadays are generally right; they praise too much perhaps, they puff a small reputation into a huge one, but they do not neglect much that is good; and, if literary gentlemen would but bear this truth in mind, what a deal of pain and trouble might they spare themselves! There would be no despair, ill-humour, no quarrelling with your fellow-creatures, nor jaundiced moody looks upon nature and the world. Instead of crying the world is wicked—all men are bad, is it not wiser, my brethren, to say, 'I am an ass?' let me be content to know that, nor anathematise universal mankind for not believing in me. It is a well-known fact, that no natural man can see the length of his own ears; it is only the glass—the reflection that shews them to him. Let the critics be our glass, I am content to believe that they are pretty honest, that they are not actuated by personal motives of hatred in falling foul of me and others; and this being premised, I resume the narration of my adventures. If *this* chapter don't please them, they *must*, indeed, be very hard to amuse.

Beyond sparring and cricket, I do not recollect I learned anything useful at Slaughter-house School, where I was educated (according to an old family tradition, which sends particular generations of gentlemen to particular schools in the kingdom; and such is the force of habit, that, though I hate the place, I shall send my own son thither too, should I marry any day). I say I learned little that was useful at Slaughter-house, and nothing that was ornamental. I would as soon have thought of learning to dance as of learning to climb chimneys. Up to the age of seventeen, as I have shown, I had a great contempt for the female race, and when age brought with it warmer and juster sentiments, where was I?—I could no more dance nor prattle to a young girl than a young bear could. I have seen the ugliest, little, low-bred wretches carrying off young and lovely creatures, twirling with them in waltzes, whispering between their glossy curls in quadrilles, simpering with perfect equanimity, and cutting *pas* in that abominable *cavalier seul*, until my soul grew sick with fury. In a word, I determined to learn to dance.

But such things are hard to be acquired late in life, when the bones and the habits of a man are formed. Look at a man in a hunting-field who has not been taught to ride as a boy. All the pluck and courage in the world will not make the man of him that I am, or as any man who has had the advantages of early education in the field.

In the same way with dancing. Though I went to work with immense energy, both in Brewer Street, Golden Square (with an

advertising fellow), and afterwards with old Coulon at Paris, I never was able to be *easy* in dancing; and though little Coulon instructed me in a smile, it was a cursed forced one, that looked like the grin of a person in extreme agony. I once caught sight of it in a glass, and have hardly ever smiled since.

Most young men about London have gone through that strange secret ordeal of the dancing-school. I am given to understand that young snobs from attorneys' offices, banks, shops, and the like, make not the least mystery of their proceedings in the saltatory line, but trip gaily, with pumps in hand, to some dancing place about Soho, waltz and quadrille it with Miss Green-grocer or Miss Butcher, and fancy they have had rather a pleasant evening. There is one house in Dover Street, where, behind a dirty curtain, such figures may be seen hopping every night, to a perpetual fiddling; and I have stood sometimes wondering in the street, with about six blackguard boys wondering too, at the strange contortions of the figures jumping up and down to the mysterious squeaking of the kit. Have they no shame, *ces gens*? Are such degrading initiations to be held in public? No, the snob may, but the man of refined mind never can submit to show himself in public labouring at the apprenticeship of this most absurd art. It is owing, perhaps, to this modesty, and the fact that I had no sisters at home, that I have never thoroughly been able to dance; for though I always arrive at the end of a quadrille (and thank Heaven for it too!) and though, I believe, I make no mistake in particular, yet I solemnly confess I have never been able thoroughly to comprehend the mysteries of it, or what I have been about from the beginning to the end of the dance. I always look at the lady opposite, and do as she does; if *she* did not know how to dance, *par hasard*, it would be all up; but if they can't do anything else, women can dance, let us give them that praise at least.

In London, then, for a considerable time, I used to get up at eight o'clock in the morning, and pass an hour alone with Mr. Wilkinson, of the Theatres Royal, in Golden Square;—an hour alone. It was 'one, two, three; one, two, three—now jump—right foot more out, Mr. Smith; and if you *could* try and look a little more cheerful, your partner, sir, would like you hall the better.' Wilkinson called me Smith, for the fact is, I did not tell him my real name, nor (thank Heaven!) does he know it to this day.

I never breathed a word of my doings to any soul among my friends; once a pack of them met me in the strange neighbourhood, when, I am ashamed to say, I muttered something about a

'little French milliner,' and walked off, looking as knowing as I could.

In Paris, two Cambridge men and myself, who happened to be staying at a boarding-house together, agreed to go to Coulon, a little creature of four feet high with a pigtail. His room was hung round with glasses. He made us take off our coats, and dance each before a mirror. Once he was standing before us playing on his kit—the sight of the little master and the pupil was so supremely ridiculous, that I burst into a yell of laughter, which so offended the old man, that he walked away abruptly, and begged me not to repeat my visits. Nor did I. I was just getting into waltzing then, but determined to drop waltzing and content myself with quadrilling for the rest of my days.

This was all very well in France and England; but in Germany, what was I to do? What did Hercules do when Omphale captivated him? What did Rinaldo do when Armida fixed upon him her twinkling eyes? Nay, to cut all historical instances short, by going at once to the earliest, what did Adam do when Eve tempted him? he yielded and became her slave, and so I do heartily trust every honest man will yield until the end of the world—he has no heart who will not. When I was in Germany, I say, I began to learn to *waltz*. The reader from this will no doubt expect that some new love-adventures befell me—nor will his gentle heart be disappointed. Two deep and tremendous incidents occurred which shall be notified on the present occasion.

The reader, perhaps, remembers the brief appearance of his Highness the Duke of Kalbsbraten-Pumpnickel at B——House, in the first part of my Memoirs, at that unlucky period of my life when the Duke was led to remark the odour about my clothes, which lost me the hand of Mary M'Alister. After the upshot of the affair with Minna Löwe, (I cannot say but that for a time I was dreadfully cut up by her behaviour), I somehow found myself in his Highness's territories, of which anybody may read a description in the *Almanach de Gotha*. His Highness's father, as is well known, married Emilia Kunegunda Thomasina Charleria Emanuela Louisa Georgina, Princess of Saxe-Pumpnickel, and a cousin of his Highness the Duke. Thus the two principalities were united under one happy sovereign in the person of Philibert Sigismund Emanuel Maria, the reigning Duke, who has received from his country (on account of the celebrated pump which he erected in the market-place of Kalbsbraten) the well-merited appellation of the Magnificent. The allegory which the statues round about the pump represent, is of a very mysterious

and complicated sort. Minerva is observed leading up Ceres to a river-god, who has his arms round the neck of Pomona; while Mars (in a full-bottomed wig) is driven away by Peace, under whose mantle two lovely children, representing the Duke's two provinces, repose. The celebrated Speck is, as need scarcely be said, the author of this piece; and of other magnificent edifices in the *Residenz*, such as the guard-room, the skittle-hall (*Gross-herzoglich Kalbsbratenpumpenröckelisch Schkittelspielsaal*), etc., and the superb sentry-boxes before the Grand-Ducal Palace. He is Knight Grand Cross of the Ancient Kartoffel Order, as, indeed, is almost every one else in his Highness's dominions.

The town of Kalbsbraten contains a population of two thousand inhabitants, and a palace which would accommodate about six times that number. The principality sends three and a half men to the German Confederation, who are commanded by a general (excellency), two major-generals, and sixty-four officers of lower grades; all noble, all knights of the Order, and almost all chamberlains to his Highness the Grand Duke. An excellent band of eighty performers is the admiration of the surrounding country, and leads the Grand-Ducal troops to battle in time of war. Only three of the contingent of soldiers returned from the battle of Waterloo, where they won much honour; the remainder was cut to pieces on that glorious day.

There is a chamber of representatives (which, however, nothing can induce to sit), home and foreign ministers, residents from neighbouring courts, law presidents, town councils, etc., all the adjuncts of a big or little government. The court has its chamberlains and marshals, the Grand Duchess her noble ladies in waiting and blushing maids of honour. Thou wert one, Dorothea! Dost remember the poor young *Engländer*? We parted in anger; but I think—I think thou hast not forgotten him.

The way in which I have Dorothea von Speck present to my mind is this,—not as I first saw her in the garden, for her hair was in bandeaux then, and a large Leghorn hat, with a deep riband, covered half her fair face,—not in a morning-dress, which, by the way, was none of the newest nor the best made—but as I saw her afterwards at a ball at the pleasant, splendid little court, where she moved the most beautiful of the beauties of Kalbsbraten. The grand saloon of the palace is lighted—the Grand Duke and his officers, the Duchess and her ladies, have passed through. I, in my uniform of the ———th, and a number of young fellows (who are evidently admiring my legs and envying my *distingué* appearance), are waiting round the entrance-door, where a huge Heyduke is standing, and announcing the titles of the guests as they arrive.

'HERR OBERHOF- UND BAU-INSPEKTOR VON SPECK!' shouts the Heyduke; and the little inspector comes in. His lady is on his arm—huge, in towering plumes, and her favourite costume of light blue. Fair women always dress in light blue or light green; and Frau von Speck is very fair and stout.

But who comes behind her? *Lieber Himmel!* It is Dorothea! Did earth, among all the flowers which have sprung from its bosom, produce ever one more beautiful? She was none of your heavenly beauties, I tell you. She had nothing ethereal about her. No, sir; she was of the earth earthy, and must have weighed ten stone four or five, if she weighed an ounce. She had none of your Chinese feet, nor waspy, unhealthy waists, which those may admire who will. No; Dora's foot was a good stout one; you could see her ankle (if her robe was short enough) without the aid of a microscope; and that envious, little, sour, skinny Amelia von Mangelwürzel used to hold up her four fingers, and say (the two girls were most intimate friends, of course), 'Dear Dorothea's waist is so much dicker as dis;' and so I have no doubt it was.

But what then? Goethe sings in one of his divine epigrams:—

Epicures vaunting their taste, entitle me vulgar and savage:
Give them their Brussels-sprouts, but I am contented with cabbage.

I hate your little women, that is when I am in love with a tall one; and who would not have loved Dorothea?

Fancy her, then, if you please, about five feet four inches high—fancy her in the family colour of light blue, a little scarf covering the most brilliant shoulders in the world; and a pair of gloves clinging close round an arm that may, perhaps, be somewhat too large now, but that Juno might have envied then. After the fashion of young ladies on the continent, she wears no jewels or gimcracks; her only ornament is a wreath of vine-leaves in her hair, with little clusters of artificial grapes. Down on her shoulders falls the brown hair, in rich liberal clusters; all that health, and good-humour, and beauty can do for her face, kind Nature has done for hers. Her eyes are frank, sparkling, and kind. As for her cheeks, what paint-box or dictionary contains pigments or words to describe their red? They say she opens her mouth and smiles always to show the dimples in her cheeks. Psha! she smiles because she is happy, and kind, and good-humoured, and not because her teeth are little pearls.

All the young fellows crowd up to ask her to dance, and, taking from her waist a little mother-of-pearl remembrancer, she notes them down. Old Schnabel for the polonaise; Klingenspoehr, first waltz; Haarbart, second waltz; Count Hornpieper (the

Danish envoy), third ; and so on. I have said why *I* could not ask her to waltz, and turned away with a pang, and played *écarté* with Colonel Trumpenpack all night.

In thus introducing this lovely creature in her ball-costume, I have been somewhat premature, and had best go back to the beginning of the history of my acquaintance with her.

Dorothea, then, was the daughter of the celebrated Speck before mentioned. It is one of the oldest names in Germany, where her father's and mother's houses, those of Speck and Eyer, are loved wherever they are known. Unlike his warlike progenitor, Lorenzo von Speck, Dorothea's father had early shown himself a passionate admirer of art ; had quitted home to study architecture in Italy, and had become celebrated throughout Europe, and been appointed Oberhofarchitekt and Kunst- und Bau-Inspektor of the united principalities. They are but four miles wide, and his genius has consequently but little room to play. What art can do, however, he does. The palace is frequently whitewashed under his eyes ; the theatre painted occasionally ; the noble public buildings erected, of which I have already made mention.

Smarting with recollections of Minna, I had come to Kalbsbraten, scarce knowing whither I went ; and having, in about ten minutes, seen the curiosities of the place (I did not care to see the king's palace, for chairs and tables have no great charm for me), I had ordered horses, and wanted to get on I cared not whither, when Fate threw Dorothea in my way. I was yawning back to the hotel through the palace-garden, a *valet-de-place* at my side, when I saw a young lady seated under a tree reading a novel, her mamma on the same bench (a fat woman in light blue) knitting a stocking, and two officers, choked in their stays, with various orders on their spinach-coloured coats, standing by in first attitudes—the one was curessing the fat-lady-in-blue's little dog ; the other was twirling his own moustache, which was already as nearly as possible curled into his own eye.

I don't know how it is, but I hate to see men evidently intimate with nice-looking women, and on good terms with themselves. There's something annoying in their cursed complacency—that evident sunshiny happiness. I've no woman to make sunshine for *me* ; and yet my heart tells me, that not one, but several such suns, would do good to my system.

'Who are those pert-looking officers,' says I, peevishly, to the guide, 'who are talking to those vulgar-looking women ?'

'The big one, with the epaulets, is Major von Schnabel ; the little one, with the pale face, is Stiefel von Klingenspohr.'

'And the big blue woman ?'

'The Grand-Ducal Pumpernickelian-Court-Architectress and Upper-Palace-and-Building-Inspectress, Von Speck, born v. Eyer,' replied the guide. 'Your well-born honour has seen the pump in the market-place; that is the work of the great Von Speck.'

'And yonder young person?'

'Mr. Court-Architect's daughter; the Fraülein Dorothea.'

Dorothea looked up from her novel here, and turned her face towards the stranger who was passing, and then blushing turned it down again. Schnabel looked at me with a scowl, Klingenspoehr with a simper, the dog with a yelp, the fat lady in blue just gave one glance, and seemed, I thought, rather well pleased. 'Silence, Lischen!' said she to the dog. 'Go on, darling Dorothea,' she added, to her daughter, who continued her novel.

Her voice was a little tremulous, but very low and rich. For some reason or other, on getting back to the inn, I countermanded the horses, and said I would stay for the night.

I not only stayed that night, but many, many afterwards; and as for the manner in which I became acquainted with the Speck family, why it was a good joke against me at the time, and I did not like then to have it known, but now it may as well come out at once. Speck, as everybody knows, lives in the market-place, opposite his grand work of art, the town-pump, or fountain. I bought a large sheet of paper, and having a knack at drawing, sat down, with the greatest gravity, before the pump, and sketched it for several hours. I knew it would bring out old Speck to see. At first he contented himself by flattening his nose against the window-glasses of his study, and looking what the *Engländer* was about. Then he put on his grey cap with the huge green shade, and sauntered to the door: then he walked round me, and formed one of a band of street-idlers who were looking on; then at last he could restrain himself no more, but, pulling off his cap, with a low bow, began to discourse upon arts and architecture in particular.

'It is curious,' says he, 'that you have taken the same view of which a print has been engraved.'

'That is extraordinary,' says I (though it wasn't, for I had traced my drawing at a window off the very print in question). I added that I was, like all the world, immensely struck with the beauty of the edifice: heard of it at Rome, where it was considered to be superior to any of the celebrated fountains of that capital of the fine arts; finally, that if, perhaps, the celebrated fountain of Aldgate in London might compare with it, Kalbsbraten building, *except* in that case, was incomparable.

This speech I addressed in French, of which the worthy Hofarchitekt understood somewhat, and continuing to reply in German, our conversation grew pretty close. It is singular that I can talk to a man, and pay him compliments with the utmost gravity, whereas, to a woman, I at once lose all self-possession, and have never said a pretty thing in my life.

My operations on old Speck were so conducted, that in a quarter of an hour I had elicited from him an invitation to go over the town with him, and see its architectural beauties. So we walked through the huge half-furnished chambers of the palace, we panted up the copper pinnacle of the church-tower, we went to see the Museum and Gymnasium, and coming back into the market-place again, what could the Hofarchitekt do but offer me a glass of wine and a seat in his house? He introduced me to his Gattinn, his Leocadia (the fat woman in blue), 'as a young world-observer, and worthy art-friend, a young scion of British *Adel*, who had come to refresh himself at the *Urquellen* of his race, and see his brethren of the great family of Herrman.'

I saw instantly that the old fellow was of a romantic turn, from this rhodomontade to his lady; nor was she a whit less so; nor was Dorothea less sentimental than her mamma. She knew everything regarding the literature of Albion, as she was pleased to call it; and asked me news of all the famous writers there. I told her that Miss Edgeworth was one of the loveliest young beauties at our court; I described to her Lady Morgan, herself as beautiful as the wild Irish girl she drew; I promised to give her a signature of Mrs. Hemans (which I wrote for her that very evening); and described a fox-hunt, at which I had seen Thomas Moore and Samuel Rogers, Esquires; and a boxing-match, in which the athletic author of *Pelham* was pitched against the hardy mountain-bard, Wordsworth. You see my education was not neglected, for though I have never read the works of the above-named ladies and gentlemen, yet I knew their names well enough.

Time passed away. I, perhaps, was never so brilliant in conversation as when excited by the Assmannshauser and the brilliant eyes of Dorothea that day. She and her parents had dined at their usual heathen hour; but I was, I don't care to own it, so smitten, that, for the first time in my life, I did not even miss the meal, and talked on until six o'clock, when tea was served. Madame Speck said they always drank it; and so placing a teaspoonful of bohea in a caldron of water, she placidly handed out this decoction, which we took with cakes and

sardines. I leave you to imagine how disgusted Klingenspoehr and Schnabel looked when they stepped in as usual that evening to make their party of whist with the Speck family! Down they were obliged to sit—and the lovely Dorothea, for that night, declined to play altogether, and—sat on the sofa by me.

What we talked about, who shall tell? I would not, for my part, break the secret of one of those delicious conversations, of which I and every man in his time have held so many. You begin, very probably, about the weather—'tis a common subject, but what sentiments the genius of Love can fling into it! I have often, for my part, said to the girl of my heart for the time being, 'It's a fine day,' or, 'It's a rainy morning!' in a way that has brought tears to her eyes. Something beats in your heart, and twangle! a corresponding string thrills and echoes in hers. You offer her anything—her knitting-needles, a slice of bread and butter—what causes the grateful blush with which she accepts the one or the other? Why, she sees your heart handed over to her upon the needles, and the bread and butter is to her a sandwich with love inside it. If you say to your grandmother, 'Ma'am, it's a fine day,' or what not, she would have no other meaning than their outward and visible view; but say so to the girl you love, and she understands a thousand mystic meanings in them. Thus, in a word, though Dorothea and I did not, probably, on the first night of our meeting, talk of anything more than the weather, or trumps, or some subjects which, to such listeners as Schnabel and Klingenspoehr and others, might appear quite ordinary, yet to *us* they had a different signification, of which Love alone held the key.

Without further ado then, after the occurrences of that evening, I determined on staying at Kalbsbraten, and presenting my card the next day to the Hof-Marshal, requesting to have the honour of being presented to his highness the prince, at one of whose court-balls my Dorothea appeared as I have described her.

It was summer when I first arrived at Kalbsbraten. The little court was removed to Siegmundslust, his highness's country-seat: no balls were taking place, and, in consequence, I held my own with Dorothea pretty well. I treated her admirer Lieutenant Klingenspoehr with perfect scorn, had a manifest advantage over Major Schnabel, and used somehow to meet the fair one every day walking in company with her mamma in the palace garden, or sitting under the acacias, with Belotte in her mother's lap, and the favourite romance beside her. Dear, dear

Dorothea! what a number of novels she must have read in her time! She confessed to me that she had been in love with Uncas, with Saint Preux, with Ivanhoe, and with hosts of German heroes of romance; and when I asked her if she, whose heart was so tender towards imaginary youths, had never had a preference for any one of her living adorers, she only looked, and blushed, and sighed, and said nothing.

You see I had got on as well as man could do, until the confounded court season and the balls began, and then—why, then came my usual luck.

Waltzing is a part of a German girl's life. With the best will in the world, which, I doubt not, she entertains for me, for I never put the matter of marriage directly to her—Dorothea could not go to balls and not waltz. It was madness to me to see her whirling round the room with officers, *attachés*, prim little chamberlains with gold keys and embroidered coats, her hair floating in the wind, her hand reposing upon the abominable little dancer's epaulet, her good-humoured face lighted up with still greater satisfaction. I saw that I must learn to waltz too, and took my measures accordingly.

The leader of the ballet at the Kalbsbraten theatre in my time was Springbock, from Vienna. He had been a regular Zephyr once, 'twas said, in his younger days; and though now fifteen stone weight, I can, *hélas!* recommend him conscientiously as a master; and determined to take some lessons from him in the art which I had neglected so foolishly in early life.

It may be said, without vanity, that I was an apt pupil, and in the course of half a dozen lessons I had arrived at very considerable agility in the waltzing line, and could twirl round the room with him at such a pace as made the old gentleman pant again, and hardly left him breath enough to puff out a compliment to his pupil. I may say, that in a single week I became an expert waltzer; but as I wished when I came out publicly in that character, to be quite sure of myself, and as I had hitherto practised not with a lady, but with a very fat old man, it was agreed that he should bring a lady of his acquaintance to perfect me, and accordingly, at my eighth lesson, Madame Springbock herself came to the dancing-room, and the old Zephyr performed on the violin.

If any man ventures the least sneer with regard to this lady, or dares to insinuate anything disrespectful to her or myself, I say at once, that he is an impudent calumniator. Madame Springbock is old enough to be my grandmother, and as ugly a woman as I ever saw; but though old, she was *passionnée pour*

la danse, and not having (on account, doubtless, of her age and unprepossessing appearance) many opportunities of indulging in her favourite pastime, made up for lost time by immense activity whenever she could get a partner. In vain, at the end of the hour, would Springbock exclaim, 'Amalia, my soul's blessing, the time is up!' 'Play on, dear Alphonso!' would the old lady exclaim, whisking me round; and though I had not the least pleasure in such a homely partner, yet for the sake of perfecting myself, I waltzed and waltzed with her, until we were both half dead with fatigue.

At the end of three weeks I could waltz as well as any man in Germany.

At the end of four weeks there was a grand ball at court in honour of H.H. the Prince of Dummerland and his princess, and then I determined I would come out in public. I dressed myself with unusual care and splendour. My hair was curled and my moustache dyed to a nicety; and of the four hundred gentlemen present, if the girls of Kalbsbraten *did* select one who wore an English hussar uniform, why should I disguise the fact? In spite of my silence, the news had somehow got abroad, as news will in such small towns,—Herr von Fitz-Boodle was coming out in a waltz that evening. His highness the duke even made an allusion to the circumstance. When on this eventful night, I went, as usual, and made him my bow in the presentation, '*Vous, Monsieur,*' said he, '*vous qui êtes si jeune, devez aimer la danse.*' I blushed as red as my trousers, and bowing, went away.

I stepped up to Dorothea. Heavens! how beautiful she looked! and how archly she smiled as, with a thumping heart, I asked her hand for a waltz! She took out her little mother-of-pearl dancing-book—she wrote down my name with her pencil—we were engaged for the fourth waltz, and till then I left her to other partners.

Who says that his first waltz is not a nervous moment? I vow I was more excited than by any duel I ever fought. I would not dance any *contre-danse* or galop. I repeatedly went to the buffet and got glasses of punch (dear simple Germany! 'tis with rum-punch and egg-flip thy children strengthen themselves for the dance!). I went into the ball-room and looked—the couples bounded before me, the music clashed and rung in my ears—all was fiery, feverish, indistinct. The gleaming white columns, the polished oaken floors in which the innumerable tapers were reflected—all together swam before my eyes, and I was in a pitch of madness almost when the fourth waltz at length came. 'Will you dance with your sword on?' said the sweetest voice in

the world. I blushed, and stammered, and trembled, as I laid down that weapon and my cap, and hark! the music began!

Oh, how my hand trembled as I placed it round the waist of Dorothea! With my left hand I took her right—did she squeeze it? I think she did—to this day I think she did. Away we went; we tripped over the polished oak floor like two young fairies. ‘*Courage, monsieur,*’ said she, with her sweet smile; then it was ‘*Très bien, monsieur*’; then I heard the voices humming and buzzing about. ‘*Il danse bien, l’Anglais*’; ‘*Ma foi, oui,*’ says another. On we went, twirling and twisting, and turning and whirling; couple after couple dropped panting off. Little Klingenspolhr himself was obliged to give in. All eyes were upon us—we were going round *alone*. Dorothea was almost exhausted, when——

* * * * *

I have been sitting for two hours since I marked the asterisks, thinking—thinking. I have committed crimes in my life—who hasn’t? But talk of remorse, what remorse is there like *that* which rushes up in a flood to my brain sometimes when I am alone, and causes me to blush when I’m abed in the dark?

I fell, sir, on that infernal slippery floor. Down we came like shot; we rolled over and over in the midst of the ball-room, the music going ten miles an hour, 800 pair of eyes fixed upon us, a cursed shriek of laughter bursting out from all sides. Heavens! how clear I heard it, as we went on rolling and rolling! ‘My child! my Dorothea!’ shrieked out Madame Speck, rushing forward, and as soon as she had breath to do so, Dorothea of course screamed too, then she fainted, then she was disentangled from out my spurs, and borne off by a bevy of tittering women. ‘Clumsy brute!’ said Madame Speck, turning her fat back upon me. I remained upon my *séant*, wild, ghastly, looking about. It was all up with me—I knew it was. I wished I could have died there, and I wish so still.

Klingenspolhr married her, that is the long and short; but before that event I placed a sabre-cut across the young scoundrel’s nose, which destroyed *his* beauty for ever.

O Dorothea! you can’t forgive me—you oughtn’t to forgive me; but I love you madly still.

My next flame was Ottilia; but let us keep her for another number, my feelings overpower me at present.

G. F. B.

OTTLIA.

CHAPTER I.

THE ALBUM—THE MEDITERRANEAN HEATH.

TRAVELLING some little time back in a wild part of Connemara, where I had been for fishing and seal-shooting, I had the good luck to get admission to the *château* of an hospitable Irish gentleman, and to procure some news of my once dear Ottilia.

Yes, of no other than Ottilia v. Schlippenschlopp, the Muse of Kalbsbraten-Pumpnickel, the friendly little town far away in Sachsenland—where old Speck built the town-pump, where Klingenspohr was slashed across the nose,—where Dorothea rolled over and over in that horrible waltz with Fitz-Boo—. Psha!—away with the recollection; but wasn't it strange to get news of Ottilia in the wildest corner of Ireland, where I never should have thought to hear her gentle name? Walking on that very Urrisbeg mountain under whose shadow I heard Ottilia's name, Mackay, the learned author of the *Flora Patlandica*, discovered the Mediterranean heath,—such a flower as I have often plucked on the sides of Vesuvius, and as Proserpine, no doubt, amused herself in gathering as she strayed in the fields of Enna. Here it is—the self-same flower, peering out at the Atlantic from Roundstone Bay; here, too, in this wild lonely place, nestled the fragrant memory of my Ottilia!

In a word, after a day on Ballylynch lake (where, with a brown fly and a single hair, I killed fourteen salmon, the smallest twenty-nine pounds weight, the largest somewhere about five stone ten), my young friend Blake Bodkin Lynch Browne (a fine lad who has made his Continental tour) and I adjourned after dinner to the young gentleman's private room, for the purpose of smoking a certain cigar, which is never more pleasant than after a hard day's sport, or a day spent indoors, or after a good dinner, or a bad one, or at night when you are tired, or in the morning when you are

fresh, or of a cold winter's day, or of a scorching summer's afternoon, or at any other moment you choose to fix upon.

What should I see in Blake's room but a rack of pipes, such as are to be found in almost all the bachelors' rooms in Germany, and amongst them was a porcelain pipe-head bearing the image of the Kalbsbraten pump! There it was, the old spout, the old familiar allegory of Mars, Bacchus, Apollo virorum, and the rest, that I had so often looked at from Hof-Architekt Speck's window, as I sat there by the side of Dorothea. The old gentleman had given me one of these very pipes, for he had hundreds of them painted, wherewith he used to gratify almost every stranger who came into his native town.

Any old place with which I have once been familiar (as, perhaps, I have before stated in these *Confessions*—but never mind that) is in some sort dear to me: and were I Lord Shootingcastle or Colonel Popland, I think after a residence of six months there I should love the Fleet Prison. As I saw the old familiar pipe, I took it down, and crammed it with Cavendish tobacco, and lay down on a sofa, and puffed away for an hour well-nigh, thinking of old, old times.

'You're very entertaining to-night, Fitz,' says young Blake, who had made several tumblers of punch for me, which I had gulped down without saying a word. 'Don't ye think ye'd be more easy in bed than snorting and sighing there on my sofa, and groaning fit to make me go hang myself?'

'I am thinking, Blake,' says I, 'about Pumpernickel, where old Speck gave you this pipe.'

'Deed he did,' replies the young man; 'and did ye know the old Bar'n?'

'I did,' said I. 'My friend, I have been by the banks of the Bendemeer. Tell me, are the nightingales still singing there, and do the roses still bloom?'

'The *what*?' cries Blake; 'what the divvle, Fitz, are you growling about? Bendemeer Lake's in Westmoreland, as I preshume; and as for roses and nightingales, I give ye my word it's Greek ye're talking to me.' And Greek it very possibly was, for my young friend, though as good across country as any man in his county, has not that fine feeling and tender perception of beauty which may be found elsewhere, dear madam.

'Tell me about Speck, Blake, and Kalbsbraten, and Dorothea, and Klingenspohr her husband.'

'He with the cut across the nose, is it?' cried Blake; 'I know him well, and his old wife.'

'His old what, sir?' cried Fitz-Boodle, jumping up from his

seat; 'Klingenspohr's wife old!—Is he married again?—Is Dorothea, then, d-d-dead?'

'Dead!—no more dead than you are, only I take her to be five-and-thirty; and when a woman has had nine children, you know, she looks none the younger; and I can tell ye, that when she trod on my corrums at a ball at the Grand Juke's, I felt something heavier than a feather on my foot.'

'Madame de Klingenspohr, then,' replied I, hesitating somewhat, 'has grown rather—rather st-st-out?' I could hardly get out the *out*, and trembled I don't know why as I asked the question.

'Stout, begad!—she weighs fourteen stone, saddle and bridle. That's right, down goes my pipe; flop! crash falls the tumbler into the fender! Break away, my boy, and remember, whoever breaks a glass here pays a dozen.'

The fact was, that the announcement of Dorothea's changed condition caused no small disturbance within me, and I expressed it in the abrupt manner mentioned by young Blake.

Roused thus from my reverie, I questioned the young fellow about his residence at Kalbsbraten, which has been always since the war a favourite place for our young gentry, and heard with some satisfaction that Potzdorff was married to the Behrenstein, Haarbart had left the dragoons, the Crown Prince had broken with the —; but mum! of what interest are all these details to the reader, who has never been at friendly little Kalbsbraten?

Presently Lynch reaches me down one of the three books that formed his library (the *Racing Calendar* and a book of fishing-flies making up the remainder of the set). 'And there's my album,' says he; 'you'll find plenty of hands in it that you'll recognise, as you are an old Pumpnickelaner.' And so I did, in truth: it was a little book after the fashion of German albums, in which good simple little ledger every friend or acquaintance of the owner inscribes a poem or stanza from some favourite poet or philosopher with the transcriber's own name, as thus:—

To the true house-friend, and beloved
Irelandish youth:

'*Sera nunquam est ad bonos mores via.*'

WACKERBART,

Professor at the Grand-Ducal Kalbsbraten-Pumpnickelisch Gymnasium.

Another writes:—

Wander on roses and forget-me-nots.

Amalia v. Nachtmütze.

Geb: v. Schlafrock.

With a flourish, and the picture mayhap of a rose. Let the reader imagine some hundreds of these interesting inscriptions, and he will have an idea of the book.

Turning over the leaves I came presently on *Dorothea's* hand. There it was, the little, neat, pretty handwriting, the dear old up-and-down strokes that I had not looked at for many a long year,—the Mediterranean heath, which grew on the sunniest banks of Fitz-Boodle's existence, and here found, dear, dear little sprig! in rude Galwagian bog-lands.

'Look at the other side of the page,' says Lynch, rather sarcastically (for I don't care to confess that I kissed the name of 'Dorothea v. Klingenspohr, born v. Speck' written under an extremely feeble passage of verse). 'Look at the other side of the paper!'

I did, and what do you think I saw?

I saw the writing of five of the little Klingenspoons, who have all sprung up since my time.

'Ha! ha! haw!' screamed the impertinent young Irishman, and the story was all over Connemara and Joyce's country in a day after.

CHAPTER II.

OTTILIA IN PARTICULAR.

SOME kind critic who peruses these writings will, doubtless, have the goodness to point out that the simile of the Mediterranean heath is applied to two personages in this chapter—to Ottilia and Dorothea, and say, Psha! the fellow is but a poor unimaginative creature not to be able to find a simile apiece at least for the girls; how much better would *we* have done the business!

Well, it is a very pretty simile;—the girls were rivals, were beautiful, I loved them both,—which should have the sprig of heath? Mr. Cruikshank (who has taken to serious painting) is getting ready for the Exhibition a fine piece, representing Fitz-Boodle on the Urrisbeg Mountain, County Galway, Ireland, with a sprig of heath in his hand, hesitating, like Paris, on which of the beauties he should bestow it. In the background is a certain animal between two bundles of hay, but that I take to represent the critic, puzzled to which of my young beauties to assign the choice.

If Dorothea had been as rich as Miss Coutts, and had come to me the next day after the accident at the ball, and said, 'George, will you marry me?' it must not be supposed I would have done any such thing. *That* dream had vanished for ever: rage and pride took the place of love; and the only chance I had of recovering from my dreadful discomfiture was by bearing it bravely, and trying, if possible, to awaken a little compassion in my favour. I limped home (arranging my scheme with great presence of mind as I actually sat spinning there on the ground), I limped home, sent for Pflastersticken, the court-surgeon, and addressed him to the following effect: 'Pflastersticken,' says I, 'there has been an accident at court of which you will hear. You will send in leeches, pills, and the deuce knows what, and you will say that I have dislocated my leg: for some days you will state that I am in considerable danger; and you are a good fellow and a man of courage I know, for which very reason you can appreciate those qualities in another; so mind, if you breathe a word of my secret, either you or I must lose a life.'

Away went the surgeon, and the next day all Kalbsbraten knew that I was on the point of death: I had been delirious all night, had had eighty leeches, besides I don't know how much medicine; but the Kalbsbrateners knew to a scruple. Whenever anybody was ill, this little kind society knew what medicines were prescribed, everybody in the town knew what everybody had for her dinner. If Madame Rumpel had her satin dyed, ever so quietly, the whole society was on the *qui vive*; if Countess Pultuski sent to Berlin for a new set of teeth, not a person in Kalbsbraten but was ready to compliment her as she put them on; if Potzdorff paid his tailor's bill, or Muffinstein bought a piece of black wax for his mustachios, it was the talk of the little city; and so, of course, was my accident. In their sorrow for my misfortune, Dorothea's was quite forgotten, and those eighty leeches saved me. I became interesting; I had cards left at my door; and I kept my room for a fortnight, during which time I read every one of M. Kotzebue's plays.

At the end of that period I was convalescent, though still a little lame. I called at old Speck's house and apologised for my clumsiness, with the most admirable coolness; I appeared at court, and stated calmly that I did not intend to dance any more; and when Klingenspoehr grinned, I told that young gentleman such a piece of my mind as led to his wearing a large sticking-plaster patch on his nose, which was split as neatly down the middle as you would split an orange at dessert. In a word, what man could do to repair my defeat, I did.

There is but one thing now of which I am ashamed—of those killing epigrams which I wrote (*mon Dieu!* must I own it?—but even the fury of my anger proves the extent of my love!) against the Speck family. They were handed about in confidence at court, and made a frightful sensation.

Is it possible?

There happened at Schloss P—mp—rn—ckel,
A strange mishap our sides to tickle,
And set the people in a roar;—
A strange caprice of Fortune fickle:
I never thought at Pumpnickel
To see a SPECK upon the floor!

La Perfide Albion; or, A Caution to Waltzers.

'Come to the dance,' the Briton said,
And forward D—r—th—a led,
Fair, fresh, and three-and-twenty!
Ah, girls, beware of Britons red!
What wonder that it *turned her head?*
SAT VERBUM SAPIENTI.

Reasons for not Marrying.

'The lovely Miss S.
Will surely say "yes,"
You've only to ask and try;'
'That subject we'll quit,'
Says Georgy the wit,
'*I've a much better SPEC in my eye!*'

This last epigram especially was voted so killing that it flew like wildfire; and I know for a fact that our *Chargé-d'affaires* at Kalbsbraten sent a courier express with it to the Foreign Office in England, whence, through our amiable Foreign Secretary, Lord P—lm—rston, it made its way into every fashionable circle, nay, I have reason to believe caused a smile on the cheek of R—y—lty itself. Now that Time has taken away the sting of these epigrams, there can be no harm in giving them; and 'twas well enough then to endeavour to hide under the lash of wit the bitter pangs of humiliation; but my heart bleeds now to think that I should have ever brought a tear on the gentle cheek of Dorothea.

Not content with this, with humiliating her by satire, and with wounding her accepted lover across the nose, I determined to carry

my revenge still farther, and to fall in love with anybody else. This person was Ottilia v. Schlippenschlopp.

Otho Sigismund Freyherr von Schlippenschlopp, Knight Grand Cross of the Ducal Order of the Two-Necked Swan of Pumpernickel, of the Porc-et-Sifflet of Kalbsbraten, Commander of the George and Blue Boar of Dummerland, Excellency, and High Chancellor of the United Duchies, lived in the second floor of a house in the Schnapsgasse, where, with his private income and his revenues as Chancellor, amounting together to some £300 per annum, he maintained such a state as very few other officers of the Grand-Ducal Crown could exhibit. The Baron is married to Maria Antoinetta, a countess of the house of Kartoffelstadt, branches of which have taken root all over Germany. He has no sons, and but one daughter, the Fraülein OTTILIA.

The Chancellor is a worthy old gentleman, too fat and wheezy to preside at the privy council, fond of his pipe, his ease, and his rubber. His lady is a very tall and pale Roman-nosed countess, who looks as gentle as Mrs. Robert Roy, where, in the novel, she is for putting Bailie Nicol Jarvie into the lake, and who keeps the honest Chancellor in the greatest order. The Fraülein Ottilia had not arrived at Kalbsbraten when the little affair between me and Dorothea was going on, or rather had only just come in for the conclusion of it, being presented for the first time that year at the ball where I—where I met with my accident.

At the time when the countess was young, it was not the fashion in her country to educate the young ladies so highly as since they have been educated; and provided they could waltz, sew, and make puddings, they were thought to be decently bred; being seldom called upon for algebra or Sanskrit in the discharge of the honest duties of their lives. But Fraülein Ottilia was of the modern school in this respect, and came back from her *pension* at Strasburg speaking all the languages, dabbling in all the sciences, a historian, a poet,—a blue of the ultramarine sort, in a word. What a difference there was, for instance, between poor, simple Dorothea's love of novel-reading and the profound encyclopædic learning of Ottilia!

Before the latter arrived from Strasburg (where she had been under the care of her aunt the Canoness Countess Ottilia of Kartoffelstadt, to whom I here beg to offer my humblest respects), Dorothea had passed for a *bel esprit* in the little court circle, and her little simple stock of accomplishments had amused us all very well. She used to sing '*Herz, mein Herz*' and '*T'en souviens-tu*' in a decent manner (*once*, before Heaven, I thought her singing better than Grisi's), and then she had a little album in which she

drew flowers, and used to embroider slippers wonderfully, and was very merry at a game of *loto* or forfeits, and had a hundred small *agrémens de société* which rendered her an acceptable member of it.

But when Ottilia arrived, poor Dolly's reputation was crushed in a month. The former wrote poems both in French and German; she painted landscapes and portraits in real oil; and she twanged off a rattling piece of Listz or Kalkbrenner in such a brilliant way, that Dora scarcely dared to touch the instrument after her, or venture, after Ottilia had trilled and gurgled through '*Una Voce*,' or '*Di Piacer*' (Rossini was in fashion then), to lift up her modest little pipe in a ballad. What was the use of the poor thing going to sit in the park, where so many of the young officers used ever to gather round her? Whirr! Ottilia went by galloping on a chestnut mare with a groom after her, and presently all the young fellows who could buy or hire horseflesh were prancing in her train.

When they met, Ottilia would bounce towards her soul's darling, and put her hands round her waist, and call her by a thousand affectionate names, and then talk of her as only ladies or authors can talk of one another,—talk of her, in a word, as Mr. Samuel Warren does of his 'dear Boz,' in the December number of *Blackwood's Magazine*. How tenderly she would hint at Dora's little imperfections of education!—how cleverly she would insinuate that the poor girl had no wit! and, thank God, no more she had. The fact is, that do what I will I see I'm in love with her still, and would be if she had fifty children; but my passion blinded me *then*, and every arrow that fiery Ottilia discharged I marked with savage joy. Dolly, thank Heaven, didn't mind the wit much, she was too simple for that. But still the recurrence of it would leave in her heart a vague, indefinite feeling of pain, and somehow she began to understand that her empire was passing away, and that her dear friend hated her like poison; and so she married Klingenspoehr. I have written myself almost into a reconciliation with the silly fellow, for the truth is, he has been a good, honest husband to her, and she has children, and makes puddings, and is happy.

Ottilia was pale and delicate. She wore her glistening black hair in bands, and dressed in vapoury white muslin. She sang her own words to her harp, and they commonly insinuated that she was alone in the world,—that she suffered some inexpressible and mysterious heart-pangs, the lot of all finer geniuses,—that though she lived and moved in the world she was not of it,—that she was of a consumptive tendency and might look for a premature interment. She even had fixed on the spot where she should lie;

the violets grew there, she said, the river went moaning by; the grey willow whispered sadly over her head, and her heart pined to be at rest. 'Mother,' she would say, turning to her parent, 'promise me—promise me to lay me in that spot when the parting hour has come!' At which Madame de Schlippeneschlopp would shriek and grasp her in her arms, and at which, I confess, I would myself blubber like a child. She had six darling friends at school, and every *courier* from Kalbsbraten carried off whole reams of her letter-paper.

In Kalbsbraten, as in every other German town, there are a vast number of literary characters, of whom our young friend quickly became the chief. They set up a literary journal, which appeared once a week, upon light blue or primrose paper, and which, in compliment to the lovely Ottilia's maternal name, was called the *Kartoffelnkranz*. Here are a couple of her ballads extracted from the *Kranz*, and by far the most cheerful specimen of her style. For in her songs she never would willingly let off the heroines without a suicide or a consumption. She never would hear of such a thing as a happy marriage, and had an appetite for grief quite amazing in so young a person. As for her dying and desiring to be buried under the willow-tree, of which the first ballad is the subject, though I believed the story then, I have at present some doubts about it. For, since the publication of my memoirs, I have been thrown much into the society of literary persons (who admire my style hugely), and, egad! though some of them are dismal enough in their works, I find them in their persons the least sentimental class that ever a gentleman fell in with.

THE WILLOW-TREE.

Know ye the willow-tree
 Whose grey leaves quiver,
 Whispering gloomily
 To yon pale river?
 Lady, at even-tide
 Wander not near it,
 They say its branches hide
 A sad, lost spirit!

Once to the willow-tree
 A maid came fearful,
 Pale seemed her cheek to be,
 Her blue eye tearful;

THE FITZ-BOODLE PAPERS

Soon as she saw the tree,
 Her step moved fleeter.
 No one was there—ah, me !
 No one to meet her !

Quick beat her heart to hear
 The far bell's chime
 Toll from the chapel-tower
 The trysting time :
 But the red sun went down
 In golden flame,
 And though she looked round,
 Yet no one came !

Presently came the night,
 Sadly to greet her,—
 Moon in her silver light,
 Stars in their glitter :
 Then sank the moon away
 Under the billow,
 Still wept the maid alone—
 There by the willow !

Through the long darkness,
 By the stream rolling,
 Hour after hour went on
 Tolling and tolling.
 Long was the darkness,
 Lonely and stilly ;
 Shrill came the night-wind,
 Piercing and chilly.

Shrill blew the morning breeze,
 Biting and cold,
 Bleak peers the grey dawn
 Over the world.
 Bleak over moor and stream
 Looks the grey dawn,
 Grey, with dishevelled hair,
 Still stands the willow there—
 THE MAID IS GONE !

Domine, Domine !

Sing we a litany,—

Sing for poor maiden-hearts broken and weary ;

Domine, Domine !

Sing we a litany,

Wail we and weep we a wild Miserere !

One of the chief beauties of this ballad (for the translation of which I received some well-merited compliments) is the delicate way in which the suicide of the poor young woman under the willow-tree is hinted at ; for that she threw herself into the water and became one among the lilies of the stream, is as clear as a pikestaff. Her suicide is committed some time in the darkness, when the slow hours move on tolling and tolling, and is hinted at darkly as befits the time and the deed.

But that unromantic brute Van Cutsem, the Dutch *Charge d'affaires*, sent to the *Kartoffelnkranz* of the week after a conclusion of the ballad, which shows what a poor creature he must be. His pretext for writing it was, he said, because he could not bear such melancholy endings to poems and young women, and therefore he submitted the following lines :—

I

Long by the willow-trees
Vainly they sought her,
Wild rang the mother's screams
O'er the grey water :
'Where is my lovely one ?
Where is my daughter ?

II

'Rouse thee, sir constable—
Rouse thee and look ;
Fisherman, bring your net,
Boatman, your hook.
Beat in the lily-beds,
Dive in the brook !'

III

Vainly the constable
Shouted and called her ;
Vainly the fisherman
Beat the green alder,
Vainly he flung the net,
Never it hauled her !

IV

Mother, beside the fire
Sat, her nightcap in ;
Father, in easy-chair,
Gloomily napping,
When at the window-sill
Came a light tapping !

V

And a pale countenance
 Looked through the casement.
 Loud beat the mother's heart,
 Sick with amazement,
 And at the vision, which
 Came to surprise her,
 Shrieked in an agony,—
 'Lor' ! it's Elizar !'

VI

Yes, 'twas Elizabeth—
 Yes, 'twas their girl ;
 Pale was her cheek, and her
 Hair out of curl.
 'Mother !' the loving one,
 Blushing, exclaimed,
 'Let not your innocent
 Lizzy be blamed.

VII

'Yesterday, going to aunt
 Jones's to tea,
 Mother, dear mother, I
Forgot the door-key !
 And as the night was cold,
 And the way steep,
 Mrs. Jones kept me to
 Breakfast and sleep.'

VIII

Whether her pa and ma
 Fully believed her
 That we shall never know,
 Stern they received her ;
 And for the work of that
 Cruel, though short, night,
 Sent her to bed without
 Tea for a fortnight.

IX

MORAL.

*Hey diddle diddlety,
 Cat and the Fiddlety !
 Maidens of England, take caution by she !*

*Let love and suicide
Never tempt you aside,
And always remember to take the door-key !*

Some people laughed at this parody, and even preferred it to the original ; but for myself I have no patience with the individual who can turn the finest sentiments of our nature into ridicule, and make everything sacred a subject of scorn. The next ballad is less gloomy than that of the willow-tree, but in it the lovely writer expresses her longing for what has charmed us all, and, as it were, squeezes the whole spirit of the fairy-tale into a few stanzas :—

FAIRY DAYS.

Beside the old hall-fire—upon my nurse's knee,
Of happy fairy days—what tales were told to me !
I thought the world was once—all peopled with princesses,
And my heart would beat to hear—their loves and their distresses ;
And many a quiet night,—in slumber sweet and deep,
The pretty fairy people—would visit me in sleep.

I saw them in my dreams—come flying east and west,
With wondrous fairy gifts—the new-born babe they bless'd ;
One has brought a jewel—and one a crown of gold,
And one has brought a curse—but she is wrinkled and old.
The gentle queen turns pale—to hear those words of sin,
But the king he only laughs—and bids the dance begin.

The babe has grown to be—the fairest of the land,
And rides the forest green—a hawk upon her hand,
An ambling palfrey white—a golden robe and crown ;
I've seen her in my dreams—riding up and down ;
And heard the ogre laugh—as she fell into his snare,
At the little tender creature—who wept and tore her hair !

But ever when it seemed—her need was at the sorest,
A prince in shining mail—comes prancing through the forest,
A waving ostrich-plume—a buckler burnished bright ;
I've seen him in my dreams—good sooth ! a gallant knight.
His lips are coral red—beneath a dark moustache ;
See how he waves his hand—and how his blue eyes flash !

'Come forth, thou Paynim knight !'—he shouts in accents clear.
The giant and the maid—both tremble his voice to hear.
Saint Mary guard him well !—he draws his falchion keen,
The giant and the knight—are fighting on the green.
I see them in my dreams—his blade gives stroke on stroke,
The giant pants and reels—and tumbles like an oak !

With what a blushing grace—he falls upon his knee
 And takes the lady's hand—and whispers 'You are free!'
 Ah! happy childish tales—of knight and faërie!
 I waken from my dreams—but there's ne'er a knight for me;
 I waken from my dreams—and wish that I could be
 A child by the old hall-fire—upon my nurse's knee!

Indeed, Ottilia looked like a fairy herself: pale, small, slim, and airy. You could not see her face, as it were, for her eyes, which were so wild, and so tender, and shone so that they would have dazzled an eagle, much more a poor goose of a Fitz-Boodle. In the theatre, when she sat on the opposite side of the house, those big eyes used to pursue me as I sat pretending to listen to the *Zauberflöte*, or to *Don Carlos*, or *Egmont*, and at the tender passages, especially, they would have such a winning, weeping, imploring look with them as flesh and blood could not bear.

Shall I tell how I became a poet for the dear girl's sake? 'Tis surely unnecessary after the reader has perused the above versions of her poems. Shall I tell what wild follies I committed in prose as well as in verse? how I used to watch under her window of icy evenings, and with chilblainy fingers sing serenades to her on the guitar? Shall I tell how, in a sledging party, I had the happiness to drive her, and of the delightful privilege which is, on these occasions, accorded to the driver?

Any reader who has spent a winter in Germany perhaps knows it. A large party of a score or more of sledges is formed. Away they go to some pleasure-house that has been previously fixed upon, where a ball and collation are prepared, and where each man, as his partner descends, has the delicious privilege of saluting her. O heavens and earth! I may grow to be a thousand years old, but I can never forget the rapture of that salute.

'The keen air has given me an appetite,' said the dear angel as we entered the supper-room; and to say the truth, fairy as she was, she made a remarkably good meal—consuming a couple of basins of white soup, several kinds of German sausages, some Westphalia ham, some white puddings, an anchovy salad made with cornichons and onions, sweets innumerable, and a considerable quantity of old Steinwein and rum-punch afterwards. Then she got up and danced as brisk as a fairy, in which operation I of course did not follow her, but had the honour at the close of the evening's amusement once more to have her by my side in the sledge, as we swept in the moonlight over the snow.

Kalbsbraten is a very hospitable place as far as tea-parties are concerned, but I never was in one where dinners were so scarce.

At the palace they occurred twice or thrice in a month, but on these occasions spinsters were not invited, and I seldom had the opportunity of seeing my Ottilia except at evening parties.

Nor are these, if the truth must be told, very much to my taste. Dancing I have forsworn, whist is too severe a study for me, and I do not like to play *écarté* with old ladies, who are sure to cheat you in the course of an evening's play.

But to have an occasional glance at Ottilia was enough; and many and many a *napoleon* did I lose to her mamma, Madame de Schlippenchlopp, for the blest privilege of looking at her daughter. Many is the tea-party I went to, shivering into cold clothes after dinner (which is my abomination) in order to have one little look at the lady of my soul.

At these parties there were generally refreshments of a nature more substantial than mere tea—punch, both milk and rum, hot wine, *consommé*, and a peculiar and exceedingly disagreeable sandwich made of a mixture of cold white puddings and garlic, of which I have forgotten the name, and always detested the savour.

Gradually a conviction came upon me that Ottilia ate a great deal.

I do not dislike to see a woman eat comfortably. I even think that an agreeable woman ought to be *friande*, and should love certain little dishes and knick-knacks. I know that though at dinner they commonly take nothing, they have had roast mutton with the children at two, and laugh at their pretensions to starvation.

No! a woman who eats a grain of rice, like Amina in *The Arabian Nights*, is absurd and unnatural; but there is a *modus in rebus*: there is no reason why she should be a ghoul, a monster, an ogress, a horrid gormandiseress—faugh!

It was, then, with a rage amounting almost to agony, that I found Ottilia ate too much at every meal. She was always eating, and always eating too much. If I went there in the morning, there was the horrid familiar odour of those oniony sandwiches; if in the afternoon, dinner had been just removed, and I was choked by reeking reminiscences of roast meat. Tea we have spoken of. She gobbled up more cakes than any six people present; then came the supper and the sandwiches again, and the egg-flip and the horrible rum-punch.

She was as thin as ever—paler if possible than ever;—but, by Heavens! *her nose began to grow red!*

Mon Dieu! how I used to watch and watch it! Some days it was purple, some days had more of the vermillion—I could take an affidavit that after a heavy night's supper it was more swollen, more red than before.

I recollect one night when we were playing a round game (I had been looking at her nose very eagerly and sadly for some time), she of herself brought up the conversation about eating, and confessed that she had five meals a day.

'*That accounts for it!*' says I, flinging down the cards, and springing up and rushing like a madman out of the room. I rushed away into the night, and wrestled with my passion. 'What! marry,' said I, 'a woman who eats meat twenty-one times in a week, besides breakfast and tea? Marry a sarcophagus, a cannibal, a butcher's shop?—Away!' I strove and strove, I drank, I groaned, I wrestled and fought with my love—but it overcame me; one look of those eyes brought me to her feet again. I yielded myself up like a slave; I fawned and whined for her; I thought her nose was not so *very* red.

Things came to this pitch that I sounded His Highness's minister to know whether he would give me service in the Duchy; I thought of purchasing an estate there. I was given to understand that I should get a chamberlain's key and some post of honour did I choose to remain, and I even wrote home to my brother Fitz in England, hinting a change in my condition.

At this juncture the town of Hamburg sent His Highness the Grand Duke (*à propos* of a commercial union which was pending between the two states) a singular present, no less than a certain number of barrels of oysters, which are considered extreme luxuries in Germany, especially in the inland parts of the country, where they are almost unknown.

In honour of the oysters and the new commercial treaty (which arrived in *fourgons* despatched for the purpose), His Highness announced a grand supper and ball, and invited all the quality of all the principalities round about. It was a splendid affair, the grand saloon brilliant with hundreds of uniforms and brilliant toilettes—not the least beautiful among them, I need not say, was Ottilia.

At midnight the supper-rooms were thrown open, and we formed into little parties of six, each having a table, nobly served with plate, a lackey in attendance, and a gratifying ice-pail or two of champagne to *égayer* the supper. It was no small cost to serve five hundred people on silver, and the repast was certainly a princely and magnificent one.

I had, of course, arranged with Mademoiselle de Schlippen-schlopp. Captains Frumpel and Fridelberger of the Duke's Guard, Mesdames de Butterbrod and Bopp, formed our little party.

The first course, of course, consisted of *the oysters*. Ottilia's eyes gleamed with double brilliancy as the lackey opened them.

There were nine apiece for us — how well I recollect the number !

I never was much of an oyster-eater, nor can I relish them *in naturalibus* as some do, but require a quantity of sauces, lemons, cayenne peppers, bread and butter, and so forth, to render them palatable.

By the time I had made my preparations, Ottilia, the captains, and the two ladies had well-nigh finished theirs. Indeed Ottilia had gobbled up all hers, and there were only my nine left in the dish.

I took one—IT WAS BAD. The scent of it was enough—they were all bad. Ottilia had eaten nine bad oysters.

I put down the horrid shell. Her eyes glistened more and more, she could not take them off the tray.

‘ Dear Herr George,’ she said, ‘ *will you give me your oysters ?* ’

.

She had them all down—before—I could say—Jack—Robinson.

.

I left Kalbsbraten that night, and have never been there since.

G. S. F. B.

MEN'S WIVES.

No. I.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK BERRY.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIGHT AT SLAUGHTER-HOUSE.

I AM very fond of reading about battles, and have most of Marlborough's and Wellington's at my fingers' end, but the most tremendous combat I ever saw, and one that interests me to think of more than Malplaquet or Waterloo (which, by the way, has grown to be a downright nuisance, so much do men talk of it after dinner, prating most disgustingly about 'the Prussians coming up,' and what not), I say the most tremendous combat ever known was that between Berry and Biggs, the gown-boy, which commenced in a certain place called Middle Briars, which is situated in the midst of the cloisters that run along the side of the playground at Slaughter-house School, near Smithfield, London. It was there, madam, that your humble servant had the honour of acquiring, after six years' labour, that immense fund of classical knowledge which in after life has been so exceedingly useful to him.

The circumstances of the quarrel were these:—Biggs, the gown-boy (a man that, in those days, I thought was at least seven feet high, and was quite thunderstruck to find in after life that he measured no more than five feet four), was what we called 'second cock' of the school; the first cock was a great, big, good-humoured, lazy, fair-haired fellow, old Hawkins by name, who, because he was large and good-humoured, hurt nobody. Biggs, on the contrary, was a sad bully; he had half-a-dozen fags, and beat them all unmercifully. Moreover, he had a little brother, a boarder in Potky's house, whom, as a matter of course, he hated and maltreated worse than any one else.

Well, one day, because young Biggs had not brought his brother his hoops, or had not caught a ball at cricket, or for some other equally good reason, Biggs the elder so belaboured the poor little

fellow, that Berry, who was sauntering by, and saw the dreadful blows which the elder brother was dealing to the younger with his hockey-stick, felt a compassion for the little fellow (perhaps he had a jealousy against Biggs, and wanted to try a few rounds with him, but that I can't vouch for); however, Berry passing by, stopped and said, 'Don't you think you have thrashed the boy enough, Biggs?' He spoke this in a very civil tone, for he never would have thought of interfering rudely with the sacred privilege that an upper boy at a public school always has of beating a junior, especially when they happen to be brothers.

The reply of Biggs, as might be expected, was to hit young Biggs with the hockey-stick twice as hard as before, until the little wretch howled with pain. 'I suppose it's no business of yours, Berry,' said Biggs, thumping away all the while, and laid on worse and worse.

Until Berry (and, indeed, little Biggs) could bear it no longer, and the former, bouncing forwards, wrenched the stick out of old Biggs' hands, and sent it whirling out of the cloister window, to the great wonder of a crowd of us small boys, who were looking on. Little boys always like to see a little companion of their own soundly beaten.

'There!' said Berry, looking into Biggs' face, as much as to say, 'I've gone and done it;' and he added to the brother, 'Scud away, you little thief! I've saved you this time.'

'Stop, young Biggs!' roared out his brother, after a pause; 'or I'll break every bone in your infernal, scoundrelly skin!'

Young Biggs looked at Berry, then at his brother, then came at his brother's order, as if back to be beaten again, but lost heart and ran away as fast as his little legs could carry him.

'I'll do for him another time,' said Biggs. 'Here, under-boy, take my coat;' and we all began to gather round and formed a ring.

'We had better wait till after school, Biggs,' cried Berry, quite cool, but looking a little pale. 'There are only five minutes now, and it will take you more than that to thrash me.'

Biggs upon this committed a great error, for he struck Berry slightly across the face with the back of his hand, saying, 'You are in a fright.' But this was a feeling which Frank Berry did not in the least entertain, for in reply to Biggs' back-hander, and as quick as thought, and with all his might and main—pong! he delivered a blow upon old Biggs' nose that made the claret spurt, and sent the second cock down to the ground as if he had been shot.

He was up again, however, in a minute, his face white and gashed with blood, his eyes glaring, a ghastly spectacle; and

Berry, meanwhile, had taken his coat off, and by this time there were gathered in the cloisters, on all the windows, and upon each other's shoulders, 120 young gentlemen at the very least, for the news had gone out through the playground of 'a fight between Berry and Biggs.'

But Berry was quite right in his remark about the propriety of deferring the business, for at this minute Mr. Chip, the second master, came down the cloisters going into school, and grinned in his queer way as he saw the state of Biggs' face. 'Holloa, Mr. Biggs,' said he, 'I suppose you have run against a finger-post.' That was the regular joke with us at school, and you may be sure we all laughed heartily, as we always did when Mr. Chip made a joke, or anything like a joke. 'You had better go to the pump, sir, and get yourself washed, and not let Dr. Muzzle see you in that condition.' So saying, Mr. Chip disappeared to his duties in the under-school, whither all we little boys followed him.

It was Wednesday, a half-holiday, as everybody knows, and boiled-beef day at Slaughter-house. I was in the same boarding-house as Berry, and we all looked to see whether he ate a good dinner, just as one would examine a man who was going to be hanged. I recollect, in after life, in Germany, seeing a friend who was going to fight a duel, eat five larks for his breakfast, and thought I had seldom witnessed greater courage. Berry ate moderately of the boiled beef—*boiled child* we used to call it at school, in our elegant, jocular way; he knew a great deal better than to load his stomach upon the eve of such a contest as was going to take place.

Dinner was very soon over, and Mr. Chip, who had been all the while joking Berry, and pressing him to eat, called him up into his study, to the great disappointment of us all, for we thought he was going to prevent the fight, but no such thing. The Rev. Edward Chip took Berry into his study, and poured him out two glasses of port wine, which he made him take with a biscuit, and patted him on the back, and went off. I have no doubt he was longing, like all of us, to see the battle, but etiquette, you know, forbade.

When we went out into the green, old Hawkins was there—the great Hawkins, the cock of the school. I have never seen the man since, but still think of him as of something awful, gigantic, mysterious; he who could thrash everybody, who could beat all the masters: how we longed for him to put in his hand and lick Muzzle! He was a dull boy, not very high in the school, and had all his exercises written for him. Muzzle knew this, but Muzzle respected him, never called him up to read Greek plays;

passed over all his blunders, which were many; let him go out of half-holidays into the town as he pleased; how should any man dare to stop him—the great, calm, magnanimous, silent Strength! They say he licked a Life-guardsman. I wonder whether it was Shaw who killed all those Frenchmen? No, it couldn't be Shaw, for he was dead *au champ d'honneur*; but he *would* have licked Shaw if he had been alive. A bargeman I know he licked, at Jack Randall's in Slaughter-house Lane. Old Hawkins was too lazy to play at cricket; he sauntered all day in the sunshine about the green, accompanied by little Tippins, who was in the sixth form, laughed and joked at Hawkins eternally, and was the person who wrote all his exercises.

Instead of going into town this afternoon, Hawkins remained at Slaughter-house to see the great fight between the second and third cocks.

The different masters of the school kept boarding-houses (such as Potky's, Chip's, Wickens's, Pinney's, and so on), and the playground, or 'green,' as it was called, although the only thing green about the place was the broken glass in the walls that separate Slaughter-house from Wilderness Row and Goswell Street. (Many a time have I seen Mr. Pickwick look out of his window in that street, though we did not know him then.) The playground, or green, was common to all. But if any stray boy from Potky's was found, for instance, in or entering into, Chip's house, the most dreadful tortures were practised upon him, as I can answer in my own case.

Fancy, then, our astonishment at seeing a little three-foot wretch, of the name of Wills, one of Hawkins's fags (they were both in Potky's), walk undismayed amongst us lions at Chip's house, as the 'rich and rare' young lady did in Ireland. We were going to set upon him and devour or otherwise maltreat him, when he cried out in a little, shrill, impertinent voice, '*Tell Berry I want him.*'

We all roared with laughter. Berry was in the sixth form, and Wills or any under boy would as soon have thought of 'wanting' him, as I should of wanting the Duke of Wellington.

Little Wills looked round in an imperious kind of way. 'Well,' says he, stamping his foot, 'do you hear? *Tell Berry that HAWKINS wants him.*'

As for resisting the law of Hawkins, you might as soon think of resisting immortal Jove. Berry and Tolmash, who was to be his bottle-holder, made their appearance immediately, and walked out into the green where Hawkins was waiting, and, with an irresistible audacity that only belonged to himself, in the face of

nature and all the regulations of the place, was smoking a cigar. When Berry and Tolmash found him, the three began slowly pacing up and down in the sunshine, and we little boys watched them.

Hawkins moved his arms and hands every now and then, and was evidently laying down the law about boxing. We saw his fists darting out every now and then with mysterious swiftness, hitting one, two, quick as thought, as if in the face of an adversary ; now his left hand went up, as if guarding his own head, now his immense right fist dreadfully flapped the air, as if punishing his imaginary opponent's miserable ribs. The conversation lasted for some ten minutes, about which time gown-boys' dinner was over, and we saw these youths in their black, horned-button jackets and knee-breeches, issuing from their door in the cloisters. There were no hoops, no cricket-bats, as usual on a half-holiday. Who would have thought of play in expectation of such tremendous sport as was in store for us ?

Towering among the gown-boys, of whom he was the head and the tyrant, leaning upon Bushby's arm, and followed at a little distance by many curious, pale, awe-stricken boys, dressed in his black silk stockings, which he always sported, and with a crimson bandanna tied round his waist, came BIGGS. His nose was swollen with the blow given before school, but his eyes flashed fire. He was laughing and sneering with Bushby, and evidently intended to make minced meat of Berry.

The betting began pretty freely ; the bets were against poor Berry. Five to three were offered—in ginger-beer. I took six to four in raspberry open tarts. The upper boys carried the thing farther still ; and I know for a fact, that Swang's book amounted to four pound three (but he hedged a good deal), and Tittery lost seventeen shillings in a single bet to Pitts, who took the odds.

As Biggs and his party arrived, I heard Hawkins say to Berry, 'For Heaven's sake, my boy, fib with your right, and *mind his left hand!*'

Middle Briars was voted to be too confined a space for the combat, and it was agreed that it should take place behind the under-school in the shade, whither we all went. Hawkins, with his immense silver hunting-watch, kept the time, and water was brought from the pump close to Notley's the pastrycook's, who did not admire fisticuffs at all on half-holidays, for the fights kept the boys away from his shop. Gutley was the only fellow in the school who remained faithful to him, and he sat on the counter—the great gormandising beast!—eating tarts the whole day.

This famous fight, as every Slaughter-house man knows, lasted

for two hours and twenty-nine minutes, by Hawkins's immense watch. All this time the air resounded with cries of 'Go it, Berry! Go it, Biggs! Pitch into him! Give it him!' and so on. Shall I describe the hundred and two rounds of the combat?—No, Fraser must publish a supplement, and the taste for such descriptions has passed away.¹

1st round. Both the combatants fresh, and in prime order. The weight and inches somewhat on the gown-boy's side. Berry goes gallantly in, and delivers a clinker on the gown-boy's jaw. Biggs makes play with his left. Berry down.

4th round. Claret drawn in profusion from the gown-boy's grog-shop. (He went down, and spit his front tooth into a pewter basin at the end of this round, but the blow cut Berry's knuckles a great deal.)

15th round. Chancery. Fibbing. Biggs makes dreadful work with his left. Break away. Rally. Biggs down. Betting still six to four on the gown-boy.

20th round. The men both dreadfully punished. Berry somewhat shy of his adversary's left hand.

29th to 42nd round. The Chipsite all this while breaks away from the gown-boy's left, and goes down on a knee. Six to four on the gown-boy, until the fortieth round, when the bets became equal.

102nd and last round. For half an hour the men had stood up to each other, but were almost too weary to strike. The gown-boy's face hardly to be recognised, swollen and streaming with blood. The Chipsite in a similar condition, and still more punished about the side from his enemy's left hand. Berry gives a blow at his adversary's face, and falls over him as he falls.

The gown-boy can't come up to time. And thus ended the great fight of Berry and Biggs.

And what, pray, has this horrid description of a battle and a parcel of school-boys to do with *Men's Wives*, the title at the head of this paper?

¹ As it is very probable that many fair readers may not approve of the extremely forcible language in which the combat is depicted, I beg them to skip it and pass on to the next chapter, and to remember that it has been modelled on the style of the very best writers of the sporting papers.

What it has to do with *Men's Wives*?—A great deal more, madam, than you think for. Only read Chapter II., and you shall hear.

CHAPTER II.

THE COMBAT AT VERSAILLES.

I AFTERWARDS came to be Berry's fag, and, though beaten by him daily, he allowed, of course, no one else to lay a hand upon me, and I got no more thrashing than was good for me. Thus an intimacy grew up between us, and after he left Slaughter-house and went into the dragoons, the honest fellow did not forget his old friend, but actually made his appearance one day in the playground in moustachios and a braided coat, and gave me a gold pencil-case and a couple of sovereigns. I blushed when I took them, but take them I did; and I think the thing I almost best recollect in my life is the sight of Berry getting behind an immense bay cab-horse, which was held by a correct little groom, and was waiting near the school in Slaughter-house Square. He proposed, too, to have me to Long's, where he was lodging for the time; but this invitation was refused on my behalf by Dr. Muzzle, who said, and possibly with correctness, that I should get little good by spending my holiday with such a scapegrace.

Once afterwards he came to see me at Christchurch, and we made a show of writing to one another, and didn't, and always had a hearty mutual good-will; and though we did not quite burst into tears on parting, were yet quite happy when occasion threw us together, and so almost lost sight of each other. I heard lately that Berry was married, and am rather ashamed to say, that I was not so curious as even to ask the maiden name of his lady.

Last summer I was at Paris, and had gone over to Versailles to meet a party, one of which was a young lady to whom I was tenderly . . . But, never mind. The day was rainy, and the party did not keep its appointment; and after yawning through the interminable palace picture-galleries, and then making an attempt to smoke a cigar in the palace garden—for which crime I was nearly run through the body by a rascally sentinel—I was driven, perforce, into the great, bleak, lonely *Place* before the palace, with its roads branching off to all the towns in the world, which Louis and Napoleon once intended to conquer, and there enjoyed my favourite pursuit at leisure, and was meditating

whether I should go back to Vêjour's for dinner, or patronise my friend M. Duboux of the Hôtel des Reservoirs, who gives not only a good dinner, but as dear a one as heart can desire. I was, I say, meditating these things, when a carriage passed by. It was a smart, low calash, with a pair of bay horses and a postilion in a drab jacket, that twinkled with innumerable buttons; and I was too much occupied in admiring the build of the machine, and the extreme tightness of the fellow's inexpressibles, to look at the personages within the carriage, when the gentleman roared out 'Fitz!' and the postilion pulled up, and the lady gave a shrill scream, and a little black-muzzled spaniel began barking and yelling with all his might, and a man with moustachios jumped out of the vehicle, and began shaking me by the hand.

'Drive home, John,' said the gentleman; 'I'll be with you, my love, in an instant—it's an old friend. Fitz, let me present you to Mrs. Berry.'

The lady made an exceedingly gentle inclination of her black velvet bonnet, and said, 'Pray, my love, remember that it is just dinner-time. However, never mind *me*.' And with another slight toss and a nod to the postilion, that individual's white leather breeches began to jump up and down again in the saddle, and the carriage disappeared, leaving me shaking my old friend Berry by the hand.

He had long quitted the army, but still wore his military beard, which gave to his fair pink face a fierce and lion-like look. He was extraordinarily glad to see me, as only men are glad who live in a small town, or in dull company. There is no destroyer of friendships like London, where a man has no time to think of his neighbour, and has far too many friends to care for them. He told me in a breath of his marriage, and how happy he was, and straight insisted that I must come home to dinner, and see more of Angelica, who had invited me herself—didn't I hear her?

'Mrs. Berry asked *you*, Frank, but I certainly did not hear her ask *me*!'

'She would not have mentioned the dinner but that she meant me to ask you. I know she did,' cried Frank Berry. 'And, besides—hang it—I'm master of the house. So come you shall. No ceremony, old boy—one or two friends—snug family party—and we'll talk of old times over a bottle of claret.'

There did not seem to me to be the slightest objection to this arrangement, except that my boots were muddy, and my coat of the morning sort. But as it was quite impossible to go to Paris and back again in a quarter of an hour, and as a man may dine with perfect comfort to himself in a frock-coat, it did not occur

to me to be particularly squeamish, or to decline an old friend's invitation upon a pretext so trivial.

Accordingly we walked to a small house in the Avenue de Paris, and were admitted first into a small garden ornamented by a grotto, a fountain, and several nymphs in plaster-of-Paris, then up a mouldy old steep stair into a hall, where a statue of Cupid and another of Venus welcomed us with their eternal simper; then through a *salle-à-manger*, where covers were laid for six; and finally to a little salon, where Fido the dog began to howl furiously according to his wont.

It was one of the old pavilions that had been built for a pleasure-house in the gay days of Versailles, ornamented with abundance of damp Cupids and cracked gilt cornices, and old mirrors let into the walls, and gilded once, but now painted a dingy French white. The long low windows looked into the court, where the fountain played its ceaseless dribble, surrounded by numerous rank creepers and weedy flowers, but in the midst of which the statues stood with their bases quite moist and green.

I hate fountains and statues in dark, confined places; that cheerless, endless plashing of water is the most inhospitable sound ever heard. The stiff grin of those French statues, or ogling Canova Graces, is by no means more happy, I think, than the smile of a skeleton, and not so natural. Those little pavilions in which the old *roués* sported were never meant to be seen by daylight, depend on't. They were lighted up with a hundred wax-candles, and that little fountain yonder was meant only to cool the claret. And so, my first impression of Berry's place of abode was rather a dismal one. However, I heard him in the *salle-à-manger* drawing the corks, which went off with a *cloop*, and that consoled me.

As for the furniture of the rooms appertaining to the Berrys, there was a harp in a leather case, and a piano, and a flute-box, and a huge tambour with a Saracen's nose just begun, and likewise on the table a multiplicity of those little gilt books, half sentimental and half religious, which the wants of the age and of our young ladies have produced in such numbers of late. I quarrel with no lady's taste in that way; but heigho! I had rather that Mrs. Fitz-Boodle should read *Humphrey Clinker*!

Besides these works there was a *Peerage*, of course. What genteel family was ever without one?

I was making for the door to see Frank drawing the corks, and was bounced at by the amiable little black-muzzled spaniel, who fastened his teeth in my pantaloons, and received a polite kick in consequence, which sent him howling to the other end of

the room, and the animal was just in the act of performing that feat of agility, when the door opened and madame made her appearance. Frank came behind her peering over her shoulder with rather an anxious look.

Mrs. Berry is an exceedingly white and lean person. She has thick eyebrows, which meet rather dangerously over her nose, which is Grecian, and a small mouth with no lips—a sort of feeble pucker in the face, as it were. Under her eyebrows are a pair of enormous eyes, which she is in the habit of turning constantly ceiling-wards. Her hair is rather scarce, and worn in bandeaux, and she commonly mounts a sprig of laurel, or a dark flower or two, which, with the sham-tour—I believe that is the name of the knob of artificial hair that many ladies sport—gives her a rigid and classical look. She is dressed in black, and has invariably the neatest of silk stockings and shoes; for forsooth her foot is a fine one, and she always sits with it before her, looking at it, stamping it, and admiring it a great deal. ‘Fido,’ she says to her spaniel, ‘you have almost crushed my poor foot;’ or, ‘Frank,’ to her husband, ‘bring me a footstool;’ or, ‘I suffer so from cold in the feet,’ and so forth; but be the conversation what it will, she is always sure to put *her foot* into it.

She invariably wears on her neck the miniature of her late father, Sir George Catacomb, apothecary to George III.; and she thinks those two men the greatest the world ever saw. She was born in Baker Street, Portman Square, and that is saying almost enough of her. She is as long, as genteel, and as dreary as that deadly-lively place, and sports, by way of ornament, her papa’s hatchment, as it were, as every tenth Baker Street house has taught her.

What induced such a jolly fellow as Frank Berry to marry Miss Angelica Catacomb, no one can tell. He met her, he says, at a ball at Hampton Court, where his regiment was quartered, and where, to this day, lives ‘her aunt Lady Pash.’ She alludes perpetually in conversation to that celebrated lady; and if you look in the *Baronetage* to the pedigree of the Pash family, you may see manuscript notes by Mrs. Frank Berry, relative to them and herself. Thus, when you see in print that Sir John Pash married Angelica, daughter of Graves Catacomb, Esq., in a neat hand you find written, *and sister of the late Sir George Catacomb, of Baker Street, Portman Square*; ‘A.B.’ follows of course. It is a wonder how fond ladies are of writing in books and signing their charming initials! Mrs. Berry’s before-mentioned little gilt books are scored with pencil-marks, or occasionally at the margin with a!—note of interjection, or the words ‘*Too true.* A.B.,’ and

so on. Much may be learned with regard to lovely women by a look at the books she reads in ; and I had gained no inconsiderable knowledge of Mrs. Berry by the ten minutes spent in the drawing-room, while she was at her toilette in the adjoining bed-chamber.

'You have often heard me talk of George Fitz,' says Berry, with an appealing look to madame.

'Very often,' answered his lady, in a tone which clearly meant 'a great deal too much.' 'Pray, sir,' continued she, looking at my boots with all her might, 'are we to have your company at dinner?'

'Of course you are, my dear ; what else do you think he came for? You would not have the man go back to Paris to get his evening coat, would you?'

'At least, my love, I hope you will go and put on *yours*, and change those muddy boots. Lady Pash will be here in five minutes, and you know Dobus is as punctual as clockwork.' Then turning to me with a sort of apology that was as consoling as a box on the ear, 'We have some friends at dinner, sir, who are rather particular persons ; but I am sure when they hear that you only came on a sudden invitation, they will excuse your morning-dress.—Bah, what a smell of smoke!'

With this speech madame placed herself majestically on a sofa, put out her foot, called Fido, and relapsed into an icy silence. Frank had long since evacuated the premises, with a rueful look at his wife, but never daring to cast a glance at me. I saw the whole business at once ; here was this lion of a fellow tamed down by a she Van Amburgh, and fetching and carrying at her orders a great deal more obediently than her little yowling, black-muzzled darling of a Fido.

I am not, however, to be tamed so easily, and was determined in this instance not to be in the least disconcerted, or to show the smallest sign of ill-humour ; so to *renouer* the conversation, I began about Lady Pash.

'I heard you mention the name of Pash, I think,' said I ; 'I know a lady of that name, and a very ugly one it is too.'

'It is most probably not the same person,' answered Mrs. Berry, with a look which intimated that a fellow like me could never have had the honour to know so exalted a person.

'I mean old Lady Pash of Hampton Court. Fat woman—fair, ain't she—wears an amethyst in her forehead, has one eye, a blond wig, and dresses in light green?'

'Lady Pash, sir, is MY AUNT,' answered Mrs. Berry (not altogether displeased, although she expected money from the old

lady; but you know we love to hear our friends abused when it can be safely done).

'O indeed! she was a daughter of old Catacomb's of Windsor, I remember, the undertaker. They called her husband Callipash, and her ladyship Pishpash. So you see, madam, that I know the whole family!'

'Mr. Fitz-Simons!' exclaimed Mrs. Berry, rising, 'I am not accustomed to hear nicknames applied to myself and my family; and must beg you, when you honour us with your company, to spare our feelings as much as possible. Mr. Catacomb had the confidence of his SOVEREIGN, sir, and Sir John Pash was of Charles II.'s creation. The one was my uncle, the other my grandfather!'

'My dear madam, I am extremely sorry, and most sincerely apologise for my inadvertence. But you owe me an apology too: my name is not Fitz-Simons, but Fitz-Boodle.'

'What! of Booodle Hall,—my husband's old friend; of Charles I.'s creation? My dear sir, I beg you a thousand pardons, and am delighted to welcome a person of whom I have heard Frank say so much. Frank (to Berry, who soon entered in very glossy boots and a white waistcoat), do you know, darling, I mistook Mr. Fitz-Boodle for Mr. Fitz-Simons—that horrid Irish horse-dealing person; and I never, never, never can pardon myself for being so rude to him.'

The big eyes here assumed an expression that was intended to kill me outright with kindness—from being calm, still, reserved, Angelica suddenly became gay, smiling, confidential, and *folâtre*. She told me she had heard I was a sad creature, and that she intended to reform me, and that I must come and see Frank a great deal.

Now, although Fitz-Simons, for whom I was mistaken, is as low a fellow as ever came out of Dublin, and having been a captain in somebody's army, is now a black-leg and horse-dealer by profession; yet if I had brought him home to Mrs. Fitz-Boodle to dinner, I should have liked far better that that imaginary lady should have received him with decent civility, and not insulted the stranger within her husband's gates. And, although it was delightful to be received so cordially when the mistake was discovered, yet I found that *all* Berry's old acquaintances were by no means so warmly welcomed; for another old school-chum presently made his appearance, who was treated in a very different manner.

This was no other than poor Jack Butts, who is a sort of small artist and picture-dealer by profession, and was a day-boy at Slaughter-house when we were there, and very serviceable in

bringing in sausages, pots of pickles, and other articles of merchandise, which we could not otherwise procure. The poor fellow has been employed, seemingly, in the same office of fetcher and carrier ever since; and occupied that post for Mrs. Berry. It was, 'Mr. Butts, have you finished that drawing for Lady Pash's album?' and Butts produced it; and, 'Did you match the silk for me at Delille's?' and there was the silk, bought, no doubt, with the poor fellow's last five francs; and, 'Did you go to the furniture man in the Rue St. Jacques; and bring the canary-seed, and call about my shawl at that odious dwadling Madame Fichet's; and have you brought the guitar-strings?'

Butts hadn't brought the guitar-strings; and thereon Mrs. Berry's countenance assumed the same terrible expression which I had formerly remarked in it, and which made me tremble for Berry.

'My dear Angelica,' though said he with some spirit, 'Jack Butts isn't a baggage-wagon, nor a Jack-of-all-trades; you make him paint pictures for your women's albums, and look after your upholsterer, and your canary-bird, and your milliners, and turn rusty because he forgets your last message.'

'I did not turn *rusty*, Frank, as you call it elegantly. I'm very much obliged to Mr. Butts for performing my commissions—very much obliged. And as for not paying for the pictures to which you so kindly allude, Frank, I should never have thought of offering payment for so paltry a service; but I'm sure I shall be happy to pay, if Mr. Butts will send me in his bill.'

'By Jove, Angelica, this is too strong!' bounced out Berry; but the little matrimonial squabble was abruptly ended, by Berry's French man flinging open the door, and announcing MILADI PASH and Doctor Dobus, which two personages made their appearance.

The person of old Pash has been already parenthetically described. But quite different from her dismal niece in temperament, she is as jolly an old widow as ever wore weeds. She was attached somehow to the court, and has a multiplicity of stories about the princesses and the old king, to which Mrs. Berry never fails to call your attention in her grave, important way. Lady Pash has ridden many a time to the Windsor hounds; she made her husband become a member of the Four-in-hand Club, and has numberless stories about Sir Godfrey Webster, Sir John Lade, and the old heroes of those times. She has lent a rouleau to Dick Sheridan, and remembers Lord Byron when he was a sulky, slim young lad. She says Charles Fox was the pleasantest fellow she ever met with, and has not the slightest objection to inform you that one of the princes was very much in love with her. Yet somehow she is only fifty-two years old, and I have never been

able to understand her calculation. One day or other before her eye went out, and before those pearly teeth of hers were stuck to her gums by gold, she must have been a pretty-looking body enough. Yet in spite of the latter inconvenience, she eats and drinks too much every day, and tosses off a glass of maraschino with a trembling, pudgy hand, every finger of which twinkles with a dozen at least of old rings. She has a story about every one of those rings, and a stupid one, too. But there is always something pleasant, I think, in stupid family stories; they are good-hearted people who tell them.

As for Mrs. Muchit, nothing need be said of her; she is Pash's companion, she has lived with Lady Pash since the peace. Nor does my lady take any more notice of her than of the dust of the earth. She calls her 'poor Muchit,' and considers her a half-witted creature. Mrs. Berry hates her cordially, and thinks she is a designing toad-eater, who has formed a conspiracy to rob her of her aunt's fortune. She never spoke a word to poor Muchit during the whole of dinner, or offered to help her to anything on the table.

In respect to Dobus, he is an old Peninsular man, as you are made to know before you have been very long in his company; and, like most army surgeons, is a great deal more military in his looks and conversation than the combatant part of the forces. He has adopted the sham-Duke-of-Wellington air, which is by no means uncommon in veterans; and though one of the easiest and softest fellows in existence, speaks slowly and briefly, and raps out an oath or two occasionally, as it is said a certain great captain does. Besides the above, we sat down to table with Captain Goff, late of the ——— Highlanders; the Rev. Lemuel Whey, who preaches at St. Germain's; little Cutler, and the Frenchman, who always *will* be at English parties on the Continent, and who, after making some frightful efforts to speak English, subsides and is heard of no more. Young married ladies and heads of families generally have him for the purpose of waltzing, and in return he informs his friends of the club or the *café* that he has made the conquest of a *charmante Anglaise*. Listen to me, all family men who read this! and never *let an unmarried Frenchman into your doors*. This lecture alone is worth the price of the whole paper. It is not that they do any harm in one case out of a thousand, Heaven forbid! but they mean harm. They look on our Susannahs with unholy, dishonest eyes. Harken to two of the grinning rogues chattering together as they clink over the asphalte of the Boulevard with lacquered boots, and plastered hair, and waxed moustachios, and turned-down shirt-collars, and stays and goggling

eyes, and hear how they talk of a good, simple, giddy, vain, dull Baker Street creature, and canvass her points, and show her letters, and insinuate—never mind, but I tell you my soul grows angry when I think of the same; and I can't hear of an Englishwoman marrying a Frenchman without feeling a sort of shame and pity for her.¹

To return to the guests. The Rev. Lemuel Whey is a tea-party man, with a curl on his forehead and a scented pocket-handkerchief. He ties his white neckcloth to a wonder, and I believe sleeps in it. He brings his flute with him; and prefers Handel, of course; but has one or two pet profane songs of the sentimental kind, and will occasionally lift up his little pipe in a glee. He does not dance, but the honest fellow would give the world to do it; and he leaves his clogs in the passage, though it is a wonder he wears them, for in the muddiest weather he never has a speck on his foot. He was at St. John's College, Cambridge, and was rather gay for a term or two, he says. He is, in a word, full of the milk-and-water of human kindness, and his family lives near Hackney.

As for Goff, he has a huge, shining bald forehead, and immense bristling, Indian-red whiskers. He wears white wash-leather gloves, drinks fairly, likes a rubber, and has a story for after dinner, beginning, 'Doctor, ye racklackt Saundy M'Lellan, who joined us in the West Indies? Wal, sir,' etc. These and little Cutler made up the party.

Now it may not have struck all readers, but any sharp fellow conversant with writing must have found out long ago, that if there had been something exceedingly interesting to narrate with regard to this dinner at Frank Berry's, I should have come out with it a couple of pages since, nor have kept the public looking for so long a time at the mere dish-covers and ornaments of the table.

But the simple fact must now be told, that there was nothing of the slightest importance occurred at this repast, except that it gave me an opportunity of studying Mrs. Berry in many different ways; and, in spite of the extreme complaisance which she now showed me, of forming, I am sorry to say, a most unfavourable opinion of that fair lady; for, truth to tell, I would much rather

¹ Every person who has lived abroad can, of course, point out a score of honourable exceptions to the case above hinted at, and knows many such unions in which it is the Frenchman who honours the English lady by marrying her. But it must be remembered that marrying in France means commonly *fortune-hunting*; and as for the respect in which marriage is held in France, let all the French novels in M. Rolandi's library be perused by those who wish to come to a decision upon the question. The nation has repealed the seventh commandment.

she should have been civil to Mrs. Muchit, than outrageously complimentary to your humble servant; and as she professed not to know what on earth there was for dinner, would it not have been much more natural for her not to frown, and bob, and wink, and point, and pinch her lips as often as Monsieur Anatole, her French domestic, not knowing the ways of English dinner-tables, placed anything out of its due order? The allusions to Boodle Hall were innumerable, and I don't know any greater bore than to be obliged to talk of a place which belongs to one's elder brother. Many questions were likewise asked about the dowager and her Scotch relatives, the Plumduffs, about whom Lady Pash knew a great deal, having seen them at court and at Lord Melville's. Of course she had seen them at court and at Lord Melville's, as she might have seen thousands of Scotchmen beside; but what mattered it to me, who care not a jot for old Lady Fitz-Boodle? 'When you write, you'll say you met an old friend of her ladyship's,' says Mrs. Berry, and I faithfully promised I would when I wrote; but if the New Post-Office paid us for writing letters (as very possibly it will soon), I could not be bribed to send a line to old Lady Fitz.

In a word, I found that Berry, like many simple fellows before him, had made choice of an imperious, ill-humoured, and under-bred female for a wife, and could see with half an eye that he was a great deal too much her slave.

The struggle was not over yet, however. Witness that little encounter before dinner; and once or twice the honest fellow replied rather smartly during the repast, taking especial care to atone as much as possible for his wife's inattention to Jack and Mrs. Muchit, by particular attention to those personages, whom he helped to everything round about and pressed perpetually to champagne; he drank but little himself, for his amiable wife's eye was constantly fixed on him.

Just at the conclusion of the dessert, madame, who had *boudéd* Berry during dinner-time, became particularly gracious to her lord and master, and tenderly asked me if I did not think the French custom was a good one, of men leaving table with the ladies.

'Upon my word, ma'am,' says I, 'I think it's a most abominable practice.'

'And so do I,' says Cutler.

'A most abominable practice! Do you hear *that*?' cries Berry, laughing, and filling his glass.

'I'm sure, Frank, when we are alone you always come to the drawing-room,' replies the lady, sharply.

'Oh, yes! when we're alone, darling,' says Berry, blushing; 'but now we're *not* alone—ha, ha! Anatole, du Bordeaux!'

'I'm sure they sat after the ladies at Carlton House; didn't they, Lady Pash?' says Dobus, who likes his glass.

'*That* they did!' says my lady, giving him a jolly nod.

'I racklackt,' exclaims Captain Goff, 'when I was in the Mauritius, that Mustress MacWhirter, who commanded the Saxty-Sackond, used to say, "Mac, if ye want to get lively, ye'll not stop for more than two hours after the leddies have laft ye; if ye want to get drunk, ye'll just dine at the mass." So ye see, Mestress Burry, what was Mac's allowance—haw, haw! Mester Whey, I'll trouble ye for the o-lives.'

But although we were in a clear majority, that indomitable woman, Mrs. Berry, determined to make us all as uneasy as possible, and would take the votes all round. Poor Jack, of course, sided with her, and Whey said he loved a cup of tea and a little music better than all the wine of Bordeaux. As for the Frenchman, when Mrs. Berry said, 'And what do you think, M. le Vicomte?'

'Vat you speak?' said M. de Blagueval, breaking silence for the first time during two hours; 'yase—eh? to me you speak?'

'*Apry deeny, aimy-voo ally avec les dam?*'

'*Comment avec les dames?*'

'*Ally avec les dam com a Parry, ou resty avec les Messew com on Onglyterre?*'

'*Ah, madame! vous me le demandez?*' cries the little wretch, starting up in a theatrical way; and, putting out his hand, which Mrs. Berry took, and with this the ladies left the room. Old Lady Pash trotted after her niece with her hand in Whey's, very much wondering at such practices, which were not in the least in vogue in the reign of George III.

Mrs. Berry cast a glance of triumph at her husband at the defection; and Berry was evidently annoyed that three-eighths of his male forces had left him.

But fancy our delight and astonishment, when in a minute they all three came back again; the Frenchman looking entirely astonished, and the parson and the painter both very queer. The fact is, old downright Lady Pash, who had never been in Paris in her life before, and had no notion of being deprived of her usual hour's respite and nap, said at once to Mrs. Berry, 'My dear Angelica, you're surely not going to keep these three men here? Send them back to the dining-room, for I've a thousand things to say to you.' And Angelica, who expects to inherit her aunt's property, of course did as she was bid; on which the old lady fell

into an easy chair, and fell asleep immediately,—so soon, that is, as the shout caused by the reappearance of the three gentlemen in the dining-room had subsided.

I had meanwhile had some private conversation with little Cutler regarding the character of Mrs. Berry. ‘She’s a regular screw,’ whispered he; ‘a regular tartar. Berry shows fight, though, sometimes, and I’ve known him have his own way for a week together. After dinner he is his own master, and hers when he has had his share of wine; and that’s why she will never allow him to drink any.’

Was it a wicked or was it a noble and honourable thought which came to us both at the same minute, to rescue Berry from his captivity? The ladies, of course, will give their verdict according to their gentle natures; but I know what men of courage will think, and by their jovial judgment will abide.

We received, then, the three lost sheep back into our innocent fold again with the most joyous shouting and cheering. We made Berry (who was, in truth, nothing loth) order up I don’t know how much more claret. We obliged the Frenchman to drink *malgré lui*; and in the course of a short time we had poor Whey in such a state of excitement, that he actually volunteered to sing a song, which he said he had heard at some very gay supper-party at Cambridge, and which begins:—

A pye sate on a pear-tree,
A pye sate on a pear-tree,
A pye sate on a pear-tree,
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, heigh-ho!

Fancy Mrs. Berry’s face as she looked in, in the midst of that Bacchanalian ditty, when she saw no less a person than the Rev. Lemuel Whey carolling it!

‘Is it you, my dear?’ cries Berry, as brave now as any Petruchio. ‘Come in, and sit down, and hear Whey’s song.’

‘Lady Pash is asleep, Frank,’ said she.

‘Well, darling! that’s the very reason. Give Mrs. Berry a glass, Jack, will you?’

‘Would you wake your aunt, sir?’ hissed out madam.

‘Never mind me, love! I’m awake, and like it!’ cried the venerable Lady Pash from the *salon*. ‘Sing away, gentlemen!’

At which we all set up an audacious cheer; and Mrs. Berry flounced back to the drawing-room, but did not leave the door open, that her aunt might hear our melodies.

Berry had by this time arrived at that confidential state to which a third bottle always brings the well-regulated mind; and

he made a clean confession to Cutler and myself of his numerous matrimonial annoyances. He was not allowed to dine out, he said, and but seldom to ask his friends to meet him at home. He never dared smoke a cigar for the life of him, not even in the stables. He spent the mornings dawdling in eternal shops, the evenings at endless tea-parties, or in reading poems or missionary tracts to his wife. He was compelled to take physic whenever she thought he looked a little pale, to change his shoes and stockings whenever he came in from a walk. 'Look here,' said he, opening his chest, and shaking his fist at Dobus; 'look what Angelica and that infernal Dobus have brought me to.'

I thought it might be a flannel waistcoat into which madam had forced him; but it was worse: I give you my word of honour it was a *pitch-plaster*!

We all roared at this, and the doctor as loud as any one; but he vowed that he had no hand in the pitch-plaster. It was a favourite family remedy of the late apothecary, Sir George Catacomb, and had been put on by Mrs. Berry's own fair hands.

When Anatole came in with coffee, Berry was in such high courage, that he told him to go to the deuce with it; and we never caught sight of Lady Pash more, except when, muffled up to the nose, she passed through the *salle-à-manger* to go to her carriage, in which Dobus and the parson were likewise to be transported to Paris. 'Be a man, Frank,' says she, 'and hold your own,' for the good old lady had taken her nephew's part in the matrimonial business; 'and you, Mr. Fitz-Boodle, come and see him often. You're a good fellow, take old one-eyed Callipash's word for it. Shall I take you to Paris?'

Dear, kind Angelica, she had told her aunt all I said!

'Don't go, George,' says Berry, squeezing me by the hand. So I said I was going to sleep at Versailles that night; but if she would give a convoy to Jack Butts, it would be conferring a great obligation on him; with which favour the old lady accordingly complied, saying to him, with great coolness, 'Get up and sit with John in the rumble, Mr. What-d'ye-call-'em.' The fact is, the good old soul despises an artist as much as she does a tailor.

Jack tripped up to his place very meekly; and 'Remember Saturday,' cried the doctor; and 'Don't forget Thursday,' exclaimed the divine,—'a bachelors' party, you know.' And so the cavalcade drove thundering down the gloomy old Avenue de Paris.

The Frenchman, I forgot to say, had gone away exceedingly ill long since; and the reminiscences of 'Thursday' and 'Satur-

day' evoked by Dobus and Whey were, to tell the truth, parts of our conspiracy; for in the heat of Berry's courage we had made him promise to dine with us all round *en garçon*; with all except Captain Goff, who 'racklacted' that he was engaged every day for the next three weeks, as indeed he is, to a thirty-sous ordinary which the gallant officer frequents, when not invited elsewhere.

Cutler and I then were the last on the field; and though we were for moving away, Berry, whose vigour had, if possible, been excited by the bustle and colloquy in the night air, insisted upon dragging us back again, and actually proposed a grill for supper!

We found in the *salle-à-manger* a strong smell of an extinguished lamp, and Mrs. Berry was snuffing out the candles on the side-board.

'Hullo, my dear!' shouts Berry; 'easily, if you please! we've not done yet!'

'Not done yet, Mr. Berry!' groans the lady, in a hollow, sepulchral tone.

'No, Mrs. B., not done yet. We are going to have some supper, a'n't we, George?'

'I think it's quite time to go home,' said Mr. Fitz-Boodle (who, to say truth, began to tremble himself).

'I think it is, sir; you are quite right, sir; and you will pardon me, gentlemen, I have a bad headache, and will retire.'

'Good-night, my dear!' said that audacious Berry. 'Anatole, tell the cook to broil a fowl, and bring some wine.'

If the loving couple had been alone, or if Cutler had not been an *attaché* to the embassy, before whom she was afraid of making herself ridiculous, I am confident that Mrs. Berry would have fainted away on the spot; and that all Berry's courage would have tumbled down lifeless by the side of her. So she only gave a martyrised look, and left the room; and while we partook of the very unnecessary repast, was good enough to sing some hymn tunes to an exceedingly slow movement in the next room, intimating that she was awake, and that, though suffering, she found her consolations in religion.

These melodies did not in the least add to our friend's courage. The devilled fowl had, somehow, no devil in it. The champagne in the glasses looked exceedingly flat and blue. The fact is, that Cutler and I were now both in a state of dire consternation, and soon made a move for our hats, and lighting each a cigar in the hall, made across the little green where the Cupids and nymphs were listening to the dribbling fountain in the dark.

'I'm hanged if I don't have a cigar too!' says Berry, rushing

after us ; and accordingly putting in his pocket a key about the size of a shovel, which hung by the little handle of the outer grille, forth he sallied, and joined us in our fumigation.

He stayed with us a couple of hours, and returned homewards in perfect good spirits, having given me his word of honour he would dine with us the next day. He put his immense key into the grille, and unlocked it ; but the gate would not open ; *it was bolted within.*

He began to make a furious jangling and ringing at the bell ; and in oaths, both French and English, called upon the recalcitrant Anatole.

After much tolling of the bell, a light came cutting across the crevices of the inner door ; it was thrown open, and a figure appeared with a lamp,—a tall, slim figure of a woman, clothed in white from head to foot.

It was Mrs. Berry, and when Cutler and I saw her, we both ran as fast as our legs could carry us.

Berry, at this, shrieked with a wild laughter. ‘Remember to-morrow, old boys,’ shouted he,—‘six o’clock ;’ and we were a quarter of a mile off when the gate closed, and the little mansion of the Avenue de Paris was once more quiet and dark.

The next afternoon, as we were playing at billiards, Cutler saw Mrs. Berry drive by in her carriage ; and as soon as rather a long rubber was over, I thought I would go and look for our poor friend, and so went down to the Pavilion. Every door was open, as the wont is in France, and I walked in unannounced, and saw this—

He was playing a duet with her on the flute. She had been out but for half an hour, after not speaking all the morning ; and having seen Cutler at the billiard-room window, and suspecting we might take advantage of her absence, she had suddenly returned home again, and had flung herself, weeping, into her Frank’s arms, and said she could not bear to leave him in anger. And so, after sitting for a little while sobbing on his knee, she had forgotten and forgiven everything.

The dear angel ! I met poor Frank in Bond Street only yesterday ; but he crossed over to the other side of the way. He had on galoshes, and is grown very fat and pale. He has shaved off his moustachios, and, instead, wears a respirator. He has taken his name off all his clubs, and lives very grimly in Baker Street. Well, ladies, no doubt you say he is right ; and what are the odds, so long as *you* are happy ?

G. F. B.

No. II.

THE RAVENSWING.

CHAPTER I. •

WHICH IS ENTIRELY INTRODUCTORY—CONTAINS AN ACCOUNT
OF MISS CRUMP, HER SUITORS, AND HER FAMILY CIRCLE.

In a certain quiet and sequestered nook of the retired village of London—perhaps in the neighbourhood of Berkeley Square, or at any rate somewhere near Burlington Gardens—there was once a house of entertainment called the Bootjack Hotel. Mr. Crump, the landlord, had, in the outset of life, performed the duties of boots in some inn even more frequented than his own, and, far from being ashamed of his origin, like many persons are in the days of their prosperity, had thus solemnly recorded it over the hospitable gate of his hotel.

Crump married Miss Budge, so well known to the admirers of the festive dance on the other side of the water as Miss Delancy; and they had one daughter, named Morgiana after that celebrated part in *The Forty Thieves* which Miss Budge performed with unbounded applause both at the Surrey and the Wells. Mrs. Crump sat in a little bar, profusely ornamented with pictures of the dancers of all ages, from Hillisberg, Rose, Parisot, who plied the light fantastic toe in 1805, down to the Sylphides of our own day. There was in the collection a charming portrait of herself, done by De Wilde; she was in the dress of Morgiana, and in the act of pouring, to very slow music, a quantity of boiling oil into one of the forty jars. In this sanctuary she sat, with black eyes, black hair, a purple face and a turban, and, morning, noon, or night, as you went into the parlour of the hotel, there was Mrs. Crump taking tea (with a little something in it), looking at the fashions, or reading Cumberland's *British Theatre*. *The Sunday Times* was her paper, for she voted *The Dispatch*, that journal

which is taken in by most ladies of her profession, to be vulgar and Radical, and loved the theatrical gossip in which the other mentioned journal abounds.

The fact is that the Royal Bootjack, though a humble, was a very genteel house; and a very little persuasion would induce Mr. Crump, as he looked at his own door in the sun, to tell you that he had himself once drawn off with that very boot-jack the top-boots of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and the first gentleman in Europe. While, then, the houses of entertainment in the neighbourhood were loud in their pretended liberal politics, the Bootjack stuck to the good old Conservative line, and was only frequented by such persons as were of that way of thinking. There were two parlours, much accustomed, one for the gentlemen of the shoulder-knot, who came from the houses of their employers hard by; another for some 'gents who used the 'ouse,' as Mrs. Crump would say (Heaven bless her!) in her simple Cockniac dialect, and who formed a little club there.

I forgot to say that while Mrs. C. was sipping her eternal tea or washing up her endless blue china, you might often hear Miss Morgiana employed at the little red silk cottage piano, singing, 'Come where the haspens quiver,' or 'Bonny lad, march over hill and furrow,' or 'My art and lute,' or any other popular piece of the day. And the dear girl sung with very considerable skill too, for she had a fine loud voice, which, if not always in tune, made up for that defect by its great energy and activity; and Morgiana was not content with singing the mere tune, but gave every one of the roulades, flourishes, and ornaments as she heard them at the theatres by Mrs. Humby, Mrs. Waylett, or Madame Vestris. The girl had a fine black eye like her mamma, a grand enthusiasm for the stage, as every actor's child will have, and, if the truth must be known, had appeared many and many a time at the theatre in Catherine Street, in minor parts first, and then in Little Pickle, in Desdemona, in Rosina, and in Miss Foote's part where she used to dance: I have not the name to my hand, but think it is Davidson. Four times in the week, at least, her mother and she used to sail off at night to some place of public amusement, for Mrs. Crump had a mysterious acquaintance with all sorts of theatrical personages; and the gates of her old haunt, the Wells, of the Coburg (by the kind permission of Mrs. Davidge), nay, of the Lane and the Market themselves, flew open before her 'Open sesame,' as the robbers' door did to her colleague, Ali Baba (Horn-buckle), in the operatic piece in which she was so famous.

Beer was Mr. Crump's beverage, variegated by a little gin, in the evenings; and little need be said of this gentleman except

that he discharged his duties honourably, and filled the president's chair at the club as completely as it could possibly be filled; for he could not even sit in it in his great-coat, so accurately was the seat adapted to him. His wife and daughter, perhaps, thought somewhat slightly of him, for he had no literary tastes, and had never been at a theatre since he took his bride from one. He was valet to Lord Slapper at the time, and certain it is that his lordship set him up in the Bootjack, and that stories *had* been told. But what are such to you or me? Let bygones be bygones. Mrs. Crump was quite as honest as her neighbours, and Miss had £500 to be paid down on the day of her wedding.

Those who know the habits of the British tradesman are aware that he has gregarious propensities like any lord in the land: that he loves a joke, that he is not averse to a glass; that after the day's toil he is happy to consort with men of his degree; and that as society is not so far advanced among us as to allow him to enjoy the comforts of splendid club-houses, which are open to many persons with not a tenth part of his pecuniary means, he meets his friends in the cosy tavern parlour, where a neat sanded floor, a large Windsor chair, and a glass of hot something and water makes him as happy as any of the clubmen in their magnificent saloons.

At the Bootjack was, as we have said, a very genteel and select society, called the Kidney Club, from the fact that on Saturday evenings a little graceful supper of broiled kidneys was usually discussed by the members of the club. Saturday was their grand night; not but that they met on all other nights in the week when inclined for festivity; and indeed some of them could not come on Saturdays in the summer, having elegant villas in the suburbs, where they passed the six-and-thirty hours of recreation that are happily to be found at the end of every week.

There was Mr. Balls, the great grocer of South Audley Street, a warm man, who, they say, had his £20,000; Jack Snaffle, of the mews hard by, a capital fellow for a song; Clinker, the ironmonger, all married gentlemen and in the best line of business; Trestle, the undertaker, etc. No liveries were admitted into the room, as may be imagined, but one or two select butlers and major-domos formed the circle, for the persons composing it knew very well how important it was to be on good terms with these gentlemen; and many a time my lord's account would never have been paid, and my lady's large order never have been given, but for the conversation which took place at the Bootjack, and the friendly intercourse subsisting between all the members of the society.

The tip-top men of the society were two bachelors, and two as fashionable tradesmen as any in the town. Mr. Woolsey, from Stultz's, of the famous houses of Linsey, Woolsey, and Co., of Conduit Street, tailors; and Mr. Eglantine, the celebrated perruquier and perfumer of Bond Street, whose soaps, razors, and patent ventilating scalps are known throughout Europe. Linsey, the senior partner of the tailors' firm, had his magnificent mansion in Regent's Park, drove his buggy, and did little more than lend his name to the house. Woolsey lived in it, was the working man of the firm, and it was said that his cut was as magnificent as that of any man in the profession. Woolsey and Eglantine were rivals in many ways,—rivals in fashion, rivals in wit, and, above all, rivals for the hand of an amiable young lady whom we have already mentioned, the dark-eyed songstress Morgiana Crump. They were both desperately in love with her, that was the truth; and each, in the absence of the other, abused his rival heartily. Of the hair-dresser, Woolsey said, that as for Eglantine being his real name, it was all his (Mr. Woolsey's) eye; that he was in the hands of the Jews, and his stock and grand shop eaten up by usury. And with regard to Woolsey, Eglantine remarked, that his pretence of being descended from the cardinal was all nonsense; that he was a partner, certainly, in the firm, but had only a sixteenth share; and that the firm could never get their moneys in, and had an immense number of bad debts in their books. As is usual, there was a great deal of truth and a great deal of malice in these tales; however, the gentlemen were, take them all in all, in a very fashionable way of business, and had their claims to Miss Morgiana's hand backed by the parents. Mr. Crump was a partisan of the tailor; while Mrs. C. was a strong advocate for the claims of the enticing perfumer.

Now, it was a curious fact, that these two gentlemen were each in need of the other's services,—Woolsey being afflicted with premature baldness, or some other necessity for a wig still more fatal,—Eglantine being a very fat man, who required much art to make his figure at all decent. He wore a brown frock-coat and frogs, and attempted by all sorts of contrivances to hide his obesity; but Woolsey's remark, that, dress as he would, he would always look like a snob, and that there was only one man in England who could make a gentleman of him, went to the perfumer's soul; and if there was one thing on earth he longed for (not including the hand of Miss Crump), it was to have a coat from Linsey's, in which costume he was sure that Morgiana would not resist him.

If Eglantine was uneasy about the coat, on the other hand he

attacked Woolsey atrociously on the score of his wig; for though the latter went to the best makers, he never could get a peruke to sit naturally upon him; and the unhappy epithet of Mr. Wiggins, applied to him on one occasion by the barber, stuck to him ever after in the club, and made him writhe when it was uttered. Each man would have quitted the Kidneys in disgust long since, but for the other,—for each had an attraction in the place, and dared not leave the field in possession of his rival.

To do Miss Morgiana justice, it must be said, that she did not encourage one more than another; but as far as accepting *eau de Cologne* and hair-combs from the perfumer,—some opera tickets, a treat to Greenwich, and a piece of real Genoa velvet for a bonnet (it had originally been intended for a waistcoat), from the admiring tailor, she had been equally kind to each, and in return had made each a present of a lock of her beautiful glossy hair. It was all she had to give, poor girl! and what could she do but gratify her admirers by this cheap and artless testimony of her regard? A pretty scene and quarrel took place between the rivals on the day when they discovered that each was in possession of one of Morgiana's ringlets!

Such, then, were the owners and inmates of the little Bootjack, from whom and which, as this chapter is exceedingly discursive and descriptive, we must separate the reader for a while, and carry him—it is only into Bond Street, so no gentleman need be afraid—carry him into Bond Street, where some other personages are awaiting his consideration.

Not far from Mr. Eglantine's shop in Bond Street stand, as is very well known, the Windsor chambers. The West Diddlesex Association (western branch), the British and Foreign Soap Company, the celebrated attorneys Kite and Levison, have their respective offices here; and as the names of the other inhabitants of the chambers are not only painted on the walls, but also registered in Mr. Boyle's *Court Guide*, it is quite unnecessary that they should be repeated here. Among them, on the entresol (between the splendid saloons of the Soap Company on the first floor, with their statue of Britannia presenting a packet of the soap to Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and the West Diddlesex western branch on the basement)—on the entresol—lives a gentleman by the name of Mr. Howard Walker. The brass plate on the door of that gentleman's chambers had the word 'Agency' inscribed beneath his name; and we are therefore at liberty to imagine that he followed that mysterious occupation. In person Mr. Walker was very genteel; he had large whiskers, dark eyes (with a slight cast in them), a cane, and a velvet waistcoat. He

was a member of a club; had an admission to the opera, and knew every face behind the scenes; and was in the habit of using a number of French phrases in his conversation, having picked up a smattering of that language during a residence 'on the Continent': in fact, he had found it very convenient at various times of his life to dwell in the city of Boulogne, where he acquired a knowledge of smoking, *écarté*, and billiards, which were afterwards of great service to him. He knew all the best tables in town, and the marker at Hunt's could only give him ten. He had some fashionable acquaintances too, and you might see him walking arm-in-arm with such gentlemen as my Lord Vauxhall, the Marquess of Billingsgate, or Captain Buff; and at the same time nodding to young Moses, the dandy bailiff; or Loder, the gambling-house keeper; or Aminadab, the cigar-seller in the Quadrant. Sometimes he wore a pair of moustachios, and was called Captain Walker, grounding his claim to that title upon the fact of having once held a commission in the service of her majesty the Queen of Portugal. It scarcely need be said that he had been through the Insolvent Court many times. But to those who did not know his history intimately there was some difficulty in identifying him with the individual who had so taken the benefit of the law, inasmuch as in his schedule his name appeared as Hooker Walker, wine-merchant, commission-agent, music-seller, or what not. The fact is, that though he preferred to call himself Howard, Hooker was his Christian name, and it had been bestowed on him by his worthy old father, who was a clergyman, and had intended his son for that profession. But as the old gentleman died in York gaol, where he was a prisoner for debt, he was never able to put his pious intentions with regard to his son into execution; and the young fellow (as he was wont with many oaths to assert) was thrown on his own resources, and became a man of the world at a very early age.

What Mr. Howard Walker's age was at the time of the commencement of this history, and, indeed, for an indefinite period before or afterwards, it is impossible to determine. If he were eight-and-twenty, as he asserted himself, Time had dealt hardly with him; his hair was thin, there were many crows'-feet about his eyes, and other signs in his countenance of the progress of decay. If, on the contrary, he were forty, as Sam Snaffle asserted, who himself had misfortunes in early life, and vowed he knew Mr. Walker in Whitecross Street prison in 1820, he was a very young-looking person considering his age. His figure was active and slim, his leg neat, and he had not in his whiskers a single white hair.

It must, however, be owned that he used Mr. Eglantine's Regenerative Uction (which will make your whiskers as black as your boot), and, in fact, he was a pretty constant visitor at that gentleman's emporium; dealing with him largely for soaps and articles of perfumery, which he had at an exceedingly low rate. Indeed, he was never known to pay Mr. Eglantine one single shilling for those objects of luxury, and, having them on such moderate terms, was enabled to indulge in them pretty copiously. Thus Mr. Walker was almost as great a nosegay as Mr. Eglantine himself. His handkerchief was scented with verbena, his hair with jessamine, and his coat had usually a fine perfume of cigars, which rendered his presence in a small room almost instantaneously remarkable. I have described Mr. Walker thus accurately, because, in truth, it is more with characters than with astounding events that this little history deals, and Mr. Walker is one of the principals of our *dramatis personæ*.

And so, having introduced Mr. W., we will walk over with him to Mr. Eglantine's emporium, where that gentleman is in waiting, too, to have his likeness taken.

There is about an acre of plate glass under the royal arms on Mr. Eglantine's shop-window; and at night, when the gas is lighted, and the washballs are illuminated, and the lambent flame plays fitfully over numberless bottles of vari-coloured perfumes—now flashes on a case of razors, and now lightens up a crystal vase, containing a hundred thousand of his patent tooth-brushes—the effect of the sight may be imagined. You don't suppose that he is a creature who has those odious, simpering, wax-figures in his window, that are called by the vulgar dummies? He is above such a wretched artifice; and it is my belief that he would as soon have his own head chopped off, and placed as a trunkless decoration to his shop-window, as allow a dummy to figure there. On one pane you read in elegant gold letters 'Eglantina'—'tis his essence for the handkerchief; on the other is written 'Regenerative Uction'—'tis his invaluable pomatum for the hair.

There is no doubt about it: Eglantine's knowledge of his profession amounts to genius. He sells a cake of soap for seven shillings, for which another man would not get a shilling, and his tooth-brushes go off like wildfire at half-a-guinea apiece. If he has to administer rouge or pearl-powder to ladies, he does it with a mystery and fascination which there is no resisting, and the ladies believe there are no cosmetics like his. He gives his wares unheard-of names, and obtains for them sums equally prodigious. He *can* dress hair—that is a fact—as few men in this age can; and has been known to take twenty pounds in a single night from

as many of the first ladies of England when ringlets were in fashion. The introduction of bands, he says, made a difference of £2000 a year in his income; and if there is one thing in the world he hates and despises, it is a Madonna. 'I'm not,' says he, 'a tradesman—I'm a *hartist* (Mr. Eglantine was born in London). I'm a *hartist*; and show me a fine 'ead of air, and I'll dress it for nothink.' He vows that it was his way of dressing Mademoiselle Sontag's hair, that caused the count her husband to fall in love with her; and he has a lock of it in a brooch, and says it was the finest head he ever saw, except one, and that one was Morgiana Crump's.

With his genius and his position in the profession, how comes it, then, that Mr. Eglantine was not a man of fortune, as many a less clever has been? If the truth must be told, he loved pleasure, and was in the hands of the Jews. He had been in business twenty years; he had borrowed a thousand pounds to purchase his stock and shop; and he calculated that he had paid upwards of twenty thousand pounds for the use of the one thousand, which was still as much due as on the first day when he entered business. He could show that he had received a thousand dozen of champagne from the disinterested money-dealers with whom he usually negotiated his paper. He had pictures all over his 'studios,' which had been purchased in the same bargains. If he sold his goods at an enormous price, he paid for them at a rate almost equally exorbitant. There was not an article in his shop but came to him through his Israelite providers; and in the very front shop itself sat a gentleman who was the nominee of one of them, and who was called Mr. Mossrose. He was there to superintend the cash account, and to see that certain instalments were paid to his principals, according to certain agreements entered into between Mr. Eglantine and them.

Having that sort of opinion of Mr. Mossrose which Damocles may have had of the sword which hung over his head, of course Mr. Eglantine hated his foreman profoundly. '*He* an artist,' would the former gentleman exclaim; 'why, he's only a disguised bailiff! Mossrose, indeed! the chap's name's Amos, and he sold oranges before he came here.' Mr. Mossrose, on his side, utterly despised Mr. Eglantine, and looked forward to the day when he would become the proprietor of the shop, and take Eglantine for a foreman, and then it would be *his* turn to sneer and bully, and ride the high horse.

Thus it will be seen that there was a skeleton in the great perfumer's house, as the saying is, a worm in his heart's core, and though, to all appearance prosperous, that his position was really an awkward one.

What Mr. Eglantine's relations were with Mr. Walker may be imagined from the following dialogue, which took place between the two gentlemen at five o'clock one summer's afternoon, when Mr. Walker, issuing from his chambers, came across to the perfumer's shop.

'Is Eglantine at home, Mr. Mossrose?' said Walker to the foreman, who sat in the front shop.

'Don't know—go and look' (meaning go and be hanged); for Mossrose also hated Mr. Walker.

'If you're uncivil I'll break your bones, Mr. *Amos*,' says Mr. Walker, sternly.

'I should like to see you try, Mr. *Hooker* Walker,' replies the undaunted shopman, on which the Captain, looking several tremendous canings at him, walked into the back room or 'studio.'

'How are you, Tiny, my buck?' says the Captain. 'Much doing?'

'Not a soul in town. I 'aven't touched the hiron's all day,' replied Mr. Eglantine, in rather a desponding way.

'Well, just get them ready now, and give my whiskers a turn. I'm going to dine with Billingsgate and some out-and-out fellows at the Regent, and so, my lad, just do your best.'

'I can't,' says Mr. Eglantine. 'I expect ladies, Captain, every minute.'

'Very good; I don't want to trouble such a great man, I'm sure. Good-bye, and let me hear from you *this day week*, Mr. Eglantine.' 'This day week' meant that at seven days from that time a certain bill endorsed by Mr. Eglantine would be due, and presented for payment.

'Don't be in such a hurry, Captain—do sit down. I'll curl you in one minute. And, I say, won't the party renew?'

'Impossible—it's the third renewal.'

'But I'll make the thing handsome to you;—indeed I will.'

'How much?'

'Will ten pounds do the business?'

'What! offer my principal ten pounds? Are you mad, Eglantine?—A little more of the iron to the left whisker.'

'No, I meant for commission.'

'Well, I'll see if that will do. The party I deal with, Eglantine, has power, I know, and can defer the matter, no doubt. As for me, you know, *I've* nothing to do in the affair, and only act as a friend between you and him. I give you my honour and soul, I do.'

'I know you do, my dear sir.' The two last speeches were lies. The perfumer knew perfectly well that Mr. Walker would

pocket the £10; but he was too easy to care for paying it, and too timid to quarrel with such a powerful friend. And he had on three different occasions already payed £10 fine for the renewal of the bill in question, all of which bonuses he knew went to his friend Mr. Walker.

Here, too, the reader will perceive what was, in part, the meaning of the word 'agency' on Mr. Walker's door. He was a go-between between money-lenders and borrowers in this world, and certain small sums always remained with him in the course of the transaction. He was an agent for wine, too; an agent for places to be had through the influence of great men; he was an agent for half a dozen theatrical people, male and female, and had the interests of the latter, especially, it was said, at heart. Such were a few of the means by which this worthy gentleman contrived to support himself, and if, as he was fond of high living, gambling, and pleasures of all kinds, his revenue was not large enough for his expenditure—why, he got into debt, and settled his bills that way. He was as much at home in the Fleet as in Pall Mall, and quite as happy in the one place as in the other. 'That's the way I take things,' would this philosopher say. 'If I've money, I spend; if I've credit, I borrow; if I'm dunned, I whitewash; and so you can't beat me down.' Happy elasticity of temperament! I do believe that in spite of his misfortunes and precarious position, there was no man in England whose conscience was more calm, and whose slumbers were more tranquil, than those of Captain Howard Walker.

As he was sitting under the hands of Mr. Eglantine, he reverted to 'the ladies,' whom the latter gentleman professed to expect; said he was a sly dog, a lucky ditto, and asked him if the ladies were handsome.

Eglantine thought there could be no harm in telling a bouncer to a gentleman with whom he was engaged in money transactions; and so, to give the captain an idea of his solvency and the brilliancy of his future prospects, 'Captain,' said he, 'I've got a hundred and eighty pound out with you, which you were obliging enough to negotiate for me. Have I, or have I not, two bills out to that amount?'

'Well, my good fellow, you certainly have; and what then?'

'What then? Why, I bet you five pounds to one that in three months those bills are paid.'

'Done; five pounds to one. I take it.'

This sudden closing with him made the perfumer rather uneasy, but he was not to pay for three months, and so he said 'done' too, and went on, 'What would you say if your bills were paid?'

'Not mine, Pike's.'

'Well, if Pike's were paid, and the Minories' man paid, and every single liability I have cleared off; and that Mossrose flung out of window, and me and my emporium as free as air?'

'You don't say so? Is Queen Anne dead? and has she left you a fortune? or what's the luck in the wind now?'

'It's better than Queen Anne, or anybody dying. What should you say to seeing in that very place where Mossrose now sits (hang him!)—in seeing the *finest head of 'air now in Europe?* A woman, I tell you—a slap-up lovely woman, who, I'm proud to say, will soon be called Mrs. Heglantine, and will bring me five thousand pounds to her fortune.'

'Well, Tiny, this *is* good luck, indeed. I say, you'll be able to do a bill or two for *me* then, hay? You won't forget an old friend?'

'That I won't. I shall have a place at my board for you, Captain; and many's the time I shall 'ope to see you under that ma'ogany.'

'What will the French milliner say? She'll hang herself for despair, Eglantine.'

'Hush! not a word about *'er*. I've sown all my wild oats, I tell you. Eglantine is no longer the gay young bachelor, but the sober married man. I want a heart to share the feelings of mine. I want repose. I'm not so young as I was, I feel it.'

'Pooh, pooh! you are—you are——'

'Well, but I sigh for an 'appy fireside; and I'll have it.'

'And give up that club which you belong to, hay?'

'The Kidneys? Oh! of course, no married man should belong to such places; at least, *I'll* not; and I'll have my kidneys broiled at home. But be quiet, Captain, if you please; the ladies appointed to——'

'And is it *the* lady you expect? eh, you rogue!'

'Well, get along. It's her and her Ma.'

But Mr. Walker determined he wouldn't get along, and would see these lovely ladies before he stirred.

The operation on Mr. Walker's whiskers being concluded, he was arranging his toilet before the glass in an agreeable attitude, his neck out; his enormous pin settled in his stock to his satisfaction, his eyes complacently directed towards the reflection of his left and favourite whisker, and Eglantine was laid on a settee in an easy, though melancholy posture. He was twiddling the tongs with which he had just operated on Walker with one hand, and his right-hand ringlet with the other, and he was thinking—thinking of Morgiana; and then of the bill which was to become

due on the 16th; and then of a light blue velvet waistcoat with gold sprigs, in which he looked very killing, and so was trudging round in his little circle of loves, fears, and vanities. 'Hang it!' Mr. Walker was thinking, 'I *am* a handsome man. A pair of whiskers like mine are not met with every day. If anybody can see that my tuft is dyed, may I be—' When the door was flung open, and a large lady with a curl on her forehead, yellow shawl, a green velvet bonnet with feathers, half-boots, and a drab gown with tulips and other large exotics painted on it—when, in a word, MRS. CRUMP and her daughter bounced into the room.

'Here we are, Mr. E.,' cries Mrs. Crump, in a gay, *folâtre*, confidential air. 'But, law! there's a gent in the room!'

'Don't mind me, ladies,' said the gent alluded to, with his fascinating way, 'I'm a friend of Eglantine's; an't I, Egg? a chip of the old block, hay?'

'*That* you are,' said the perfumer, starting up.

'An 'air-dresser?' asked Mrs. Crump. 'Well, I thought he was; there's something, Mr. E., in gentlemen of your profession so exceeding, so uncommon *distanty*.'

'Madam, you do me proud,' replied the gentleman so complimented, with great presence of mind. 'Will you allow me to try my skill upon you, or upon Miss, your lovely daughter? I'm not so clever as Eglantine, but no bad hand, I assure you.'

'Nonsense, Captain,' interrupted the perfumer, who was uncomfortable somehow at the *rencontre* between the Captain and the object of his affection. '*He's* not in the profession, Mrs. C. This is my friend Captain Walker, and proud I am to call him my friend.' And then aside to Mrs. C., 'One of the first swells on town, ma'am—a regular tip-topper.'

Humouring the mistake which Mrs. Crump had just made, Mr. Walker thrust the curling-irons into the fire in a minute, and looked round at the ladies with such a fascinating grace, that both, now made acquainted with his quality, blushed and giggled, and were quite pleased. Mamma looked at 'Gina, and 'Gina looked at mamma; and then mamma gave 'Gina a little blow in the region of her little waist, and then both burst out laughing, as ladies will laugh, and as, let us trust, they *may* laugh for ever and ever. Why need there be a reason for laughing? Let us laugh when we are laughy, as we sleep when we are sleepy. And so Mrs. Crump and her demoiselle laughed to their heart's content, and both fixed their large shining black eyes repeatedly on Mr. Walker.

'I won't leave the room,' said he, coming forward with the heated iron in his hand, and smoothing it on the brown paper

with all the dexterity of a professor (for the fact is Mr. W. every morning curled his own immense whiskers with the greatest skill and care)—‘I won’t leave the room, Eglantine, my boy. My lady here took me for a hairdresser, and so, you know, I’ve a right to stay.’

‘He can’t stay,’ said Mrs. Crump, all of a sudden, blushing as red as a peony.

‘I shall have on my *peignoir*, mamma,’ said Miss, looking at the gentleman, and then dropping down her eyes and blushing too.

‘But he can’t stay, ‘Gina, I tell you; do you think that I would, before a gentleman, take off my——’

‘Mamma means her FRONT!’ said Miss, jumping up, and beginning to laugh with all her might; at which the honest landlady of the Bootjack, who loved a joke, although at her own expense, laughed too, and said that no one, except Mr. Crump and Mr. Eglantine, had ever seen her without the ornament in question.

‘Do go now, you provoking thing, you!’ continued Miss C. to Mr. Walker; ‘I wish to hear the hoverture, and it’s six o’clock now, and we shall never be done against then:’ but the way in which Morgiana said ‘do go,’ clearly indicated ‘don’t’ to the perspicacious mind of Mr. Walker.

‘Perhaps you ‘ad better go,’ continued Mr. Eglantine, joining in this sentiment, and being, in truth, somewhat uneasy at the admiration which his ‘swell friend’ excited.

‘I’ll see you hanged first, Eggy, my boy! Go I won’t, until these ladies have had their hair dressed: didn’t you yourself tell me that Miss Crump’s was the most beautiful hair in Europe? And do you think that I’ll go away without seeing it? No, here I stay.’

‘You naughty, wicked, odious, provoking man!’ said Miss Crump. But, at the same time, she took off her bonnet, and placed it on one of the side candlesticks of Mr. Eglantine’s glass (it was a black velvet bonnet, trimmed with sham lace, and with a wreath of nasturtiums, convolvuluses, and wallflowers within); and then said, ‘Give me the *peignoir*, Mr. Archibald, if you please;’ and Eglantine, who would do anything for her when she called him Archibald, immediately produced that garment, and wrapped round the delicate shoulders of the lady, who removing a sham gold chain which she wore on her forehead, two brass hair-combs set with glass rubies, and the comb which kept her back hair together,—removing them, I say, and turning her great eyes towards the stranger, and giving her head a shake, down let tumble such a flood of shining, waving, heavy, glossy, jetty hair,

as would have done Mr. Rowland's heart good to see. It tumbled down Miss Morgiana's back, and it tumbled over her shoulders, it tumbled over the chair on which she sat, and from the midst of it her jolly, bright-eyed, rosy face beamed out with a triumphant smile, which said, 'A'n't I now the most angelic being you ever saw?'

'By heavens! it's the most beautiful thing I ever saw!' cried Mr. Walker, with undisguised admiration.

'*Isn't it?*' said Mrs. Crump, who made her daughter's triumph her own. 'Heigho! when I acted at the Wells in 1820, before that dear girl was born, *I* had such a head of hair as that, to a shade, sir, to a shade. They called me Ravenswing on account of it. I lost my head of hair when that dear child was born, and I often say to her, "Morgiana, you came into the world to rob your mother of her 'air." Were you ever at the Wells, sir, in 1820? Perhaps you recollect Miss Delancy? I am that Miss Delancy. Perhaps you recollect,—

Tink-a-tink, tink-a-tink;
By the light of the star,
On the blue river's brink,
I heard a guitar.

I heard a guitar
On the blue waters clear,
And knew by its mu-u-sic,
That Selim was near!

You remember that in *The Bagdad Bells?* Fatima, Delancy; Selim, Benlomond (his real name was Bunnion); and he failed, poor fellow, in the public line afterwards. It was done to the tambourine, and dancing between each verse,—

Tink-a-tink, tink-a-tink,
How the soft music swells,
And I hear the soft clink
Of the minaret bells!
Tink-a—

'Oh!' here cried Miss Crump, as if in exceeding pain (and whether Mr. Eglantine had twitched, pulled, or hurt any one individual hair of that lovely head I don't know),—'Oh, you are killing me, Mr. Eglantine!'

And with this mamma, who was in her attitude, holding up the end of her boa as a visionary tambourine, and Mr. Walker, who was looking at her, and in his amusement at the mother's performances had almost forgotten the charms of the daughter,—

both turned round at once, and looked at her with many expressions of sympathy, while Eglantine, in a voice of reproach, said, '*Killed you, Morgiana! I kill you?*'

'I'm better now,' said the young lady, with a smile,—'I'm better, Mr. Archibald, now.' And if the truth must be told, no greater coquette than Miss Morgiana existed in all Mayfair,—no, not among the most fashionable mistresses of the fashionable valets who frequented the Bootjack. She believed herself to be the most fascinating creature that the world ever produced; she never saw a stranger but she tried these fascinations upon him; and her charms of manner and person were of that showy sort which is most popular in this world, where people are wont to admire most that which gives them the least trouble to see: and so you will find a tulip of a woman to be in fashion, when a little humble violet or daisy of creation is passed over without remark. Morgiana was a tulip among women, and the tulip-fanciers all came flocking round her.

Well, she said 'Oh!' and 'I'm better now, Mr. Archibald,' thereby succeeded in drawing everybody's attention to her lovely self. By the latter words Mr. Eglantine was specially inflamed; he glanced at Mr. Walker, and said, 'Capt'g! didn't I tell you she was a *creecher*? See her hair, sir, it's as black and as glossy as satting. It weighs fifteen pound that hair, sir; and I wouldn't let my apprentice—that blundering Mossrose, for instance (hang him!)—I wouldn't let any one but myself dress that hair for 500 guineas! Ah, Miss Morgiana, remember that you *may always* have Eglantine to dress your hair!—remember that, that's all.' And with this the worthy gentleman began rubbing delicately a little of the Eglantina into those ambrosial locks, which he loved with all the love of a man and an artist.

And as for Morgiana showing her hair, I hope none of my readers will entertain a bad opinion of the poor girl for doing so. Her locks were her pride; she acted at the private theatre 'hair-parts,' where she could appear on purpose to show them in a dishevelled state; and that her modesty was real, and not affected, may be proved by the fact that when Mr. Walker, stepping up in the midst of Eglantine's last speech, took hold of a lock of her hair very gently with his hand, she cried 'Oh!' and started with all her might. And Mr. Eglantine observed, very gravely, 'Capt'g! Miss Crump's hair is to be seen, and not to be touched, if you please.'

'No more it is, Mr. Eglantine,' said her mamma; 'and now, as it's come to my turn, I beg the gentleman will be so obliging as to go.'

'*Must I?*' cried Mr. Walker; and as it was half-past six, and he was engaged to dinner at the Regent Club, and as he did not wish to make Eglantine jealous, who evidently was annoyed by his staying, he took his hat just as Miss Crump's coiffure was completed, and, saluting her and her mamma, left the room.

'A tip-top swell, I can assure you,' said Eglantine, nodding after him; 'a regular bang-up chap, and no *mistake*. Intimate with the Marquess of Billingsgate, and Lord Vauxhall, and that set.'

'He's very genteel,' said Mrs. Crump.

'Law! I'm sure I think nothing of him,' said Morgiana.

And Captain Walker walked towards his club, meditating on the beauties of Morgiana. 'What hair,' said he; 'what eyes the gal has! they're as big as billiard-balls; and £5000. Eglantine's in luck; £5000—she can't have it, it's impossible!'

No sooner was Mrs. Crump's front arranged, during the time of which operation Morgiana sat in perfect contentment looking at the last French fashions in the *Courrier des Dames*, and thinking how her pink satin slip would dye, and make just such a mantilla as that represented in the engraving,—no sooner was Mrs. Crump's front arranged, than both ladies, taking leave of Mr. Eglantine, tripped back to the Bootjack Hotel, in the neighbourhood, where a very neat green fly was already in waiting, the gentleman on the box of which (from a livery-stable in the neighbourhood) gave a knowing touch to his hat, and a salute with his whip, to the two ladies, as they entered the tavern.

'Mr. W.'s inside,' said the man, a driver from Mr. Snaffle's establishment; 'he's been in and out this score of times, and looking down the street for you.' And in the house, in fact, was Mr. Woolsey, the tailor, who had hired the fly, and was engaged to conduct the ladies that evening to the play.

It was really rather too bad to think that Miss Morgiana, after going to one lover to have her hair dressed, should go with another to the play; but such is the way with lovely woman! Let her have a dozen admirers, and the dear coquette will exercise her power upon them all; and as a lady, when she has a large wardrobe, and a taste for variety in dress, will appear every day in a different costume; so will the young and giddy beauty wear her lovers, encouraging now the black whiskers, now smiling on the brown, now thinking that the gay smiling rattle of an admirer becomes her very well, and now adopting the sad sentimental melancholy one, according as her changeful fancy prompts her. Let us not be too angry with these uncertainties and caprices of beauty, and depend on it that, for the most part, those females

who cry out loudest against the flightiness of their sisters, and rebuke their undue encouragement of this man or that, would do as much themselves if they had the chance, and are constant, as I am to my coat just now, because I have no other.

'Did you see Doubleyou, 'Gina dear?' said her mamma, addressing that young lady. 'He's in the bar with your pa, and has his military coat with the king's button, and looks like an officer.'

This was Mr. Woolsey's style, his great aim being to look like an army gent, for many of whom he in his capacity of tailor made those splendid red and blue coats which characterise our military. As for the royal button, had not he made a set of coats for his late majesty George IV.? and he would add, when he narrated this circumstance, 'Sir, Prince Blucher and Prince Swartzenberg's measure's in the house now; and what's more, I've cut for Wellington.' I believe he would have gone to St. Helena to make a coat for Napoleon, so great was his ardour. He wore a blue-black wig, and his whiskers were of the same hue. He was brief and stern in conversation, and he always went to masquerades and balls in a field-marshal's uniform.

'He looks really quite the thing to-night,' continued Mrs. Crump.

'Yes,' said 'Gina; 'but he's such an odious wig, and the dye of his whiskers always comes off on his white gloves.'

'Everybody has not their own hair, love,' continued Mrs. Crump with a sigh; 'but Eglantine's is beautiful.'

'Every hairdresser's is,' answered Morgiana, rather contemptuously; 'but what I can't bear is that their fingers is always so very fat and pudgy.'

In fact, something had gone wrong with the fair Morgiana. Was it that she had but little liking for the one pretender or the other? Was it that young Glauber, who acted Romeo in the private theatricals, was far younger and more agreeable than either? Or was it, that seeing a *real gentleman*, such as Mr. Walker, with whom she had had her first interview, she felt more and more the want of refinement in her other declared admirers? Certain, however, it is, that she was very reserved all the evening, in spite of the attentions of Mr. Woolsey; that she repeatedly looked round at the box-door, as if she expected some one to enter; and that she partook of only a very few oysters, indeed, out of the barrel which the gallant tailor had sent down to the Bootjack, and off which the party supped.

'What is it?' said Mr. Woolsey, to his ally, Crump, as they sat together after the retirement of the ladies. 'She was dumb all night. She never once laughed at the farce, nor cried at the

tragedy, and you know she laughs and cries uncommon. She only took half her negus, and not above a quarter of her beer.'

'No more she did!' replied Mr. Crump, very calmly. 'I think it must be the barber as has been captivating her; he dressed her hair for the play.'

'Hang him, I'll shoot him!' said Mr. Woolsey. 'A fat, foolish, effeminate beast like that marry Miss Morgiana? Never! I *will* shoot him! I'll provoke him next Saturday—I'll tread on his toe—I'll pull his nose!'

'No quarrelling at the Kidneys!' answered Crump, sternly: 'there shall be no quarrelling in that room as long as *I'm* in the chair!'

'Well, at any rate you'll stand my friend?'

'You know I will,' answered the other. 'You are honourable, and I like you better than Eglantine. I trust you more than Eglantine, sir. You're more of a man than Eglantine, though you *are* a tailor; and I wish with all my heart you may get Morgiana. Mrs. C. goes the other way, I know: but I tell you what, women will go their own ways, sir, and Morgy's like her mother in this point, and, depend on it, Morgy will decide for herself.'

Mr. Woolsey presently went home, still persisting in his plan for the assassination of Eglantine. Mr. Crump went to bed very quietly, and snored through the night in his usual tone. Mr. Eglantine passed some feverish moments of jealousy, for he had come down to the club in the evening, and had heard that Morgiana was gone to the play with his rival. And Miss Morgiana dreamed of a man who was,—must we say it?—exceedingly like Captain Howard Walker. 'Mrs. Captain So-and-so!' thought she. 'O, I do love a gentleman dearly!'

And about this time, too, Mr. Walker himself came rolling home from the Regent, hiccupping, 'Such hair!—such eyebrows!—such eyes! like b-b-billiard balls, by Jove!'

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH MR. WALKER MAKES THREE ATTEMPTS TO ASCERTAIN THE DWELLING OF MORGIANA.

THE day after the dinner at the Regent Club, Mr. Walker stepped over to the shop of his friend the perfumer, where, as usual, the young man, Mr. Mossrose, was established in the front premises.

For some reason or other, the Captain was particularly good-humoured; and, quite forgetful of the words which had passed between him and Mr. Eglantine's lieutenant the day before, began addressing the latter with extreme cordiality.

'A good morning to you, Mr. Mossrose,' said Captain Walker. 'Why, sir, you look as fresh as your namesake,—you do, indeed, now, Mossrose.'

'You look ash yellow ash a guinea,' responded Mr. Mossrose, sulkily. He thought the Captain was hoaxing him.

'My good sir,' replies the other, nothing cast down, 'I drank rather too freely last night.'

'The more beast you!' said Mr. Mossrose.

'Thank you, Mossrose; the same to you,' answered the Captain.

'If you call me a beast I'll punch your head off!' answered the young man, who had much skill in the art which many of his brethren practise.

'I didn't, my fine fellow,' replied Walker; 'on the contrary, you——'

'Do you mean to give me the lie?' broke out the indignant Mossrose, who hated the agent fiercely, and did not in the least care to conceal his hate. In fact, it was his fixed purpose to pick a quarrel with Walker, and to drive him, if possible, from Mr. Eglantine's shop. 'Do you mean to give me the lie, I say, Mr. Hooker Walker?'

'For Heaven's sake, Amos, hold your tongue!' exclaimed the Captain, to whom the name of Hooker was as poison; but at this moment a customer stepping in, Mr. Amos exchanged his ferocious aspect for a bland grin, and Mr. Walker walked into the studio.

When in Mr. Eglantine's presence, Walker, too, was all smiles in a minute, sunk down on a settee, held out his hand to the perfumer, and began confidentially discoursing with him.

'Such a dinner, Tiny, my boy,' said he; 'such prime fellows to eat it, too! Billingsgate, Vauxhall, Cinqbars, Buff of the Blues, and half-a-dozen more of the best fellows in town. And what do you think the dinner cost a head? I'll wager you'll never guess.'

'Was it two guineas a head?—in course I mean without wine,' said the genteel perfumer.

'Guess again!'

'Well, was it ten guineas a head? I'll guess any sum you please,' replied Mr. Eglantine; 'for I know when you *nobs* are together, you don't spare your money. I, myself, at the Star and Garter at Richmond, once paid——'

'Eighteenpence?'

'Heighteenpence, sir?—I paid five-and-thirty shillings per 'ead.

I'd have you to know that I can act as a gentleman as well as any other gentleman, sir,' answered the perfumer with much dignity.

'Well, eighteenpence was what *we* paid, and not a rap more, upon my honour.'

'Nonsense, you're joking. The Marquess of Billingsgate dine for eighteenpence? Why, hang it, if I was a marquess, I'd pay a five-pound note for my lunch.'

'You little know the person, Master Eglantine,' replied the Captain, with a smile of contemptuous superiority; 'you little know the real man of fashion, my good fellow. Simplicity, sir—simplicity's the characteristic of the real gentleman, and so I'll tell you what we had for dinner.'

'Turtle and venison, of course;—no nob dines without *them*.'

'Psha! we're sick of 'em! We had pea-soup and boiled tripe! What do you think of *that*? We had sprats and herrings, a bullock's heart, a baked shoulder of mutton and potatoes, pig's fry and Irish stew. *I* ordered the dinner, sir, and got more credit for inventing it than they ever gave to Ude or Soyer. The marquess was in ecstasies, the earl devoured half a bushel of sprats, and if the viscount is not laid up with a surfeit of bullock's heart, my name's not Howard Walker. Billy, as I call him, was in the chair, and gave my health; and what do you think the rascal proposed?'

'What *did* his lordship propose?'

'That every man present should subscribe twopence, and pay for my share of the dinner. By Jove! it is true, and the money was handed to me in a pewter-pot, of which they also begged to make me a present. We afterwards went to Tom Spring's, from Tom's to the Finish, from the Finish to the watch-house—that is, *they* did,—and sent for me just as I was getting into bed to bail them all out.'

'They're happy dogs, those young noblemen,' said Mr. Eglantine; 'nothing but pleasure from morning till night; no affectation neither,—no *hoture*; but manly, downright, straightforward good fellows.'

'Should you like to meet them, Tiny, my boy?' said the Captain.

'If I did, sir, I hope I should show myself to be the gentleman,' answered Mr. Eglantine.

'Well, you *shall* meet them, and Lady Billingsgate shall order her perfumes at your shop. We are going to dine, next week, all our set; at mealy-faced Bob's, and you shall be my guest,' cried the Captain, slapping the delighted artist on the back. 'And now, my boy, tell me how *you* spent the evening.'

'At my club, sir,' answered Mr. Eglantine, blushing rather.

'What! not at the play with the lovely black-eyed Miss—what is her name, Eglantine?'

'Never mind her name, Captain,' replied Eglantine, partly from prudence and partly from shame. He had not the heart to own it was Crump, and he did not care that the Captain should know more of his destined bride.

'You wish to keep the five thousand to yourself, eh! you rogue?' responded the Captain, with a good-humoured air, although exceedingly mortified; for, to say the truth, he had put himself to the trouble of telling the above long story of the dinner, and of promising to introduce Eglantine to the lords, solely that he might elicit from that gentleman's good-humour some further particulars regarding the young lady with the billiard-ball eyes. It was for the very same reason, too, that he had made the attempt at reconciliation with Mr. Mossrose, which had just so signally failed. Nor would the reader, did he know Mr. W. better, at all require to have the above explanation; but as yet we are only at the first chapter of his history, and who is to know what the hero's motives can be unless we take the trouble to explain?

Well, the little dignified answer of the worthy dealer in bergamot, '*Never mind her name, Captain!*' threw the gallant Captain quite aback; and though he sat for a quarter of an hour longer, and was exceedingly kind; and though he threw out some skilful hints, yet the perfumer was quite unconquerable; or, rather, he was too frightened to tell; the poor, fat, timid, easy, good-natured gentleman was always the prey of rogues,—panting and floundering in one rascal's snare or another's. He had the dissimulation, too, which timid men have; and felt the presence of a victimiser as a hare does of a greyhound. Now he would be quite still, now he would double, and now he would run, and then came the end. He knew, by his sure instinct of fear, that the Captain had, in asking these questions, a scheme against him, and so he was cautious, and trembled, and doubted. And oh! how he thanked his stars when Lady Grogmore's chariot drove up, with the Misses Grogmore, who wanted their hair dressed, and were going to a breakfast at three o'clock!

'I'll look in again, Tiny,' said the Captain, on hearing the summons.

'Do, Captain,' replied the other: '*thank you*;' and went into the lady's studio with a heavy heart.

'Get out of the way, you infernal villain!' roared the Captain, with many oaths, to Lady Grogmore's large footman, with ruby-

coloured tights, who was standing inhaling the ten thousand perfumes of the shop; and the latter, moving away in great terror, the gallant agent passed out, quite heedless of the grin of Mr. Mossrose.

Walker was in a fury at his want of success, and walked down Bond Street in a fury. 'I *will* know where the girl lives!' swore he. 'I'll spend a five-pound note, by Jove! rather than not know where she lives!'

'*That you would—I know you would!*' said a little, grave, low voice, all of a sudden, by his side. 'Pooh! what's money to you?'

Walker looked down; it was Tom Dale.

Who in London did not know little Tom Dale? He had cheeks like an apple, and his hair curled every morning, and a little blue stock, and always two new magazines under his arm, and an umbrella and a little brown frock-coat, and big square-toed shoes with which he went *papping* down the street. He was everywhere at once. Everybody met him every day, and he knew everything that everybody ever did; though nobody ever knew what *he* did. He was, they say, a hundred years old, and had never dined at his own charge once in those hundred years. He looked like a figure out of a wax-work, with glassy, clear, meaningless eyes; he always spoke with a grin; he knew what you had for dinner the day before he met you, and what everybody had had for dinner for a century back almost. He was the receptacle of all the scandal of all the world, from Bond Street to Bread Street; he knew all the authors, all the actors, all the 'notorieties' of the town, and the private histories of each. That is, he never knew anything really, but supplied deficiencies of truth and memory with ready-coined, never-failing lies. He was the most benevolent man in the universe, and never saw you without telling you everything most cruel of your neighbour, and when he left you he went to do the same kind turn by yourself.

'Pooh! what's money to you, my dear boy?' said little Tom Dale, who had just come out of Ebers's, where he had been filching an opera-ticket. 'You make it in bushels in the City, you know you do,—in thousands. *I* saw you go into Eglantine's. Fine business that; finest in London. Five-shilling cakes of soap, my dear boy. *I* can't wash with such: thousands a year that man has made,—hasn't he?'

'Upon my word, Tom, I don't know,' says the Captain.

'*You* not know? Don't tell me. You know everything—you agents. You *know* he makes five thousand a year,—ay, and might make ten, but you know why he don't.'

'Indeed I don't.'

'Nonsense. Don't humbug a poor old fellow like me. Jews—Amos—fifty per cent, ay? Why can't he get his money from a good Christian?'

'I *have* heard something of that sort,' said Walker, laughing. 'Why, by Jove, Tom, you know everything!'

'*You* know everything, my dear boy. You know what a rascally trick that opera creature served him, poor fellow. Cashmere shawls—Storr and Mortimer's—Star and Garter. Much better dine quiet off pea-soup and sprats,—ay? His betters have, as you know very well.'

'Pea-soup and sprats! What, have you heard of that already?'

'Who bailed Lord Billingsgate, ay, you rogue?' and here Tom gave a knowing and almost demoniacal grin. 'Who wouldn't go to the Finish? Who had the piece of plate presented to him filled with sovereigns? And you deserved it, my dear boy—you deserved it. They said it was only halfpence, but *I* know better!' and here Tom went off in a cough.

'I say, Tom,' cried Walker, inspired with a sudden thought, 'you, who know everything, and are a theatrical man, did you ever know a Miss Delancy, an actress?'

'At Sadler's Wells, in '16? Of course I did. Real name was Budge. Lord Slapper admired her very much, my dear boy. She married a man by the name of Crump, his lordship's black footman, and brought him five thousand pound; and they keep the Bootjack public-house in Bunker's Buildings, and they've got fourteen children. Is one of them handsome, eh, you sly rogue,—and is it that which you will give five pounds to know? God bless you, my dear, dear boy. Jones, my dear friend, how are you?'

And now, seizing on Jones, Tom Dale left Mr. Walker alone, and proceeded to pour into Mr. Jones's ear an account of the individual whom he had just quitted; how he was the best fellow in the world, and Jones *knew* it; how he was in a fine way of making his fortune; how he had been in the Fleet many times, and how he was at this moment employed in looking out for a young lady of whom a certain great marquess (whom Jones knew very well, too) had expressed an admiration.

But for these observations, which he did not hear, Captain Walker, it may be pronounced, did not care. His eyes brightened up, he marched quickly and gaily away; and turning into his own chambers opposite Eglantine's shop, saluted that establishment with a grin of triumph. 'You wouldn't tell me her name, wouldn't you?' said Mr. Walker. 'Well, the luck's with me now, and here goes.'

Two days after, as Mr. Eglantine, with white gloves and a case of eau de Cologne as a present in his pocket, arrived at the Boot-jack Hotel, Little Bunker's Buildings, Berkeley Square (for it must out—that was the place in which Mr. Crump's inn was situated), he paused for a moment at the threshold of the little house of entertainment, and listened, with beating heart, to the sound of delicious music that a well-known voice was uttering within.

The moon was playing in silvery brightness down the gutter of the humble street. A 'helper,' rubbing down one of Lady Smigsmag's carriage-horses, even paused in his whistle to listen to the strain. Mr. Trestle's man, who had been professionally occupied, ceased his tap-tap upon the coffin which he was getting in readiness. The greengrocer (there is always a greengrocer in those narrow streets, and he goes out in the white Berlin gloves as a supernumerary footman) was standing charmed at his little green gate; the cobbler (there is always a cobbler, too) was drunk, as usual, of evenings, but, with unusual subordination, never sung except when the *refrain* of the ditty arrived, when he hiccupped it forth with tipsy loyalty; and Eglantine leaned against the Chequers painted on the door-side under the name of Crump, and looked at the red illumined curtain of the bar, and the vast, well-known shadow of Mrs. Crump's turban within. Now and again the shadow of that worthy matron's head would be seen to grasp the shadow of a bottle; then the shadow of a cup would rise towards the turban, and still the strain proceeded. Eglantine, I say, took out his yellow bandana, and brushed the beady drops from his brow, and laid the contents of his white kids on his heart, and sighed with ecstatic sympathy. The song began,—

Come to the greenwood tree,¹

Come where the dark woods be,

Dearest, oh come with me!

Let us rove—oh my love—oh my love!

Oh my-y love!

(*Drunken cobbler without*)

Oh, my-y love!

'Beast!' says Eglantine.

Come—'tis the moonlight hour,

Dew is on leaf and flower,

Come to the linden bower,—

Let us rove—oh my love—oh my love!

¹ The words of this song are copyright, nor will the copyright be sold for less than twopence-halfpenny.

Let us ro-o-ove, lurlurliety ; yes, we'll rove, lurlurliety,
Through the gro-o-ove, lurlurliety—lurlurli-e-i-e-i-e-i !

(*Cobbler as usual*)

Let us ro-o-ove, etc.

'You here ?' says another individual coming clinking up the street, in a military cut dress-coat, the buttons whereof shone very bright in the moonlight. 'You here, Eglantine ?—you're always here.'

'Hush, Woolsey,' said Mr. Eglantine to his rival the tailor (for he was the individual in question) ; and Woolsey, accordingly, put his back against the opposite door-post and chequers, so that (with poor Eglantine's bulk) nothing much thicker than a sheet of paper could pass out or in. And thus these two amorous Caryatides kept guard as the song continued :—

Dark is the wood, and wide,
Dangers, they say, betide ;
But, at my Albert's side,
Nought I fear, oh my love—oh my love !
Welcome the greenwood tree,
Welcome the forest free,
Dearest, with thee, with thee,
Nought I fear, oh my love—o-h ma-a-y love !

Eglantine's fine eyes were filled with tears as Morgiana passionately uttered the above beautiful words. Little Woolsey's eyes glistened, as he clenched his fist with an oath, and said, 'Show me any singing that can beat *that*. Cobbler, shut your mouth, or I'll break your head !'

But the cobbler, regardless of the threat, continued to perform the 'Lurlurliety' with great accuracy ; and when that was ended, both on his part and Morgiana's, a rapturous knocking of glasses was heard in the little bar, then a great clapping of hands, and finally, somebody shouted '*Brava !*'

'*Brava !*'

At that word Eglantine turned deadly pale, then gave a start, then a rush forward which pinned, or rather cushioned, the tailor against the wall ; then twisting himself abruptly round, he sprung to the door of the bar, and bounced into that apartment.

'*How are you, my nosegay ?*' exclaimed the same voice which had shouted '*Brava.*' It was that of Captain Walker.

At ten o'clock the next morning a gentleman with the king's button on his military coat walked abruptly into Mr. Eglantine's shop, and, turning on Mr. Mossrose, said, 'Tell your master I want to see him.'

'He's in his studio,' said Mr. Mossrose.

'Well then, fellow, go and fetch him!'

And Mossrose, thinking it must be the Lord Chamberlain, or Doctor Prætorius at least, walked into the studio, where the perfumer was seated in a very glossy old silk dressing-gown, his fair hair hanging over his white face, his double chin over his flaccid, whity-brown shirt-collar, his pea-green slippers on the hob, and, on the fire, the pot of chocolate which was simmering for his breakfast. A lazier fellow than poor Eglantine it would be hard to find; whereas, on the contrary, Woolsey was always up and brushed, spick-and-span, at seven o'clock; and had gone through his books, and given out the work for the journeymen, and eaten a hearty breakfast of rashers of bacon, before Eglantine had put the usual pound of grease to his hair (his fingers were always as damp and shiny as if he had them in a pomatum-pot), and arranged his figure for the day.

'Here's a gent wants you in the shop,' says Mr. Mossrose, leaving the door of communication wide open.

'Say I'm in bed, Mr. Mossrose; I'm out of sperrets, and really can see nobody.'

'It's some one from Vindsor, I think; he's got the royal button,' says Mossrose.

'It's me—Woolsey,' shouted the little man from the shop.

Mr. Eglantine at this jumped up, made a rush to the door leading to his private apartment, and disappeared in a twinkling. But it must not be imagined that he fled in order to avoid Mr. Woolsey. He only went away for one minute just to put on his belt, for he was ashamed to be seen without it by his rival.

This being assumed, and his toilet somewhat arranged, Mr. Woolsey was admitted into his private room. And Mossrose would have heard every word of the conversation between those two gentlemen, had not Woolsey, opening the door, suddenly pounced on the assistant, taken him by the collar, and told him to disappear altogether into the shop, which Mossrose did, vowing he would have his revenge.

The subject which Woolsey had come to treat was an important one. 'Mr. Eglantine,' says he, 'there's no use disguising from one another that we are both of us in love with Miss Morgiana, and that our chances up to this time have been pretty equal. But that captain whom you introduced, like an ass as you were——'

'An ass, Mr. Woolsey? I'd have you to know, sir, that I'm no more a hass than you are, sir; and as for introducing the captain, I did no such thing.'

'Well, well, he's got a-poaching into our preserves somehow.'

He's evidently sweet upon the young woman, and is a more fashionable chap than either of us two. We must get him out of the house, sir—we must circumvent him; and *then*, Mr. Eglantine, will be time enough for you and me to try which is the best man.'

'*He* the best man!' thought Eglantine; 'the little, bald, unsightly tailor-creature! A man with no more soul than his smoothing-hiron!' But the perfumer, as may be imagined, did not utter this sentiment aloud, but expressed himself quite willing to enter into any *hamicable* arrangement, by which the new candidate for Miss Crump's favour must be thrown over. It was, accordingly, agreed between the two gentlemen that they should coalesce against the common enemy; that they should, by reciting many perfectly well-founded stories in the Captain's disfavour, influence the minds of Miss Crump's parents, and of herself, if possible, against this wolf in sheep's clothing; and that, when they were once fairly rid of him, each should be at liberty, as before, to prefer his own claim.

'I have thought of a subject,' said the little tailor, turning very red, and hemming and hawing a great deal. 'I've thought, I say, of a pint, which may be resorted to with advantage at the present juncture, and in which each of us may be useful to the other. An exchange, Mr. Eglantine. Do you take?'

'Do you mean an accommodation-bill?' said Eglantine, whose mind ran a good deal on that species of exchange.

'Pooh, nonsense, sir. The name of *our* firm is, I flatter myself, a little more up in the market than some other people's names.'

'Do you mean to insult the name of Archibald Eglantine, sir? I'd have you to know that at three months——'

'Nonsense!' says Mr. Woolsey, mastering his emotion; 'there's no use a-quarrelling, Mr. E.; we're not in love with each other, I know that. You wish me hanged, or as good, I know that!'

'Indeed I don't, sir!'

'You do, sir; I tell you, you do! and what's more, I wish the same to you—transported, at any rate! But as two sailors, when a boat's a-sinking, though they hate each other ever so much, will help and bale the boat out; so, sir, let *us* act: let us be the two sailors.'

'Bail, sir!' said Eglantine, as usual mistaking the drift of the argument, 'I'll bail no man! If you're in difficulties, I think you had better go to your senior partner, Mr. Woolsey;' and Eglantine's cowardly little soul was filled with a savage satisfaction to think that his enemy was in distress, and had actually been obliged to come to *him* for succour.

'You're enough to make Job swear, you great, fat, stupid, lazy old barber!' roared Mr. Woolsey, in a fury.

Eglantine jumped up and made for the bell-rope. The gallant little tailor laughed.

'There's no need to call in Betsy,' said he; 'I'm not a-going to eat you, Eglantine; you're a bigger man than me; if you were just to fall on me, you'd smother me! Just sit still on the sofa and listen to reason.'

'Well, sir, pro—ceed,' said the barber, with a gasp.

'Now, listen! What's the darling wish of your heart? I know it, sir! you've told it to Mr. Trestle, sir, and other gents at the club. The darling wish of your heart, sir, is to have a slap-up coat turned out of the *ateliers* of Messrs. Linsey, Woolsey, and Company. You said you'd give twenty guineas for one of our coats, you know you did! Lord Bolsterton's a fatter man than you, and look what a figure we turn *him* out. Can any firm in England dress Lord Bolsterton but us, so as to make his lordship look decent? I defy 'em, sir! We could have given Daniel Lambert a figure!'

'If I want a coat, sir,' said Mr. Eglantine, 'and I don't deny it, there's some people want a *head of hair*!'

'That's the very point I was coming to,' said the tailor, resuming the violent blush which was mentioned as having suffused his countenance at the beginning of the conversation. 'Let us have terms of mutual accommodation. Make me a wig, Mr. Eglantine, and though I never yet cut a yard of cloth except for a gentleman, I'll pledge you my word I'll make you a coat.'

'*Will* you, honour bright?' says Eglantine.

'Honour bright,' says the tailor. 'Look!' and in an instant he drew from his pocket one of those slips of parchment which gentlemen of his profession carry, and putting Eglantine into the proper position, began to take the preliminary observations. He felt Eglantine's heart thump with happiness as his measure passed over that soft part of the perfumer's person.

Then pulling down the window-blind, and looking that the door was locked, and blushing still more deeply than ever, the tailor seated himself in an arm-chair towards which Mr. Eglantine beckoned him, and, taking off his black wig, exposed his head to the great perruquier's gaze. Mr. Eglantine looked at it, measured it, manipulated it, sat for three minutes with his head in his hand and his elbow on his knee gazing at the tailor's cranium with all his might, walked round it twice or thrice, and then said, 'It's enough, Mr. Woolsey, consider the job as done. And now, sir,' said he, with a greatly relieved air, 'and now, Mr. Woolsey,

let us 'ave a glass of curaçoa to celebrate this hauspicious meeting.'

The tailor, however, stiffly replied that he never drank in a morning, and left the room without offering to shake Mr. Eglantine by the hand, for he despised that gentleman very heartily, and himself, too, for coming to any compromise with him, and for so far demeaning himself as to make a coat for a barber.

Looking from his chambers on the other side of the street, that inevitable Mr. Walker saw the tailor issuing from the perfumer's shop, and was at no loss to guess that something extraordinary must be in progress when two such bitter enemies met together.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT CAME OF MR. WALKER'S DISCOVERY OF THE BOOTJACK.

It is very easy to state how the Captain came to take up that proud position at the Bootjack which we have seen him occupy on the evening when the sound of the fatal 'brava' so astonished Mr. Eglantine.

The mere entry into the establishment was, of course, not difficult. Any person by simply uttering the words, 'A pint of beer,' was free of the Bootjack; and it was some such watchword that Howard Walker employed when he made his first appearance. He requested to be shown into a parlour where he might repose himself for awhile, and was ushered into that very *sanctum* where the Kidney Club met. Then he stated that the beer was the best he had ever tasted, except in Bavaria, and in some parts of Spain, he added; and professing to be extremely 'peckish,' requested to know if there were any cold meat in the house whereof he could make a dinner.

'I don't usually dine at this hour, landlord,' said he, flinging down a half-sovereign for payment of the beer; 'but your parlour looks so comfortable and the Windsor chairs are so snug, that I'm sure I could not dine better at the first club in London.'

'One of the first clubs in London is held in this very room,' said Mr. Crump, very well pleased; 'and attended by some of the best gents in town, too. We call it the Kidney Club.'

'Why, bless my soul! it is the very club my friend Eglantine has so often talked to me about, and attended by some of the tip-top tradesmen of the metropolis!'

'There's better men here than Mr. Eglantine,' replied Mr.

Crump ; 'though he's a good man—I don't say he's not a good man—but there's better. Mr. Clinker, sir ; Mr. Woolsey, of the house of Linsey, Woolsey, and Co.'

'The great army-clothiers !' cried Walker ; 'the first house in town !' and so continued, with exceeding urbanity, holding conversation with Mr. Crump, until the honest landlord retired delighted, and told Mrs. Crump in the bar that there was a tip-top swell in the Kidney parlour, who was agoing to have his dinner there.

Fortune favoured the brave Captain in every way ; it was just Mr. Crump's own dinner-hour ; and on Mrs. Crump's stepping into the parlour to ask the guest whether he would like a slice of the joint to which the family were about to sit down, fancy that lady's start of astonishment at recognising Mr. Eglantine's facetious friend of the day before. The Captain at once demanded permission to partake of the joint at the family table, the lady could not with any great reason deny this request ; the Captain was inducted into the bar, and Miss Crump, who always came down late for dinner, was even more astonished than her mamma on beholding the occupier of the fourth place at the table. Had she expected to see the fascinating stranger so soon again ? I think she had. Her big eyes said as much, as, furtively looking up at Mr. Walker's face, they caught his looks ; and then bouncing down again towards her plate, pretended to be very busy in looking at the boiled beef and carrots there displayed. She blushed far redder than those carrots, but her shining ringlets hid her confusion together with her lovely face.

Sweet Morgiana ! the billiard-ball eyes had a tremendous effect on the Captain. They fell plump, as it were, into the pocket of his heart ; and he gallantly proposed to treat the company to a bottle of champagne, which was accepted without much difficulty.

Mr. Crump, under pretence of going to the cellar (where he said he had some cases of the finest champagne in Europe), called Dick, the boy, to him, and despatched him with all speed to a wine-merchant's, where a couple of bottles of the liquor were procured.

'Bring up two bottles, Mr. C.,' Captain Walker gallantly said when Crump made his move, as it were, to the cellar ; and it may be imagined after the two bottles were drunk (of which Mrs. Crump took at least nine glasses to her share), how happy, merry, and confidential the whole party had become. Crump told his story of the Bootjack, and whose boot it had drawn ; the former Miss Delancy expatiated on her past theatrical life, and in the pictures hanging round the room. Miss was equally communicative ;

and, in short, the Captain had all the secrets of the little family in his possession ere sunset. He knew that Miss cared little for either of her suitors, about whom mamma and papa had a little quarrel. He heard Mrs. Crump talk of Morgiana's property, and fell more in love with her than ever. Then came tea, the luscious crumpet, the quiet game at cribbage, and the song—the song which poor Eglantine heard, and which caused Woolsey's rage and his despair.

At the close of the evening the tailor was in a greater rage, and the perfumer in greater despair than ever. He had made his little present of eau de Cologne. 'Oh, fie!' says the Captain, with a horse-laugh, '*it smells of the shop!*' He taunted the tailor about his wig, and the honest fellow had only an oath to give by way of repartee. He told his stories about his club and his lordly friends. What chance had either against the all-accomplished Howard Walker?

Old Crump, with a good innate sense of right and wrong, hated the man; Mrs. Crump did not feel quite at her ease regarding him; but Morgiana thought him the most delightful person the world ever produced.

Eglantine's usual morning costume was a blue satin neck-cloth, embroidered with butterflies and ornamented with a brandy-ball brooch, a light shawl waistcoat, and a rhubarb-coloured coat of the sort which I believe are called Taglionis, and which have no waist-buttons, and make a pretence, as it were, to have no waists, but are, in reality, adopted by the fat in order to give them a waist. Nothing easier for an obese man than to have a waist; he has but to pinch his middle part a little, and the very fat on either side pushed violently forward *makes* a waist, as it were, and our worthy perfumer's figure was that of a bolster cut almost in two with a string.

Walker presently saw him at his shop-door grinning in this costume, twiddling his ringlets with his dumpy greasy fingers, glittering with oil and rings, and looking so exceedingly contented and happy that the estate-agent felt assured some very satisfactory conspiracy had been planned between the tailor and him. How was Mr. Walker to learn what the scheme was? Alas! the poor fellow's vanity and delight were such, that he could not keep silent as to the cause of his satisfaction, and, rather than not mention it at all, in the fulness of his heart he would have told his secret to Mr. Mossrose himself.

'When I get my coat,' thought the Bond Street Alnaschar, 'I'll hire of Snaffle that easy-going cream-coloured 'oss that he bought from Astley's, and I'll canter through the Park, and *won't*

I pass through Little Bunker's Buildings, that's all? I'll wear my grey trousers with the velvet stripe down the side, and get my spurs lacquered up, and with a French polish to my boot; if I don't *do* for the Captain and the tailor too, my name's not Archibald. And I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll hire the small Clarence, and invite the Crumps to dinner at the Gar and Starter (this was his facetious way of calling the Star and Garter), and I'll ride by them all the way to Richmond. It's rather a long ride, but with Snaffle's soft saddle I can do it pretty easy, I daresay.' And so the honest fellow built castles upon castles in the air; and the last and most beautiful vision of all was Miss Crump 'in white satting, with a horange flower in her 'air,' putting him in possession of her lovely hand before the altar of St. George's, 'Anover Square. As for Woolsey, Eglantine determined that he should have the best wig his art could produce, for he had not the least fear of his rival.

These points then being arranged to the poor fellow's satisfaction, what does he do but send out for half a quire of pink note-paper, and in a filigree envelope despatch a note of invitation to the ladies at the Bootjack:—

BOWER OF BLOOM, BOND STREET,
Thursday.

'Mr. Archibald Eglantine presents compliments to Mrs. and Miss Crump, and requests *the honour and pleasure* of their company at the Star and Garter at Richmond to an early dinner on Sunday next.

'*If agreeable*, Mr. Eglantine's carriage will be at your door at three o'clock, and I propose to accompany them on horseback if agreeable likewise.'

This note was sealed with yellow wax, and sent to its destination; and, of course, Mr. Eglantine went himself for the answer in the evening; and of course he told the ladies to look out for a certain new coat he was going to sport on Sunday; and, of course, Mr. Walker happens to call the next day with spare tickets for Mrs. Crump and her daughter, when the whole secret was laid bare to him, how the ladies were going to Richmond on Sunday in Mr. Snaffle's Clarence, and how Mr. Eglantine was to ride by their side.

Mr. Walker did not keep horses of his own; his magnificent friends at the Regent had plenty in their stables, and some of these were at livery at the establishment of the Captain's old 'college' companion Mr. Snaffle. It was easy, therefore, for the Captain to renew his acquaintance with that individual. So, hanging on the arm of my Lord Vauxhall, Captain Walker next day

made his appearance at Snaffle's livery-stables and looked at the various horses there for sale or at bait, and soon managed, by putting some facetious questions to Mr. Snaffle regarding the Kidney Club, etc., to place himself on a friendly footing with that gentleman, and to learn from him what horse Mr. Eglantine was to ride on Sunday.

The monster Walker had fully determined in his mind that Eglantine should *fall off* that horse in the course of his Sunday's ride.

'That sing'lar hanimal,' said Mr. Snaffle, pointing to the old horse, 'is the celebrated Hemperor that was the wonder of Hastley's some years back, and was parted with by Mr. Ducrow honly because his feelin's wouldn't allow him to keep him no longer after the death of the first Mrs. D., who invariably rode him. I bought him, thinking that p'raps ladies and Cockney-bucks might like to ride him (for his haction is wonderful, and he canters like a harm-chair); but he's not safe on any day except Sundays.'

'And why's that?' asked Captain Walker. 'Why is he safer on Sundays than other days?'

'*Because there's no music* in the streets on Sundays. The first gent that rode him found himself dancing a quadrille in Hupper Brook Street to an 'urdy-gurdy that was playing "Cherry Ripe," such is the natur of the hanimal. And if you recklect the play of the "Battle of Hoysterlitz," in which Mrs. D. hacted "the female hussar," you may remember how she and the horse died in the third hact to the toon of "God preserve the Emperor," from which this horse took his name. Only play that toon to him, and he rears hisself hup, beats the hair in time with his fore legs, and then sinks gently to the ground, as though he were carried off by a cannon-ball. He served a lady hopposite Hapsley 'Ouse so one day, and since then I've never let him out to a friend except on Sunday, when, in course, there's no danger. Heglantine is a friend of mine, and, of course, I wouldn't put the poor fellow on a hanimal I couldn't trust.'

After a little more conversation, my lord and his friend quitted Mr. Snaffle's, and as they walked away towards the Regent, his lordship might be heard shrieking with laughter, crying, 'Capital, by jingo! exthlent! Dwive down in the dwag! Take Lungly. Worth a thousand pound, by Jove!' and similar ejaculations, indicative of exceeding delight.

On Saturday morning, at ten o'clock to a moment, Mr. Woolsey called at Mr. Eglantine's with a yellow handkerchief under his

arm. It contained the best and handsomest body-coat that ever gentleman put on. It fitted Eglantine to a nicety—it did not pinch him in the least, and yet it was of so exquisite a cut that the perfumer found, as he gazed delighted in the glass, that he looked like a manly, portly, high-bred gentleman—a lieutenant-colonel in the army, at the very least.

‘You’re a full man, Eglantine,’ said the tailor, delighted, too, with his own work; ‘but that can’t be helped. You look more like Hercules than Falstaff now, sir; and if a coat can make a gentleman, a gentleman you are. Let me recommend you to sink the blue cravat, and take the stripes off your trousers. Dress quiet, sir; draw it mild. Plain waistcoat, dark trousers, black neckcloth, black hat, and if there’s a better dressed man in Europe to-morrow I’m a Dutchman.’

‘Thank you, Woolsey—thank you, my dear sir,’ said the charmed perfumer. ‘And now I’ll just trouble you to try on this here.’

The wig had been made with equal skill; it was not in the florid style which Mr. Eglantine loved in his own person, but, as the perfumer said, a simple, straightforward head of hair. ‘It seems as if it had grown there all your life, Mr. Woolsey; nobody would tell that it was not your nat’ral colour (Mr. Woolsey blushed), it makes you look ten year younger; and as for that scarecrow yonder, you’ll never, I think, want to wear that again.’

Woolsey looked in the glass and was delighted too. The two rivals shook hands and straightway became friends, and in the overflowing of his heart the perfumer mentioned to the tailor the party which he had arranged for the next day, and offered him a seat in the carriage and at the dinner at the Star and Garter. ‘Would you like to ride?’ said Eglantine, with rather a consequential air. ‘Snaffle will mount you, and we can go one on each side of the ladies, if you like.’

But Woolsey humbly said he was not a riding-man, and gladly consented to take a place in the Clarence carriage, provided he was allowed to bear half the expenses of the entertainment. This proposal was agreed to by Mr. Eglantine, and the two gentlemen parted to meet once more at the Kidneys that night, when everybody was edified by the friendly tone adopted between them.

Mr. Snaffle, at the club-meeting, made the very same proposal to Mr. Woolsey that the perfumer had made; and stated that as Eglantine was going to ride Hemperor, Woolsey, at least, ought to mount too. But he was met by the same modest refusal on the tailor’s part, who stated that he had never mounted a horse yet, and preferred greatly the use of a coach.

Eglantine's character as a 'swell' rose greatly with the club that evening.

Two o'clock on Sunday came; the two *beaux* arrived punctually at the door to receive the two smiling ladies.

'Bless us, Mr. Eglantine!' said Miss Crump, quite struck by him, 'I never saw you look so handsome in your life.' He could have flung his arms round her neck at the compliment. 'And, law, Ma! what *has* happened to Mr. Woolsey? doesn't he look ten years younger than yesterday?' Mamma assented, and Woolsey bowed gallantly, and the two gentlemen exchanged a nod of hearty friendship.

The day was delightful. Eglantine pranced along magnificently on his cantering arm-chair, with his hat on one ear, his left hand on his side, and his head flung over his shoulder, and throwing under-glances at Morgiana whenever the Emperor was in advance of the Clarence. The Emperor pricked up his ears a little uneasily passing the Ebenezer chapel in Richmond, where the congregation were singing a hymn, but beyond this no accident occurred; nor was Mr. Eglantine in the least stiff or fatigued by the time the party reached Richmond, where he arrived time enough to give his steed into the charge of an hostler, and to present his elbow to the ladies as they alighted from the Clarence carriage.

What this jovial party ate for dinner at the Star and Garter need not here be set down. If they did not drink champagne I am very much mistaken; and if they did, and found it good and cheap, I am very much surprised. But they were as merry as any four people in Christendom; and between the bewildering attentions of the perfumer, and the manly courtesy of the tailor, Morgiana very likely forgot the gallant captain, or, at least, was very happy in his absence.

At eight o'clock they began to drive homewards. 'Won't you come into the carriage?' said Morgiana to Eglantine, with one of her tenderest looks; 'Dick can ride the horse.' But Archibald was too great a lover of equestrian exercise. 'I'm afraid to trust anybody on this horse,' said he, with a knowing look; and so he pranced away by the side of the little carriage. The moon was brilliant, and, with the aid of the gas-lamps, illuminated the whole face of the country in a way inexpressibly lovely.

Presently, in the distance, the sweet and plaintive notes of a bugle were heard, and the performer, with great delicacy, executed a religious air. 'Music, too! heavenly!' said Morgiana, throwing up her eyes to the stars. The music came nearer and nearer, and the delight of the company was only more intense. The fly was going at about four miles an hour, and the Emperor began cantering to time at the same rapid pace.

'This must be some gallantry of yours, Mr. Woolsey,' said the romantic Morgiana, turning upon that gentleman. 'Mr. Eglantine treated us to the dinner, and you have provided us with the music.'

Now Woolsey had been a little, a very little, dissatisfied, during the course of the evening's entertainment, by fancying that Eglantine, a much more voluble person than himself, had obtained rather an undue share of the ladies' favour; and as he himself paid half of the expenses, he felt very much vexed to think that the perfumer should take all the credit of the business to himself. So when Miss Crump asked if he had provided the music, he foolishly made an evasive reply to her query, and rather wished her to imagine that he *had* performed that piece of gallantry. 'If it pleases *you*, Miss Morgiana,' said this artful schneider, 'what more need any man ask? wouldn't I have all Drury Lane orchestra to please you?'

The bugle had by this time arrived quite close to the Clarence carriage, and if Morgiana had looked round she might have seen whence the music came. Behind her came slowly a drag, or private stage-coach, with four horses. Two grooms with cockades and folded arms were behind; and driving on the box, a little gentleman, with a blue, bird's-eye neckcloth, and a white coat. A bugleman was by his side, who performed the melodies which so delighted Miss Crump. He played very gently and sweetly, and 'God save the King' trembled so softly out of the brazen orifice of his bugle, that the Crumps, the tailor, and Eglantine himself, who was riding close by the carriage, were quite charmed and subdued.

'Thank you, *dear* Mr. Woolsey,' said the grateful Morgiana; which made Eglantine stare, and Woolsey was just saying, 'Really, upon my word, I've nothing to do with it,' when the man on the drag-box said to the bugleman, 'Now!'

The bugleman began the tune of

Heaven preserve our Emperor Fra-an-cis,
Rut tum-ti-tum-ti-titty-ti.

At the sound, the Emperor reared himself (with a roar from Mr. Eglantine), reared and beat the air with his fore-paws; Eglantine flung his arms round the beast's neck, still he kept beating time with his fore-paws. Mrs. Crump screamed: Mr. Woolsey, Dick, the Clarence coachman, Lord Vauxhall (for it was he), and his lordship's two grooms, burst into a shout of laughter; Morgiana cries 'Mercy! mercy!' Eglantine yells 'Stop!' -- 'Wo!' -- 'O!' and a thousand ejaculations of hideous terror; until, at

last, down drops the Emperor stone dead in the middle of the road, as if carried off by a cannon-ball.

Fancy the situation, ye callous souls who laugh at the misery of humanity, fancy the situation of poor Eglantine under the Emperor! He had fallen very easy, the animal lay perfectly quiet, and the perfumer was to all intents and purposes as dead as the animal. He had not fainted, but he was immovable with terror; he lay in a puddle, and thought it was his own blood gushing from him; and he would have lain there until Monday morning, if my lord's grooms, descending, had not dragged him by the coat-collar from under the beast, who still lay quiet.

'Play "Charming Judy Callaghan," will ye?' says Mr. Snaffle's man, the fly-driver; on which the bugler performed that lively air, and up started the horse, and the grooms, who were rubbing Mr. Eglantine down against a lamp-post, invited him to remount.

But his heart was too broken for that. The ladies gladly made room for him in the Clarence. Dick mounted Emperor and rode homewards. The drag, too, drove away, playing, 'Oh, dear, what can the matter be?' and with a scowl of furious hate, Mr. Eglantine sat and regarded his rival. His pantaloons were split, and his coat torn up the back.

'Are you hurt much, dear Mr. Archibald?' said Morgiana, with unaffected compassion.

'N-not much,' said the poor fellow, ready to burst into tears.

'Oh, Mr. Woolsey,' added the good-natured girl, 'how could you play such a trick?'

'Upon my word,' Woolsey began, intending to plead innocence; but the ludicrousness of the situation was once more too much for him, and he burst out into a roar of laughter.

'You! you cowardly beast,' howled out Eglantine, now driven to fury, '*you* laugh at me, you miserable cretur! Take *that*, sir!' and he fell upon him with all his might, and well-nigh throttled the tailor, and pummelling his eyes, his nose, his ears, with inconceivable rapidity, wrenched, finally, his wig off his head, and flung it into the road.

Morgiana saw that Woolsey had red hair.

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CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH THE HEROINE HAS A NUMBER MORE LOVERS, AND CUTS A VERY DASHING FIGURE IN THE WORLD.

Two years have elapsed since the festival at Richmond, which, begun so peaceably, ended in such general uproar. Morgiana never could be brought to pardon Woolsey's red hair, nor to help laughing at Eglantine's disasters, nor could the two gentlemen be reconciled to one another. Woolsey, indeed, sent a challenge to the perfumer to meet him with pistols, which the latter declined, saying, justly, that tradesmen had no business with such weapons : on this the tailor proposed to meet him with coats off, and have it out like men in the presence of their friends of the Kidney Club. The perfumer said he would be party to no such vulgar transaction ; on which, Woolsey, exasperated, made an oath that he would tweak the perfumer's nose so surely as he ever entered the club-room, and thus *one* member of the Kidneys was compelled to vacate his arm-chair.

Woolsey himself attended every meeting regularly, but he did not evince that gaiety and good-humour which renders men's company agreeable in clubs. On arriving, he would order the boy to 'tell him when that scoundrel Eglantine came,' and, hanging up his hat on a peg, would scowl round the room, and tuck up his sleeves very high, and stretch, and shake his fingers and wrists, as if getting them ready for that pull of the nose which he intended to bestow upon his rival. So prepared, he would sit down and smoke his pipe quite silently, glaring at all, and jumping up, and hitching up his coat-sleeves, when any one entered the room.

The Kidneys did not like this behaviour. Clinker ceased to come. Bustard, the poulterer, ceased to come. As for Snaffle, he also disappeared, for Woolsey wished to make him answerable for the misbehaviour of Eglantine, and proposed to him the duel which the latter had declined. So Snaffle went. Presently they all went, except the tailor and Trestle, who lived down the street, and these two would sit and puff their tobacco, one on each side of Crump, the landlord, as silent as Indian chiefs in a wigwam. There grew to be more and more room for poor old Crump in his chair and in his clothes ; the Kidneys were gone, and why should he remain ? One Saturday he did not come down to preside at the club (as he still fondly called it), and the Saturday following

Trestle had made a coffin for him ; and Woolsey, with the undertaker by his side, followed to the grave the father of the Kidneys.

Mrs. Crump was now alone in the world. 'How alone?' says some innocent and respected reader. Ah! my dear sir, do you know so little of human nature as not to be aware that one week after the Richmond affair, Morgiana married Captain Walker? That did she privately, of course; and, after the ceremony, came tripping back to her parents, as young people do in plays, and said, 'Forgive me, dear pa and ma, I'm married, and here is my husband, the Captain!' Papa and mamma did forgive her, as why shouldn't they? and papa paid over her fortune to her, which she carried home delighted to the Captain. This happened several months before the demise of old Crump; and Mrs. Captain Walker was on the Continent with her Howard when that melancholy event took place, hence Mrs. Crump's loneliness and unprotected condition. Morgiana had not latterly seen much of the old people; how could she, moving in her exalted sphere, receive at her genteel new residence in the Edgware Road the old publican and his wife?

Being, then, alone in the world, Mrs. Crump could not abear, she said, to live in the house where she had been so respected and happy: so she sold the good-will of the Bootjack, and, with the money arising from this sale and her own private fortune, being able to muster some sixty pounds per annum, retired to the neighbourhood of her dear old Sadler's Wells, where she boarded with one of Mrs. Serle's forty pupils. Her heart was broken, she said; but nevertheless, about nine months after Mr. Crump's death, the wallflowers, nasturtiums, polyanthuses, and convolvuluses began to blossom under her bonnet as usual; in a year she was dressed quite as fine as ever, and now never missed the Wells, or some other place of entertainment, one single night, but was as regular as the box-keeper. Nay, she was a buxom widow still, and an old flame of hers, Fisk, so celebrated as pantaloon in Grimaldi's time, but now doing the 'heavy fathers' at the Wells, proposed to her to exchange her name for his.

But this proposal the worthy widow declined altogether. To say truth, she was exceedingly proud of her daughter, Mrs. Captain Walker. They did not see each other much at first; but every now and then Mrs. Crump would pay her visit to the folks in Connaught Square; and on the days when 'the Captain's' lady called in the City Road, there was not a single official at the 'Wells,' from the first tragedian down to the call-boy, who was not made aware of the fact.

It has been said that Morgiana carried home her fortune in

her own reticule, and smiling placed the money in her husband's lap; and hence the reader may imagine, who knows Mr. Walker to be an extremely selfish fellow, that a great scene of anger must have taken place, and many coarse oaths and epithets of abuse must have come from him, when he found that five hundred pounds was all that his wife had, although he had expected five thousand with her. But, to say the truth, Walker was at this time almost in love with his handsome, rosy, good-humoured, simple wife. They had made a fortnight's tour, during which they had been exceedingly happy; and there was something so frank and touching in the way in which the kind creature flung her all into his lap, saluting him with a hearty embrace at the same time, and wishing that it were a thousand billion, billion times more, so that her darling Howard might enjoy it, that the man would have been a ruffian indeed could he have found it in his heart to be angry with her; and so he kissed her in return, and patted her on the shining ringlets, and then counted over the notes with rather a disconsolate air, and ended by locking them up in his portfolio. In fact, *she* had never deceived him; Eglantine had, and he in return had out-tricked Eglantine; and so warm were his affections for Morgiana at this time, that, upon my word and honour, I don't think he repented of his bargain. Besides, five hundred pounds in crisp bank-notes was a sum of money such as the Captain was not in the habit of handling every day; a dashing, sanguine fellow, he thought there was no end to it, and already thought of a dozen ways by which it should increase and multiply into a plum. Woe is me! Has not many a simple soul examined five new hundred-pound-notes in this way, and calculated their powers of duration and multiplication!

This subject, however, is too painful to be dwelt on. Let us hear what Walker did with his money. Why, he furnished the house in the Edgware Road before mentioned, he ordered a handsome service of plate, he sported a phaeton and two ponies, he kept a couple of smart maids and a groom-footboy,—in fact, he mounted just such a neat, unpretending, gentlemanlike establishment as becomes a respectable young couple on their outset in life. 'I've sown my wild oats,' he would say to his acquaintances; 'a few years since, perhaps, I would have longed to cut a dash, but now prudence is the word; and I've settled every farthing of Mrs. Walker's fifteen thousand on herself.' And the best proof that the world had confidence in him is the fact, that for the articles of plate, equipage, and furniture, which have been mentioned as being in his possession, he did not pay one single shilling; and so prudent was he, that but for turnpikes,

postage-stamps, and king's taxes, he hardly had occasion to change a five-pound note of his wife's fortune.

To tell the truth, Mr. Walker had determined to make his fortune. And what is easier in London? Is not the share-market open to all! Do not Spanish and Columbian bonds rise and fall? For what are companies invented but to place thousands in the pockets of shareholders and directors? Into these commercial pursuits the gallant captain now plunged with great energy, and made some brilliant hits at first starting, and bought and sold so opportunely, that his name began to rise in the city as a capitalist, and might be seen in the printed list of directors of many excellent and philanthropic schemes, of which there is never any lack in London. Business to the amount of thousands was done at his agency; shares of vast value were bought and sold under his management. How poor Mr. Eglantine used to hate him and envy him, as from the door of his emporium (the firm was Eglantine and Mossrose now) he saw the Captain daily arrive in his ponyphaeton, and heard of the start he had taken in life.

The only regret Mrs. Walker had was that she did not enjoy enough of her husband's society. His business called him away all day; his business, too, obliged him to leave her of evenings very frequently alone; whilst (always in pursuit of business) he was dining with his great friends at the club, and drinking claret and champagne to the same end.

She was a perfectly good-natured and simple soul, and never made him a single reproach; but when he could pass an evening at home with her she was delighted, and when he could drive with her in the Park she was happy for a week after. On these occasions, and in the fulness of her heart, she would drive to her mother and tell her story. 'Howard drove with me in the Park yesterday, mamma;' 'Howard has promised to take me to the Opera,' and so forth. And that evening the manager, Mr. Gawler, the first tragedian, Mrs. Serle and her forty pupils, all the box-keepers, bonnet-women—nay, the ginger-beer girls themselves at the Wells, knew that Captain and Mrs. Walker were at Kensington Gardens, or were to have the Marchioness of Billingsgate's box at the Opera. One night—oh! joy of joys!—Mrs. Captain Walker appeared in a private-box at the Wells. That's she with the black ringlets and Cashmere shawl, smelling-bottle, black velvet gown, and bird of paradise in her hat. Goodness gracious! how they all acted at her, Gawler and all, and how happy Mrs. Crump was! She kissed her daughter between all the acts, she nodded to all her friends on the stage, in the slips, or in the real water; she introduced her daughter, Mrs. Captain Walker, to the box-opener,

and Melvil Delamere (the first comic), Conterfield (the tyrant), and Jonesini (the celebrated Fontarabian statuesque), were all on the steps and shouted for Mrs. Captain Walker's carriage, and waved their hats and bowed as the little pony phaeton drove away. Walker, in his moustachios, had come in at the end of the play, and was not a little gratified by the compliments paid to himself and lady.

Among the other articles of luxury with which the Captain furnished his house we must not omit to mention an extremely grand piano, which occupied four-fifths of Mrs. Walker's little back drawing-room, and at which she was in the habit of practising continually. All day and all night during Walker's absences (and these occurred all night and all day) you might hear—the whole street might hear—the voice of the lady at No. 23 gurgling, and shaking, and quavering, as ladies do when they practise. The street did not approve of the continuance of the noise, but neighbours are difficult to please, and what would Morgiana have had to do if she had ceased to sing? It would be hard to lock a blackbird in a cage and prevent him from singing too. And so Walker's blackbird, in the snug little cage in the Edgware Road, sung and was not unhappy.

After the pair had been married for about a year, the omnibus that passes both by Mrs. Crump's house, near the Wells, and by Mrs. Walker's street off the Edgware Road, brought up the former-named lady almost every day to her daughter. She came when the Captain had gone to his business; she stayed to a two-o'clock dinner with Morgiana, she drove with her in the pony-carriage round the Park, but she never stopped later than six. Had she not to go to the play at seven? And, besides, the Captain *might* come home with some of his great friends, and he always swore and grumbled much if he found his mother-in-law on the premises. As for Morgiana, she was one of those women who encourage despotism in husbands. What the husband says must be right, because he says it; what he orders must be obeyed tremblingly. Mrs. Walker gave up her entire reason to her lord. Why was it? Before marriage she had been an independent little person; she had far more brains than her Howard. I think it must have been his moustachios that frightened her and caused in her this humility.

Selfish husbands have this advantage in maintaining with easy-minded wives a rigid and inflexible behaviour, viz. that, if they *do* by any chance grant a little favour, the ladies receive it with such transports of gratitude as they would never think of showing to a lord and master who was accustomed to give them everything

they asked for; and hence, when Captain Walker signified his assent to his wife's prayer that she should take a singing-master, she thought his generosity almost divine, and fell upon her mamma's neck, when that lady came the next day, and said what a dear adorable angel her Howard was, and what ought she not to do for a man who had taken her from her humble station, and raised her to be what she was! What she was, poor soul! She was the wife of a swindling *parvenu* gentleman. She received visits from six ladies of her husband's acquaintances, the two attorneys' ladies, his bill-broker's lady, and one or two more, of whose characters we had best, if you please, say nothing; and she thought it an honour to be so distinguished,—as if Walker had been a Lord Exeter to marry a humble maiden, or a noble prince to fall in love with a humble Cinderella, or a majestic Jove to come down from heaven and woo a Semele. Look through the world, respectable reader, and among your honourable acquaintances, and say if this sort of faith in women is not very frequent? They *will* believe in their husbands, whatever the latter do. Let John be dull, ugly, vulgar and a humbug, his Mary Anne never finds it out; let him tell his stories ever so many times, there is she always ready with her kind smile; let him be stingy, she says he is prudent; let him quarrel with his best friend, she says he is always in the right; let him be prodigal, she says he is generous, and that his health requires enjoyment; let him be idle, he must have relaxation; and she will pinch herself and her household that he may have a guinea for his club. Yes; and every morning, as she wakes and looks at the bristly, coarse, mottled, red-nosed face, snorting under the night-cap on the pillow by her side—every morning, I say, she blesses that dull ugly countenance, and the dull ugly soul reposing there, and thinks both are something divine. I want to know how it is that women do not find out their husbands to be humbugs? Nature has so provided it, and thanks to her. When last year they were acting the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and all the boxes began to roar with great coarse heehaws at Titania hugging Bottom's long ears—to me, considering these things, it seemed that there were a hundred other male brutes squatted round about, and treated just as reasonably as Bottom was. Their Titanias lulled them to sleep in their laps, summoned a hundred smiling, delicate, household fairies to tickle their gross intellects and minister to their vulgar pleasures; and (as the above remarks are only supposed to apply to honest women loving their own lawful spouses) a mercy it is that no wicked Puck is in the way to open their eyes, and point out their folly. *Cui bono?* let them live on in their deceit; I know two lovely ladies

who will read this, and will say it is just very likely, and not see in the least that it has been written regarding *them*.

Another point of sentiment, and one curious to speculate on. Have you not remarked the immense works of art that women get through? The worsted-work sofas, the counterpanes patched or knitted (but these are among the old-fashioned in the country), the bushels of pin-cushions, the albums they laboriously fill, the tremendous pieces of music they practise, the thousand other fiddle-faddles which occupy the attention of the dear souls—nay, have we not seen them seated of evenings in a squad or company, Louisa employed at the worsted-work before mentioned, Eliza at the pin-cushions, Amelia at card-racks or flagree matches, and, in the midst, Theodosia, with one of the candles, reading out a novel aloud? Ah! my dear sir, mortal creatures must be very hard put to it for amusement, be sure of that, when they are forced to gather together in a company and hear novels read aloud! They only do it because they can't help it, depend upon it; it is a sad life, a poor pastime. Mr. Dickens, in his American book, tells of the prisoners at the silent prison, how they had ornamented their rooms, some of them with a frightful prettiness and elaboration. Women's fancy-work is of this sort often—only prison-work, done because there was no other exercising-ground for their poor little thoughts and fingers; and hence these wonderful pin-cushions are executed, these counterpanes woven, these sonatas learned. By everything sentimental, when I see two kind, innocent, fresh-cheeked young women go to a piano and sit down opposite to it upon two chairs piled with more or less of music-books (according to their convenience), and, so seated, go through a set of double-barrelled variations upon this tune or that by Herz or Kalkbrenner,—I say, far from receiving any satisfaction at the noise made by the performance, my too susceptible heart is given up entirely to bleeding for the performers. What hours, and weeks, nay, preparatory years of study, has that infernal jingle cost them! What sums has papa paid, what scoldings has mamma administered ('Lady Bullblock does not play herself,' Sir Thomas says, 'but she has naturally the finest ear for music ever known!'); what evidences of slavery, in a word, are there! It is the condition of the young lady's existence. She breakfasts at eight, she does *Magnall's Questions* with the governess till ten, she practises till one, she walks in the square with bars round her till two, then she practises again, then she sews or hems, or reads French, or Hume's *History*, then she comes down to play to papa, because he likes music whilst he is asleep after dinner, and then it is bed-time, and the morrow is another day with what are called the same

'duties' to be gone through. A friend of mine went to call at a nobleman's house the other day, and one of the young ladies of the house came into the room with a tray on her head, this tray was to give Lady Maria a graceful carriage. *Mon Dieu!* and who knows but at that moment Lady Bell was at work with a pair of her dumb namesakes, and Lady Sophy lying flat on a stretching-board? I could write whole articles on this theme; but peace! we are keeping Mrs. Walker waiting all the while.

Well, then, if the above disquisitions have anything to do with the story, as no doubt they have, I wish it to be understood that, during her husband's absence and her own solitary confinement, Mrs. Howard Walker bestowed a prodigious quantity of her time and energy on the cultivation of her musical talent; and having, as before stated, a very fine loud voice, speedily attained no ordinary skill in the use of it. She first had for teacher little Podmore, the fat chorus-master at the Wells, and who had taught her mother the 'Tink-a-tink' song which has been such a favourite since it appeared in this Magazine.¹ He grounded her well, and bade her eschew the singing of all those Eagle Tavern ballads in which her heart formerly delighted; and when he had brought her to a certain point of skill, the honest little chorus-master said she should have a still better instructor, and wrote a note to Captain Walker (inclosing his own little account), speaking in terms of the most flattering encomium of his lady's progress, and recommending that she should take lessons of the celebrated Baroski. Captain Walker dismissed Podmore then, and engaged Signor Baroski, at a vast expense, as he did not fail to tell his wife. In fact, he owed Baroski no less than two hundred and twenty guineas when he came to file his Sched. . . . But we are advancing matters.

Little Baroski is the author of the opera of *Eliogabalo*, of the oratorio of *Purgatorio*, which made such an immense sensation, of songs and ballet-musics innumerable. He is a German by birth, and shows such an outrageous partiality for pork and sausages, and attends at church so constantly, that I am sure there cannot be any foundation in the story that he is a member of the ancient religion. He is a fat little man, with a hooked nose and jetty whiskers, and coal-black shining eyes, and plenty of rings and jewels on his fingers and about his person, and a very considerable portion of his shirt-sleeves turned over his coat to take the air. His great hands (which can sprawl over half a piano, and produce those effects on the instrument for which he is celebrated) are encased in lemon-coloured kids, new, or cleaned daily. Parenthetically, let us ask why so many men with coarse red wrists and

¹ [*Men's Wives* appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*.]

big hands persist in the white kid glove and wristband system? Baroski's gloves alone must cost him a little fortune; only, he says with a leer, when asked the question, 'Get along vid you; don't you know dere is a gloveress that lets me have dem very sheap?' He rides in the Park; has splendid lodgings in Dover Street; and is a member of the Regent Club, where he is a great source of amusement to the members, to whom he tells astonishing stories of his successes with the ladies, and for whom he has always play and opera tickets in store. His eye glistens and his little heart beats when a lord speaks to him; and he has been known to spend large sums of money in giving treats to young sprigs of fashion at Richmond and elsewhere. 'In my bolyticks,' he says, 'I am consarevatiff to de bag-bone.' In fine, he is a puppy, and withal a man of considerable genius in his profession.

This gentleman then undertook to complete the musical education of Mrs. Walker. He expressed himself at once 'enchanted vid her gababilities,' found that the extent of her voice was 'brodigious,' and guaranteed that she should become a first-rate singer. The pupil was apt, the master was exceedingly skilful; and, accordingly, Mrs. Walker's progress was very remarkable; although, for her part, honest Mrs. Crump, who used to attend her daughter's lessons, would grumble not a little at the new system, and the endless exercises which she, Morgiana, was made to go through. It was very different in *her* time, she said. Inledon knew no music, and who could sing so well now? Give her a good English ballad; it was a thousand times sweeter than your *Figaros* and *Semiramides*.

In spite of these objections, however, and with amazing perseverance and cheerfulness, Mrs. Walker pursued the method of study pointed out to her by her master. As soon as her husband went to the City in the morning her operations began; if he remained away at dinner, her labours still continued; nor is it necessary for me to particularise her course of study, nor, indeed, possible, for, between ourselves, none of the male Fitz-Boodles ever could sing a note, and the jargon of scales and solfeggios is quite unknown to me. But as no man can have seen persons addicted to music without remarking the prodigious energies they display in the pursuit, as there is no father of daughters, however ignorant, but is aware of the piano-rattling and voice-exercising which goes on in his house from morning till night, so let all fancy, without further inquiry, how the heroine of this our story was at this stage of her existence occupied.

Walker was delighted with her progress, and did everything but pay Baroski, her instructor. We know why he didn't pay. It was his nature not to pay bills, except on extreme compulsion;

but why did not Baroski employ that extreme compulsion? Because, if he had received his money, he would have lost his pupil, and because he loved his pupil more than money. Rather than lose her, he would have given her a guinea, as well as her *cachet*. He would sometimes disappoint a great personage, but he never missed his attendance on *her*; and the truth must out, that he was in love with her, as Woolsey and Eglantine had been before.

'By de immortal Chofe!' he would say, 'dat letell ding sents me mat vid her big ice! But only vait avile, in six weeks I can bring any voman in England on her knees to me; and you shall see vat I vill do vid my Morgiana.' He attended her for six weeks punctually, and yet Morgiana was never brought down on her knees; he exhausted his best stock of 'gomblimends,' and she never seemed disposed to receive them with anything but laughter. And, as a matter of course, he only grew more infatuated with the lovely creature who was so provokingly good-humoured and so laughingly cruel.

Benjamin Baroski was one of the chief ornaments of the musical profession in London; he charged a guinea for a lesson of three-quarters of an hour abroad, and he had, furthermore, a school at his own residence, where pupils assembled in considerable numbers, and of that curious mixed kind which those may see who frequent these places of instruction. There were very innocent young ladies with their mammas, who would hurry them off trembling to the farther corner of the room when certain doubtful professional characters made their appearance. There was Miss Grigg, who sung at the Foundling, and Mr. Johnson, who sung at the Eagle Tavern, and Madame Fioravanti (a *very* doubtful character), who sung nowhere, but was always coming out at the Italian Opera. There was Lumley Limpiter (Lord Tweedledale's son), one of the most accomplished tenors in town, and who, we have heard, sings with the professionals at a hundred concerts; and with him, too, was Captain Guzzard of the Guards, with his tremendous bass voice, which all the world declared to be as fine as Porto's, and who shared the applause of Baroski's school with Mr. Bulger, the dentist of Sackville Street, who neglected his ivory and gold plates for his voice, as every unfortunate individual will do who is bitten by the music mania. Then among the ladies there were a half-score of dubious pale governesses and professionals with turned frocks and lank damp *bandeaux* of hair under shabby little bonnets; luckless creatures these, who were parting with their poor little store of half-guineas to be enabled to say they were pupils of Signor Baroski, and so get pupils of their own among the British youths, or employment in the choruses of the theatres.

The *prima donna* of the little company was Amelia Larkins, Baroski's own articulated pupil, on whose future reputation the eminent master staked his own, whose profits he was to share, and whom he had farmed, to this end, from her father, a most respectable sheriff's officer's assistant, and now, by his daughter's exertions, a considerable capitalist. Amelia is blonde and blue-eyed, her complexion is as bright as snow, her ringlets of the colour of straw, her figure . . . but why describe her figure? Has not all the world seen her at the Theatres Royal and in America under the name of Miss Ligonier?

Until Mrs. Walker arrived, Miss Larkins was the undisputed princess of the Baroski company—the Semiramide, the Rosina, the Tamina, the Donna Anna. Baroski vaunted her everywhere as the great rising genius of the day, bade Catalani look to her laurels, and questioned whether Miss Stephens could sing a ballad like his pupil. Mrs. Howard Walker arrived, and created, on the first occasion, no small sensation. She improved, and the little society became speedily divided into Walkerites and Larkinsians; and between these two ladies (as, indeed, between Guzzard and Bulger before mentioned, between Miss Brunck and Miss Horsman, the two contraltos, and between the chorus-singers, after their kind) a great rivalry arose. Larkins was certainly the better singer; but could her straw-coloured curls and dumpy, high-shouldered figure bear any comparison with the jetty ringlets and stately form of Morgiana? Did not Mrs. Walker, too, come to the music-lesson in her carriage, and with a black velvet gown and Cashmere shawl, while poor Larkins meekly stepped from Bell Yard, Temple Bar, in an old print gown and clogs, which she left in the hall? 'Larkins sing!' said Mrs. Crump, sarcastically. 'I'm sure she ought; her mouth's big enough to sing a duet.' Poor Larkins had no one to make epigrams in her behoof; her mother was at home tending the younger ones, her father abroad following the duties of his profession, she had but one protector, as she thought, and that one was Baroski. Mrs. Crump did not fail to tell Lumley Limpiter of her own former triumphs, and to sing him 'Tink-a-tink,' which we have previously heard, and to state how in former days she had been called the Ravenswing. And Lumley, on this hint, made a poem, in which he compared Morgiana's hair to the plumage of the Ravenswing, and Larkinissa's to that of the canary; by which two names the ladies began soon to be known in the school. Ere long, the flight of the Ravenswing became evidently stronger, whereas that of the canary was seen evidently to droop. When Morgiana sung, all the room would cry 'bravo'; when Amelia performed, scarce a hand was raised

for applause of her, except Morgiana's own, and that the Larkinses thought was lifted in odious triumph rather than in sympathy, for Miss L. was of an envious turn, and little understood the generosity of her rival.

At last, one day, the crowning victory of the Ravenswing came. In the trio of Baroski's own opera of *Eliogabalo*, 'Rosy lips and rosy wine,' Miss Larkins, who was evidently unwell, was taking the part of the English captive, which she had sung in public concerts before royal dukes, and with considerable applause, and, from some reason, performed it so ill, that Baroski, slapping down the music on the piano in a fury, cried, 'Mrs. Howard Walker, as Miss Larkins cannot sing to-day, will you favour us by taking the part of Boadicetta?' Mrs. Walker got up smilingly to obey—the triumph was too great to be withstood; and, as she advanced to the piano, Miss Larkins looked wildly at her, and stood silent for a while, and, at last, shrieked out '*Benjamin!*' in a tone of extreme agony, and dropped fainting down on the ground. Benjamin looked extremely red, it must be confessed, at being thus called by what we shall denominate his Christian name, and Limpiter looked round at Guzzard, and Miss Brunck nudged Miss Horsman, and the lesson concluded rather abruptly that day, for Miss Larkins was carried off to the next room, laid on a couch, and sprinkled with water.

Good-natured Morgiana insisted that her mother should take Miss Larkins to Bell Yard in her carriage, and went herself home on foot; but I don't know that this piece of kindness prevented Larkins from hating her. I should doubt if it did.

Hearing so much of his wife's skill as a singer, the astute Captain Walker determined to take advantage of it for the purpose of increasing his 'connexion.' He had Lumley Limpiter at his house before long, which was, indeed, no great matter, for honest Lum would go anywhere for a good dinner, and an opportunity to show off his voice afterwards, and Lumley was begged to bring any more clerks in the Treasury of his acquaintance; Captain Guzzard was invited, and any officers of the Guards whom he might choose to bring; Bulger received occasional cards;—in a word, and after a short time, Mrs. Howard Walker's musical parties began to be considerably *suivies*. Her husband had the satisfaction to see his rooms filled by many great personages; and once or twice in return (indeed, whenever she was wanted, or when people could not afford to hire the first singers) she was asked to parties elsewhere, and treated with that killing civility which our English aristocracy knows how to bestow on artists. Clever and wise aristocracy! It is sweet to mark your ways, and study your commerce with inferior men.

I was just going to commence a tirade regarding the aristocracy here and to rage against that cool assumption of superiority which distinguishes their lordships' commerce with artists of all sorts, that politeness which, if it condescend to receive artists at all, takes care to have them all together, so that there can be no mistake about their rank—that august patronage of art which rewards it with a silly flourish of knighthood, to be sure, but takes care to exclude it from any contact with its betters in society—I was, I say, just going to commence a tirade against the aristocracy for excluding artists from their company, and to be extremely satirical upon them, for instance, for not receiving my friend Morgiana, when it suddenly came into my head to ask, was Mrs. Walker fit to move in the best society?—to which query it must humbly be replied that she was not. Her education was not such as to make her quite the equal of Baker Street. She was a kind, honest, and clever creature; but it must be confessed not refined. Wherever she went she had, if not the finest, at any rate the most showy gown in the room; her ornaments were the biggest, her hats, toques, berets, marabouts, and other fallals, always the most conspicuous. She drops 'h's' here and there. I have seen her eat peas with a knife (and Walker, scowling on the opposite side of the table, striving in vain to catch her eye); and I shall never forget Lady Smigsmag's horror when she asked for porter at dinner, and began to drink it out of the pewter pot. It was a fine sight. She lifted up the tankard with one of the finest arms, covered with the biggest bracelets ever seen; and had a bird-of-paradise on her head, that curled round the pewter disk of the pot as she raised it, like a halo. These peculiarities she had, and has still. She is best away from the genteel world, that is the fact. When she says that 'The weather is so 'ot that it is quite debilitating,' when she laughs, when she hits her neighbour at dinner on the side of the waistcoat (as she will if he should say anything that amuses her), she does what is perfectly natural and unaffected on her part, but what is not customarily done among polite persons, who can sneer at her odd manners and her vanity, but don't know the kindness, honesty, and simplicity, which distinguish her? This point being admitted, it follows, of course, that the tirade against the aristocracy would, in the present instance, be out of place—so it shall be reserved for some other occasion.

The Ravenswing was a person admirably disposed by nature to be happy. She had a disposition so kindly that any small attention would satisfy it; was pleased when alone; was delighted in a crowd; was charmed with a joke, however old; was always ready to laugh, to sing, to dance, or to be merry; was so tender-

hearted that the smallest ballad would make her cry, and hence was supposed, by many persons, to be extremely affected, and by almost all, to be a downright coquette. Several competitors for her favour presented themselves besides Baroski. Young dandies used to canter round her phaeton in the Park, and might be seen haunting her doors in the mornings. The fashionable artist of the day made a drawing of her, which was engraved and sold in the shops; a copy of it was printed in a song, 'Black-eyed Maiden of Araby,' the words by Desmond Mulligan, Esq., the music composed and dedicated to MRS. HOWARD WALKER, by her most faithful and obliged servant, Benjamin Baroski; and at night her Opera-box was full. Her Opera-box? Yes, the heiress of the Bootjack actually had an Opera-box, and some of the most fashionable manhood of London attended it.

Now, in fact, was the time of her greatest prosperity; and her husband, gathering these fashionable characters about him, extended his 'agency' considerably, and began to thank his stars that he had married a woman who was as good as a fortune to him.

In extending his agency, however, Mr. Walker increased his expenses proportionably, and multiplied his debts accordingly. More furniture and more plate, more wines and more dinner-parties, became necessary; the little pony-phaeton was exchanged for a brougham of evenings; and we may fancy our old friend Mr. Eglantine's rage and disgust, as he looked up from the pit of the Opera, to see Mrs. Walker, surrounded by what he called 'the swell young nob's' about London, bowing to my lord, and laughing with his grace, and led to her carriage by Sir John.

The Ravenswing's position at this period was rather an exceptionable one. She was an honest woman, visited by that peculiar class of our aristocracy who chiefly associate with ladies who are *not* honest. She laughed with all, but she encouraged none. Old Crump was constantly at her side now when she appeared in public, the most watchful of mammas, always awake at the Opera, though she seemed to be always asleep; but no dandy debauchee could deceive her vigilance, and for this reason, Walker, who disliked her, as every man naturally will, must, and should dislike his mother-in-law, was contented to suffer her in his house to act as a *chaperon* to Morgiana.

None of the young dandies ever got admission of mornings to the little mansion in the Edgware Road; the blinds were always down, and though you might hear Morgiana's voice half across the Park as she was practising, yet the youthful hall-porter, in the sugar-loaf buttons, was instructed to deny her, and always

declared that his mistress was gone out, with the most admirable assurance.

After some two years of her life of splendour, there were, to be sure, a good number of morning visitors who came with *single* knocks, and asked for Captain Walker, but these were no more admitted than the dandies aforesaid, and were referred, generally, to the Captain's office, whither they went or not at their convenience. The only man who obtained admission into the house was Baroski, whose cab transported him thrice a week to the neighbourhood of Connaught Square, and who obtained ready entrance in his professional capacity.

But even then, and much to the wicked little music-master's disappointment, the dragon Crump was always at the piano with her endless worsted work, or else reading her unfailing *Sunday Times*; and Baroski could only employ 'de langvitch of de ice,' as he called it, with his fair pupil, who used to mimic his manner of rolling his eyes about afterwards, and perform 'Baroski in love,' for the amusement of her husband and her mamma. The former had his reasons for overlooking the attentions of the little music-master; and as for the latter, had she not been on the stage, and had not many hundreds of persons, in jest or earnest, made love to her? What else can a pretty woman expect, who is much before the public? And so the worthy mother counselled her daughter to bear these attentions with good humour, rather than to make them a subject of perpetual alarm and quarrel.

Baroski, then, was allowed to go on being in love, and never was in the least disturbed in his passion; and, if he was not successful, at least the little wretch could have the pleasure of *hinting* that he was, and looking particularly roguish when the Ravenswing was named, and assuring his friends at the club that 'upon his vort dere vas no trut *in dat rebort*.'

At last one day it happened that Mrs. Crump did not arrive in time for her daughter's lesson (perhaps it rained, and the omnibus was full—a smaller circumstance than that has changed a whole life ere now)—Mrs. Crump did not arrive, and Baroski did, and Morgiana, seeing no great harm, sat down to her lesson as usual, and in the midst of it down went the music-master on his knees, and made a declaration in the most eloquent terms he could master.

'Don't be a fool, Baroski!' said the lady—(I can't help it if her language was not more choice, and if she did not rise with cold dignity, exclaiming, 'Unhand me, sir!')—'don't be a fool!' said Mrs. Walker, 'but get up and let's finish the lesson.'

'You hard-hearted adorable little creature, vil you not listen to me?'

'No, I vill not listen to you, Benjamin!' concluded the lady; 'get up and take a chair, and don't go on in that ridiclous way, don't!'

But Baroski, having a speech by heart, determined to deliver himself of it in that posture, and begged Morgiana not to turn away her divine hie, and to listen to de voice of his despair, and so forth, and seized the lady's hand, and was going to press it to his lips, when she said, with more spirit, perhaps, than grace,—

'Leave go my hand, sir; I'll box your ears if you don't!'

But Baroski wouldn't release her hand, and was proceeding to imprint a kiss upon it, and Mrs. Crump, who had taken the omnibus at a quarter past twelve instead of that at twelve, had just opened the drawing-room door and was walking in, when Morgiana, turning as red as a peony, and unable to disengage her left hand, which the musician held, raised up her right hand, and, with all her might and main, gave her lover such a tremendous slap in the face as caused him abruptly to release the hand which he held, and would have laid him prostrate on the carpet but for Mrs. Crump, who rushed forward and prevented him from falling by administering right and left a whole shower of slaps, such as he had never endured since the day he was at school.

'What imprence!' said that worthy lady; 'you'll lay hands on my daughter, will you? (one, two). You'll insult a woman in distress, will you, you little coward? (one, two). Take that, and mind your manners, you filthy Jew boy!'

Baroski bounced up in a fury. 'By Chofe, you shall hear of dis!' shouted he; 'you shall pay me dis!'

'As many more as you please, little Benjamin,' cried the widow. 'Augustus (to the page), was that the Captain's knock?' At this Baroski made for his hat. 'Augustus, show this imprence to the door, and if he tries to come in again, call a policeman, do you hear?'

The music-master vanished very rapidly; and the two ladies, instead of being frightened or falling into hysterics, as their betters would have done, laughed at the odious monster's discomfiture, as they called him. 'Such a man as that set himself up against my Howard!' said Morgiana, with becoming pride; but it was agreed between them that Howard should know nothing of what had occurred for fear of quarrels, or lest he should be annoyed. So when he came home not a word was said; and only that his wife met him with more warmth than usual, you could not have guessed that anything extraordinary had occurred. It is not my

fault that my heroine's sensibilities were not more keen, that she had not the least occasion for sal-volatile or symptom of a fainting fit ; but so it was, and Mr. Howard Walker knew nothing of the quarrel between his wife and her instructor, until . . .

Until he was arrested next day at the suit of Benjamin Baroski for two hundred and twenty guineas, and, in default of payment, was conducted by Mr. Tobias Larkins to his principal's lock-up house in Chancery Lane.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH MR. WALKER FALLS INTO DIFFICULTIES, AND MRS. WALKER MAKES MANY FOOLISH ATTEMPTS TO RESCUE HIM.

I HOPE the beloved reader is not silly enough to imagine that Mr. Walker, on finding himself insunged for debt in Chancery Lane, was so foolish as to think of applying to any of his friends (those great personages who have appeared every now and then in the course of this little history, and have served to give it a fashionable air). No, no ; he knew the world too well ; and that, though Billingsgate would give him as many dozen of claret as he could carry away under his belt, as the phrase is (I can't help it, Madam, if the phrase is not more genteel), and though Vauxhall would lend him his carriage, slap him on the back, and dine at his house ; their lordships would have seen Mr. Walker depending from a beam in front of the Old Bailey rather than have helped him to a hundred pounds.

And why, forsooth, should we expect otherwise in the world ? I observe that men who complain of its selfishness are quite as selfish as the world is, and no more liberal of money than their neighbours ; and I am quite sure with regard to Captain Walker that he would have treated a friend in want exactly as he when in want was treated. There was only his lady who in the least was afflicted by his captivity ; and as for the club, that went on, we are bound to say, exactly as it did on the day previous to his disappearance.

By the way, about clubs—could we not, but for fear of detaining the fair reader too long, enter into a wholesome dissertation here, on the manner of friendship established in those institutions, and the noble feeling of selfishness which they are likely to encourage in the male race ? I put out of the question the stale topics of complaint, such as leaving home, encouraging gormandising,

and luxurious habits, etc.; but look also at the dealings of club-men with one another. Look at the rush for the evening paper! See how Shiverton orders a fire in the dog-days, and Swettenham opens the windows in February. See how Cramley takes the whole breast of the turkey on his plate, and how many times Jenkins sends away his beggarly half-pint of sherry! Clubbery is organised egotism. Club intimacy is carefully and wonderfully removed from friendship. You meet Smith for twenty years, exchange the day's news with him, laugh with him over the last joke, grow as well acquainted as two men may be together—and one day, at the end of the list of members of the club, you read in a little paragraph by itself with all the honours—

MEMBER DECEASED.

Smith, John, Esq.;

or he, on the other hand, has the advantage of reading your own name selected for a similar typographical distinction. There it is, that abominable little exclusive list at the end of every club-catalogue—you can't avoid it. I belong to eight clubs myself, and know that one year Fitz-Boodle, George Savage, Esq. (unless it should please fate to remove my brother and his six sons, when of course it would be Fitz-Boodle, Sir George Savage, Bart.), will appear in the dismal category. There is that list; down I must go in it:—the day will come and I shan't be seen in the bow-window, some one else will be sitting in the vacant arm-chair; the rubber will begin as usual, and yet somehow Fitz will not be there. 'Where's Fitz?' says Trumpington, just arrived from the Rhine. 'Don't you know,' says Punter, turning down his thumb to the carpet. 'You led the club, I think?' says Ruff to his partner (the *other* partner!) and the waiter snuffs the candles.

I hope in the course of the above little pause, every single member of a club who reads this has profited by the perusal. He may belong, I say, to eight clubs, he will die and not be missed by any of the five thousand members. Peace be to him—the waiters will forget him, and his name will pass away, and another great-coat will hang on the hook whence his own used to be dependent.

And this, I need not say, is the beauty of the club-institutions. If it were otherwise,—if, forsooth, we were to be sorry when our friends died, or to draw our purse when our friends were in want, we should be insolvent, and life would be miserable. Be it ours

to button up our pockets and our hearts, and to make merry—it is enough to swim down this life-stream for ourselves; if Poverty is clutching hold of our heels, or Friendship would catch an arm, kick them both off. Every man's for himself, is the word, and plenty to do too.

My friend Captain Walker had practised the above maxims so long and resolutely as to be quite aware when he came himself to be in distress, that not a single soul in the whole universe would help him, and he took his measures accordingly.

When carried to Mr. Bendigo's lock-up house, he summoned that gentleman in a very haughty way, took a blank banker's cheque out of his pocket-book, and filling it up for the exact sum of the writ, orders Mr. Bendigo forthwith to open the door and let him go forth.

Mr. Bendigo, smiling with exceeding archness, and putting a finger covered all over with diamond rings to his extremely aquiline nose, inquired of Mr. Walker whether he saw anything green about his face? intimating by this gay and good-humoured interrogatory his suspicion of the unsatisfactory nature of the document handed over to him by Mr. Walker.

'Hang it, sir!' says Mr. Walker; 'go and get the cheque cashed, and be quick about it. Send your man in a cab, and here's a half-crown to pay for it.' The confident air somewhat staggers the bailiff, who asked him whether he would like any refreshment while his man was absent getting the amount of the cheque, and treated his prisoner with great civility during the time of the messenger's journey.

But as Captain Walker had but a balance of two pounds five and twopence (this sum was afterwards divided among his creditors, the law expenses being previously deducted from it), the bankers of course declined to cash the Captain's draft for two hundred and odd pounds, simply writing the words 'no effects' on the paper; on receiving which reply Walker, far from being cast down, burst out laughing very gaily, produced a real five-pound note, and called upon his host for a bottle of champagne, which the two worthies drank in perfect friendship and good-humour. The bottle was scarcely finished, and the young Israelitish gentleman who acts as waiter in Cursitor Street had only time to remove the flask and the glasses, when poor Morgiana with a flood of tears rushed into her husband's arms and flung herself on his neck, and calling him her 'dearest, blessed Howard,' would have fainted at his feet; but that he, breaking out in a fury of oaths, asked her how, after getting him into that scrape through her infernal extravagance, she dared to show her face before him? This address speedily

frightened the poor thing out of her fainting fit—there is nothing so good for female hysterics as a little conjugal sternness, nay, brutality, as many husbands can aver who are in the habit of employing the remedy.

‘My extravagance, Howard?’ said she, in a faint way; and quite put off her purpose of swooning by the sudden attack made upon her—‘Surely, my love, you have nothing to complain of——’

‘Of, ma’am?’ roared the excellent Walker. ‘Is two hundred guineas to a music-master nothing to complain of? Did you bring me such a fortune as to authorise your taking guinea lessons? Haven’t I raised you out of your sphere of life and introduced you to the best of the land? Haven’t I dressed you like a duchess? Haven’t I been for you such a husband as very few women in the world ever had, madam?—answer me that.’

‘Indeed, Howard, you were always very kind,’ sobbed the lady.

‘Haven’t I toiled and slaved for you,—been out all day working for you? Haven’t I allowed your vulgar old mother to come to your house—to my house, I say? Haven’t I done all this?’

She could not deny it, and Walker, who was in a rage (and when a man is in a rage, for what on earth is a wife made for but that he should vent his rage on her?), continued for some time in this strain, and so abused, frightened, and overcame poor Morgiana that she left her husband fully convinced that she was the most guilty of beings, and bemoaning his double bad fortune that her Howard was ruined and she the cause of his misfortunes.

When she was gone, Mr. Walker resumed his equanimity (for he was not one of those men whom a few months of the King’s Bench were likely to terrify) and drank several glasses of punch in company with his host, with whom in perfect calmness he talked over his affairs. That he intended to pay his debts and quit the spunging-house next day is a matter of words; no one ever was yet put in a spunging-house that did not pledge his veracity he intended to quit it to-morrow. Mr. Bendigo said he should be heartily glad to open the door to him, and in the meantime sent out diligently to see among his friends if there were any more detainers against the Captain, and to inform the Captain’s creditors to come forward against him.

Morgiana went home in profound grief, it may be imagined, and could hardly refrain from bursting into tears when the sugar-loaf page asked whether master was coming home early, or whether he had taken his key; and lay awake tossing and wretched the whole night, and very early in the morning rose up, and dressed, and went out.

Before nine o'clock she was in Cursitor Street, and once more joyfully bounced into her husband's arms; who woke up yawning and swearing somewhat, with a severe headache, occasioned by the jollification of the previous night; for, strange though it may seem, there are perhaps no places in Europe where jollity is more practised than in prisons for debt; and I declare for my own part (I mean, of course, that I went to visit a friend) I have dined at Mr. Aminadab's as sumptuously as at Long's.

But it is necessary to account for Morgiana's joyfulness, which was strange in her husband's perplexity, and after her sorrow of the previous night. Well, then, when Mrs. Walker went out in the morning, she did so with a very large basket under her arm. 'Shall I carry the basket, ma'am?' said the page, seizing it with much alacrity.

'No, thank you,' cried his mistress, with equal eagerness: 'it's only——'

'Of course, ma'am,' replied the boy, sneering, 'I knew it was that.'

'Glass,' continued Mrs. Walker, turning extremely red. 'Have the goodness to call a coach, sir, and not to speak till you are questioned.'

The young gentleman disappeared upon his errand; the coach was called and came. Mrs. Walker slipped into it with her basket, and the page went downstairs to his companions in the kitchen, and said, 'It's a-comin'! master's in quod, and missus has gone out to pawn the plate.' When the cook went out that day, she somehow had by mistake placed in her basket a dozen of table-knives and a plated egg-stand. When the lady's-maid took a walk in the course of the afternoon, she found she had occasion for eight cambric pocket-handkerchiefs (marked with her mistress's cipher), half-a-dozen pairs of shoes, gloves, both long and short, some silk stockings, and a gold-headed scent-bottle. 'Both the new cashmeres is gone,' said she, 'and there's nothing left in Mrs. Walker's trinket-box but a paper of pins and an old coral bracelet.' As for the page, he rushed incontinently to his master's dressing-room and examined every one of the pockets of his clothes; made a parcel of some of them, and opened all the drawers which Walker had not locked before his departure. He only found three-halfpence and a bill-stamp, and about forty-five tradesmen's accounts neatly labelled and tied up with red tape. These three worthies, a groom, who was a great admirer of Trimmer the lady's-maid, and a policeman, a friend of the cook's, sat down to a comfortable dinner at the usual hour, and it was agreed among them all that Walker's ruin was certain. The cook made the policeman a present

of a china punch-bowl which Mrs. Walker had given her ; and the lady's-maid gave her friend the *Book of Beauty* for last year, and the third volume of Byron's poems from the drawing-room table.

'I'm dashed if she ain't taken the little French clock, too,' said the page, and so indeed Mrs. Walker had ; it slipped in the basket where it lay enveloped in one of her shawls, and then struck madly and unnaturally a great number of times, as Morgiana was lifting her store of treasures out of the hackney-coach. The coachman wagged his head sadly as he saw her walking as quick as she could under her heavy load, and disappearing round the corner of the street at which Mr. Ball's celebrated jewellery establishment is situated. It is a grand shop, with magnificent silver cups and salvers, rare gold-headed canes, flutes, watches, diamond brooches, and a few fine specimens of the old masters in the window, and under the words—

BALLS, JEWELLER,

you read,

Money lent,

in the very smallest type on the door.

The interview with Mr. Balls need not be described, but it must have been a satisfactory one, for at the end of half an hour, Morgiana returned and bounded into the coach with sparkling eyes, and told the driver to *gallop* to Cursitor Street, which, smiling, he promised to do : and accordingly set off in that direction at the rate of four miles an hour. 'I thought so,' said the philosophic charioteer. 'When a man's in quod, a woman don't mind her silver spoons ;' and he was so delighted with her action, that he forgot to grumble when she came to settle accounts with him, even though she gave him only double his fare.

'Take me to him,' said she to the young Hebrew who opened the door.

'To whom?' says the sarcastic youth ; 'there's twenty *hims* here. You're precious early.'

'To Captain Walker, young man,' replied Morgiana haughtily ; whereon the youth opening the second door, and seeing Mr. Bendigo in a flowered dressing-gown descending the stairs, exclaimed, 'Papa, here's a lady for the Captain.' 'I'm come to free him,' said she, trembling and holding out a bundle of bank-notes. 'Here is the amount of your claim, sir—two hundred and twenty pounds, as you told me last night ;' and the Jew took the notes, and grinned as he looked at her, and grinned double as he looked at his son, and begged Mrs. Walker to step into his study and take a receipt. When the door of that apartment closed upon

the lady and his father, Mr. Bendigo, the younger, fell back in an agony of laughter, which it is impossible to describe in words, and presently ran out into a court where some of the luckless inmates of the house were already taking the air, and communicated something to them which made those individuals also laugh as uproariously as he had previously done.

Well, after joyfully taking the receipt from Mr. Bendigo (how her cheeks flushed and her heart fluttered as she dried it on the blotting-book !), and after turning very pale again on hearing that the Captain had had a very bad night ; ‘ And well he might, poor dear ! ’ said she (at which Mr. Bendigo, having no person to grin at, grinned at a marble bust of Mr. Pitt which ornamented his sideboard). Morgiana, I say, these preliminaries being concluded, was conducted to her husband’s apartments, and once more flinging her arms round her dearest Howard’s neck, told him with one of the sweetest smiles in the world to make haste and get up and come home, for breakfast was waiting and the carriage at the door.

‘ What do you mean, love ? ’ said the Captain, starting up and looking exceedingly surprised.

‘ I mean that my dearest is free ; that the odious little creature is paid—at least the horrid bailiff is.’

‘ Have you been to Baroski ? ’ said Walker, turning very red.

‘ Howard ! ’ said his wife, quite indignant.

‘ Did —did your mother give you the money ? ’ asked the Captain.

‘ No ; I had it by me,’ replies Mrs. Walker, with a very knowing look.

Walker was more surprised than ever. ‘ Have you any more money by you ? ’ said he.

Mrs. Walker showed him her purse with two guineas, ‘ That is all, love,’ she said. ‘ And I wish,’ continued she, ‘ you would give me a draft to pay a whole list of little bills that have somehow all come in within the last few days.’

‘ Well, well, you shall have the cheque,’ continued Mr. Walker, and began forthwith to make his toilet, which completed, he rung for Mr. Bendigo, and his bill, and intimated his wish to go home directly.

The honoured bailiff brought the bill, but with regard to his being free, said it was impossible.

‘ How impossible ? ’ said Mrs. Walker, turning very red and then very pale. ‘ Did I not pay just now ? ’

‘ So you did, and you’ve got the reship ; but there’s another detainer against the Captain for a hundred and fifty. Eglantino

and Mossrose, of Bond Street—perfumery for five years, you know.’

‘You don’t mean to say you were such a fool as to pay without asking if there were any more detainers?’ roared Walker to his wife.

‘Yes, she was though,’ chuckled Mr. Bendigo; ‘but she’ll know better the next time; and besides, Captain, what’s a hundred and fifty pounds to you?’

Though Walker desired nothing so much in the world at that moment as the liberty to knock down his wife, his sense of prudence overcame his desire for justice, if that feeling may be called prudence on his part which consisted in a strong wish to cheat the bailiff into the idea that he (Walker) was an exceedingly respectable and wealthy man. Many worthy persons indulge in this fond notion, that they are imposing upon the world, strive to fancy, for instance, that their bankers consider them men of property because they keep a tolerable balance, pay little tradesmen’s bills with ostentatious punctuality, and so forth—but the world, let us be pretty sure, is as wise as need be, and guesses our real condition with a marvellous instinct, or learns it with curious skill. The London tradesman is one of the keenest judges of human nature extant; and if a tradesman, how much more a bailiff? though, in reply to the ironic question, ‘What’s a hundred and fifty pounds to you?’ Walker, collecting himself, answers, ‘It is an infamous imposition, and I owe the money no more than you do; but, nevertheless, I shall instruct my lawyers to pay it in the course of the morning, under protest, of course.’

‘Oh, of course,’ said Mr. Bendigo, bowing and quitting the room, and leaving Mrs. Walker to the pleasure of a *tête-à-tête* with her husband.

And now being alone with the partner of his bosom, the worthy gentleman began an address to her which cannot be put down on paper here; because the world is exceedingly squeamish, and does not care to hear the whole truth about rascals, and because the fact is, that almost every other word of the Captain’s speech was a curse, such as would shock the beloved reader were it put in print.

‘—— it, madam,’ began he, ‘I always thought you a fool, but not such a —— fool as this —— you; —— my eyes, you’re enough to drive me mad with your—— . . .’

Now you see it is quite impossible to report such a conversation word for word; and I am pretty sure, *au reste*, that the Editor of the Magazine¹ would draw his pen through every line of it.

Fancy, then, in lieu of the conversation, a scoundrel disappointed

¹ [The Editor of *Fraser’s Magazine*, in which this story appeared.]

and in a fury, wreaking his brutal revenge upon an amiable woman, who sits trembling and pale, and wondering at this sudden exhibition of wrath. Fancy how he clenches his fists, and stands over her, and stamps and screams out curses with a livid face, growing wilder and wilder in his rage; wrenching her hand when she wants to turn away, and only stopping at last when she has fallen off the chair in a fainting fit, with a heart-breaking sob that made the Jew-boy who was listening at the key-hole turn quite pale and walk away. Well, it is best, perhaps, that such a conversation should not be told at length:—at the end of it, when Mr. Walker had his wife lifeless on the floor, he seizes a water-jug and poured it over her, which operation pretty soon brought her to herself, and shaking her black ringlets, she looked up once more again timidly into his face, and took his hand, and began to cry.

He spoke now in a somewhat softer voice, and let her keep paddling on with his hand as before; he *couldn't* speak very fiercely to the poor girl in her attitude of defeat, and tenderness, and supplication. 'Morgiana,' said he, 'your extravagance and carelessness have brought me to ruin, I'm afraid. If you'd chosen to have gone to Baroski, a word from you would have made him withdraw the writ; and my property wouldn't have been sacrificed as it has now been for nothing. It mayn't be yet too late, however, to retrieve ourselves. This bill of Eglantine's is a regular conspiracy, I am sure, between Mossrose and Bendigo here: you must go to Eglantine—he's an old—an old flame of yours, you know.'

She dropped his hand; 'I can't go to Eglantine after what has passed between us,' she said; but Walker's face instantly began to wear a certain look, and she said with a shudder, 'Well, well, dear, I *will* go.'

'You will go to Eglantine, and ask him to take a bill for the amount of this shameful demand—at any date, never mind what. Mind, however, to see him alone, and I'm sure if you choose you can settle the business. Make haste; set off directly, and come back, as there may be more detainers in.'

Trembling, and in a great flutter, Morgiana put on her bonnet and gloves and went towards the door. 'It's a fine morning,' said Mr. Walker, looking out; 'a walk will do you good; and—Morgiana—didn't you say you had a couple of guineas in your pocket?'

'Here it is,' said she, smiling all at once, and holding up her face to be kissed. She paid the two guineas for the kiss. Was it not a mean act? 'Is it possible that people can love where they do not respect?' says Miss Prim: 'I never would.' Nobody

asked you, Miss Prim, but recollect Morgiana was not born with your advantages of education and breeding; and was, in fact, a poor vulgar creature, who loved Mr. Walker not because her mamma told her, nor because he was an exceedingly eligible and well-brought up young man; but because she could not help it, and knew no better. Nor is Mrs. Walker set up as a model of virtue: ah no! when I want a model of virtue I will call in Baker Street, and ask for a sitting of my dear (if I may be permitted to say so) Miss Prim.

We have Mr. Howard Walker safely housed in Mr. Bendigo's establishment in Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane; and it looks like mockery and want of feeling towards the excellent hero of this story, or, as should rather be said, towards the husband of the heroine, to say what he *might* have been but for the unlucky little circumstance of Baroski's passion for Morgiana.

If Baroski had not fallen in love with Morgiana, he would not have given her two hundred guineas' worth of lessons; if he had not given her two hundred guineas' worth of lessons, he would not have so far presumed as to seize her hand and attempt to kiss it; if he had not attempted to kiss her, she would not have boxed his ears; he would not have taken out the writ against Walker; Walker would have been free, very possibly rich, and therefore certainly respected; he always says to this day that a month's more liberty would have set him beyond the reach of misfortune.

The assertion is very likely a correct one: for Walker had a flashy, enterprising genius which ends in wealth sometimes, in the King's Bench not seldom, occasionally, alas, in Van Diemen's Land! He might have been rich, could he have kept his credit, and had not his personal expenses and extravagances pulled him down. He had gallantly availed himself of his wife's fortune; nor could any man in London, as he proudly said, have made five hundred pounds go so far. He had, as we have seen, furnished a house, sideboard, and cellar with it; he had a carriage, and horses in his stable, and with the remainder he had purchased shares in four companies—of three of which he was founder and director, had conducted innumerable bargains in the foreign stocks, had lived and entertained sumptuously, and made himself a very considerable income. He had set up THE CAPITOL Loan and Life Assurance Company, had discovered the Chimborazo gold mines, and the Society for Recovering and Draining the Pontine Marshes; capital ten millions; patron, HIS HOLINESS THE POPE. It certainly was stated in an evening paper that his Holiness had made him a Knight of the Spur, and had offered to him the rank of Count; and he was raising a loan for His Highness the Cacique of Panama,

who has sent him (by way of dividend) the grand cordon of his Highness's order of the Castle and Falcon, which might be seen any day at his office in Bond Street, with the parchments signed and sealed by the Grand Marshal and Falcon King-at-Arms of his Highness. In a week more, as Walker is ready still to take his affidavit, he would have raised a hundred thousand pounds on his Highness's twenty per cent loan; he would have had fifteen thousand pounds commission for himself; his companies would have risen to par, he would have realised his shares; he would have gone into Parliament, he would have been made a baronet, who knows? a peer probably! 'And I appeal to you, sir,' says Walker to his friends, 'could any man have shown better proof of his affection for his wife than by laying out her little miserable money as I did?—They call me heartless, sir, because I didn't succeed; sir, my life has been a series of sacrifices for that woman, such as no man ever performed before.'

A proof of Walker's dexterity and capability for business may be seen in the fact that he had actually appeased and reconciled one of his bitterest enemies—our honest friend Eglantine. After Walker's marriage Eglantine, who had now no mercantile dealings with his former agent, became so enraged with him, that, as the only means of revenge in his power, he sent him in his bill for goods supplied to the amount of one hundred and fifty guineas, and sued him for the amount. But Walker stepped boldly over to his enemy, and in the course of half an hour they were friends.

Eglantine promised to forgo his claim; and accepted in lieu of it three £100 shares of the ex-Panama stock, bearing 25 per cent, payable half-yearly at the house of Hocus Brothers, St. Swithin's Lane; three £100 shares, and the *second* class of the order of the Castle and Falcon, with the riband and badge. 'In four years, Eglantine, my boy, I hope to get you the Grand Cordon of the order,' said Walker; 'I hope to see you a KNIGHT GRAND CROSS, with a grant of a hundred thousand acres reclaimed from the Isthmus.'

To do my poor Eglantine justice, he did not care for the hundred thousand acres—it was the star that delighted him;—ah! how his fat chest heaved with delight as he sewed on the cross and riband to his dress coat, and lighted up four wax candles and looked at himself in the glass. He was known to wear a great-coat after that—it was that he might wear the cross under it. That year he went on a trip to Boulogne. He was dreadfully ill during the voyage, but as the vessel entered the port he was seen to emerge from the cabin, his coat open, the star blazing on his chest; the soldiers saluted him as he walked the streets, he was called

Monsieur le Chevalier, and when he went home he entered into negotiations with Walker, to purchase a commission in his Highness's service. Walker said he would get him the nominal rank of Captain, the fees at the Panama *War Office* were five-and-twenty pounds, which sum honest Eglantine produced, and had his commission, and a pack of visiting cards printed as Captain Archibald Eglantine, K.C.F. Many a time he looked at them as they lay in his desk, and he kept the cross in his dressing-table and wore it as he shaved every morning.

His Highness the Cacique, it is well known, came to England, and had lodgings in Regent Street, where he held a *levée* at which Eglantine appeared in the Panama uniform, and was most graciously received by his Sovereign. His Highness proposed to make Captain Eglantine his *aide-de-camp* with the rank of Colonel, but the Captain's exchequer was rather low at that moment, and the fees at the 'War Office' were peremptory. Meanwhile his Highness left Regent Street, was said by some to have returned to Panama, by others to be in his native city of Cork, by others, to be leading a life of retirement in the New Cut, Lambeth; at any rate was not visible for some time, so that Captain Eglantine's advancement did not take place. Eglantine was somehow ashamed to mention his military and chivalric rank to Mr. Mossrose, when that gentleman came into partnership with him; and kept these facts secret, until they were detected by a very painful circumstance.

On the very day that Walker was arrested at the suit of Benjamin Baroski, there appeared in the newspapers an account of the imprisonment of his Highness the Prince of Panama, for a bill owing to a licensed victualler in Ratcliffe Highway. The magistrate to whom the victualler subsequently came to complain, passed many pleasantries on the occasion. He asked whether his Highness did not drink like a swan with two necks; whether he had brought any Belles savages with him from Panama, and so forth; and the whole court, said the report, 'was convulsed with laughter, when Boniface produced a green and yellow riband with a large star of the order of the Castle and Falcon, with which his Highness proposed to gratify him, in lieu of paying his little bill.'

It was as he was reading the above document with a bleeding heart that Mr. Mossrose came in from his daily walk to the City. 'Well, Eglantine,' says he, 'have you heard the newsh?'

'About his Highness?'

'About your friend Walker; he's arrested for two hundred poundsh.'

Eglantine at this could contain no more; but told his story of how he had been induced to accept £300 of Panama stock

for his account against Walker, and cursed his stars for his folly.

'Vell, you've only to bring in another bill,' said the younger perfumer; 'swear he owes you a hundred and fifty pounds, and we'll have a writ out against him this afternoon.'

And so a second writ was taken out against Captain Walker.

'You'll have his wife here very likely in a day or two,' said Mr. Mossrose to his partner; 'them chaps always send their wives, and I hope you know how to deal with her.'

'I don't value her a fig's hend,' said Eglantine. 'I'll treat her like the dust of the hearth. After that woman's conduct to me, I should like to see her have the haudacity to come here; and if she does, you'll see how I'll serve her.'

The worthy perfumer was, in fact, resolved to be exceedingly hard-hearted in his behaviour towards his old love, and acted over at night in bed the scene which was to occur when the meeting should take place. Oh, thought he, but it will be a grand thing to see the proud Morgiana on her knees to me; and me a-pointing to the door; and saying, 'Madam, you've steeled this 'eart against you, you have;—bury the recollection of old times, of those old times when I thought my 'eart would have broke, but it didn't—no, 'earts are made of sterner stuff. I didn't die, as I thought I should; I stood it, and live to see the woman I despised at my feet—ha, ha, at my feet!'

In the midst of these thoughts Mr. Eglantine fell asleep; but it was evident that the idea of seeing Morgiana once more agitated him considerably, else why should he have been at the pains of preparing so much heroism? His sleep was exceedingly fitful and troubled; he saw Morgiana in a hundred shapes; he dreamed that he was dressing her hair; that he was riding with her to Richmond; that the horse turned into a dragon, and Morgiana into Woolsey, who took him by the throat and choked him, while the dragon played the key-bugle. And in the morning, when Mossrose was gone to his business in the City, and he sat reading *The Morning Post* in his studio, ah! what a thump his heart gave as the lady of his dreams actually stood before him!

Many a lady who purchased brushes at Eglantine's shop would have given ten guineas for such a colour as his when he saw her. His heart beat violently, he was almost choking in his stays—he had been prepared for the visit, but his courage failed him now it had come. They were both silent for some minutes.

'You know what I am come for,' at last said Morgiana from under her veil, but she put it aside as she spoke.

'I—that is—yes—it's a painful affair, mem,' he said, giving

one look at her pale face, and then turning away in a flurry. 'I beg to refer you to Blunt, Hone, and Sharpus, my lawyers, mem,' he added, collecting himself.

'I didn't expect this from *you*, Mr. Eglantine,' said the lady, and began to sob.

'And after what's 'appened, I didn't expect a visit from *you*, mem. I thought Mrs. Captiving Walker was too great a dame to visit poor Harchibald Eglantine (though some of the first men in the country *do* visit him). Is there anything in which I can oblige you, mem?'

'O heavens!' cried the poor woman; 'have I no friend left? I never thought that you too, would have deserted me, Mr. Archibald.'

The 'Archibald,' pronounced in the old way, had evidently an effect on the perfumer; he winced and looked at her very eagerly for a moment. 'What can I do for you, mem?' at last said he.

'What is this bill against Mr. Walker, for which he is now in prison?'

'Perfumery supplied for five years; that man used more 'air-brushes than any duke in the land, and as for *Eau de Cologne*, he must have bathed himself in it. He bordered me about like a lord. He never paid me one shilling—he stabbed me in my most vital part—but, ah! never mind *that*: and I said I would be revenged, and I *am*.'

The perfumer was quite in a rage again by this time, and wiped his fat face with his pocket-handkerchief, and glared upon Mrs. Walker with a most determined air.

'Revenged on whom? Archibald—Mr. Eglantine, revenged on me—on a poor woman whom you made miserable. You would not have done so, once.'

'Ha! and a precious way you treated me *once*,' said Eglantine; 'don't talk to me, mem, of *once*. Bury the recollection of once for hever! I thought my 'eart would have broke once, but no; 'earts are made of sterner stuff. I didn't die as I thought I should; I stood it—and I live to see the woman who despised me at my feet.'

'Oh, Archibald!' was all the lady could say, and she fell to sobbing again; it was perhaps her best argument with the perfumer.

'Oh, Harchibald, indeed!' continued he, beginning to swell; 'don't call me Harchibald, Morgiana. Think what a position you might have held, if you'd chose; when, when—you *might* have called me Harchibald. Now it's no use,' added he, with harrowing pathos; 'but, though I've been wronged, I can't bear to see women in tears—tell me what I can do?'

'Dear, good Mr. Eglantine, send to your lawyers and stop this horrid prosecution—take Mr. Walker's acknowledgment for the debts. If he is free, he is sure to have a very large sum of money in a few days, and will pay you all. Do not ruin him—do not ruin me by persisting now. Be the old kind Eglantine you were.'

Eglantine took a hand, which Morgiana did not refuse; he thought about old times. He had known her from childhood almost; as a girl he had dandled her on his knee at the Kidneys; as a woman he had adored her—his heart was melted.

'He did pay me in a sort of a way,' reasoned the perfumer with himself—'these bonds, though they are not worth much, I took 'em for better or for worse, and I can't bear to see her crying, and to trample on a woman in distress. Morgiana,' he added, in a loud cheerful voice, 'cheer up, I'll give you a release for your husband: I will be the old kind Eglantine I was.'

'Be the old kind jackass you vash!' here roared a voice that made Mr. Eglantine start. 'Vy, vat an old fat fool you are, Eglantine, to give up our just debts because a voman comes snivelling and crying to you—and such a voman, too!' exclaimed Mr. Mossrose, for his was the voice.

'Such a woman, sir?' cried the senior partner.

'Yes, such a woman—vy, didn't she jilt you herself?—hasn't she been trying the same game with Baroski; and are you so green as to give up a hundred and fifty pounds because she takes a fancy to come vimpering here? I won't, I can tell you. The money's as much mine as it is yours, and I'll have it, or keep Walker's body, that's what I will.'

At the presence of his partner, the timid good genius of Eglantine, which had prompted him to mercy and kindness, at once outspread its frightened wings and flew away.

'You see how it is, Mrs. W.,' said he, looking down; 'it's an affair of business—in all these here affairs of business Mr. Mossrose is the managing man; ain't you, Mr. Mossrose?'

'A pretty business it would be if I wasn't,' replied Mossrose doggedly. 'Come, ma'am,' says he, 'I tell you vat I do: I take fifty per shent; not a farthing less—give me that, and out your husband goes.'

'Oh, sir, Howard will pay you in a week.'

'Vell, den let him stop at my uncle Bendigo's for a week, and come out den—he's very comfortable there,' said Shylock, with a grin. 'Haden't you better go to the shop, Mr. Eglantine,' continued he, 'and look after your business? Mrs. Walker can't want you to listen to her all day.'

Eglantine was glad of the excuse, and slunk out of the studio;

not into the shop, but into his parlour ; where he drank off a great glass of Maraschino, and sat blushing and exceedingly agitated, until Mossrose came to tell him that Mrs. W. was gone, and wouldn't trouble him any more. But although he drank several more glasses of Maraschino, and went to the play that night, and to the cider-cellars afterwards, neither the liquor, nor the play, nor the delightful comic songs at the cellars, could drive Mrs. Walker out of his head, and the memory of old times, and the image of her pale, weeping face.

Morgiana tottered out of the shop, scarcely heeding the voice of Mr. Mossrose, who said, 'I'll take forty per shent,' (and went back to his duty cursing himself for a soft-hearted fool for giving up so much of his rights to a puling woman). Morgiana, I say, tottered out of the shop, and went up Conduit Street, weeping, weeping with all her eyes. She was quite faint, for she had taken nothing that morning but the glass of water which the pastry-cook in the Strand had given her, and was forced to take hold of the railings of a house for support, just as a little gentleman with a yellow handkerchief under his arm was issuing from the door.

'Good heavens, Mrs. Walker !' said the gentleman. It was no other than Mr. Woolsey, who was going forth to try a body-coat for a customer ; 'are you ill ?—what's the matter ? for God's sake come in !' and he took her arm under his, and led her into his back-parlour, and seated her, and had some wine-and-water before her in one minute, before she had said one single word regarding herself.

As soon as she was somewhat recovered, and with the interruption of a thousand sobs, the poor thing told as well as she could her little story. Mr. Eglantine had arrested Mr. Walker ; she had been trying to gain time for him, Eglantine had refused.

'The hard-hearted, cowardly brute to refuse *her* anything !' said loyal Mr. Woolsey. 'My dear,' says he, 'I've no reason to love your husband, and know too much about him to respect him ; but I love and respect *you*, and will spend my last shilling to serve you.' At which Morgiana could only take his hand and cry a great deal more than ever. She said Mr. Walker would have a great deal of money in a week, that he was the best of husbands, and she was sure Mr. Woolsey would think better of him when he knew him ; that Mr. Eglantine's bill was one hundred and fifty pounds, but that Mr. Mossrose would take forty per cent, if Mr. Woolsey could say how much that was.

'I'll pay a thousand pounds to do you good,' said Mr. Woolsey, bouncing up ; 'stay here for ten minutes, my dear, until my return, and all shall be right, as you will see.' He was back in ten

minutes, and had called a cab from the stand opposite (all the coachmen there had seen and commented on Mrs. Walker's woe-begone looks), and they were off for Cursitor Street in a moment. 'They'll settle the whole debt for twenty pounds,' said he, and showed an order to that effect from Mr. Mossrose to Mr. Bendigo, empowering the latter to release Walker on receiving Mr. Woolsey's acknowledgment for the above sum.

'There's no use paying it,' said Mr. Walker doggedly, 'it would be only robbing you, Mr. Woolsey—seven more detainers have come in while my wife has been away. I must go through the court now; but,' he added in a whisper to the tailor, 'my good sir, my debts of *honour* are sacred, and if you will have the goodness to lend *me* the twenty pounds, I pledge you my word as a gentleman to return it when I come out of quod.'

It is probable that Mr. Woolsey declined this; for as soon as he was gone, Walker, in a tremendous fury, began cursing his wife, for dawdling three hours on the road. 'Why the deuce, ma'am, didn't you take a cab?' roared he, when he heard she had walked to Bond Street. 'Those writs have only been in half an hour, and I might have been off but for you.'

'Oh, Howard,' said she, 'didn't you take—didn't I give you my—my last shilling?' and fell back and wept again more bitterly than ever.

'Well, love,' said her amiable husband, turning rather red; 'never mind, it wasn't your fault. It is but going through the court. It is no great odds. I forgive you.'

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH MR. WALKER STILL REMAINS IN DIFFICULTIES, BUT SHOWS GREAT RESIGNATION UNDER HIS MISFORTUNES.

THE exemplary Walker now seeing that escape from his enemies was hopeless, and that it was his duty as a man to turn on them and face them, now determined to quit the splendid though narrow lodgings which Mr. Bendigo had provided for him, and undergo the martyrdom of the Fleet. Accordingly, in company with that gentleman, he came over to her Majesty's prison, and gave himself into the custody of the officers there; and did not apply for the accommodation of the rules (by which in those days the captivity of some debtors was considerably lightened), because he knew

perfectly well that there was no person in the wide world who would give a security for the heavy sums for which Walker was answerable. What these sums were is no matter, and on this head we do not think it at all necessary to satisfy the curiosity of the reader. He may have owed hundreds—thousands, his creditors only can tell; he paid the dividend which has been formerly mentioned, and showed thereby his desire to satisfy all claims upon him to the uttermost farthing.

As for the little house in Connaught Square, when, after quitting her husband, Morgiana drove back thither, the door was opened by the page, who instantly thanked her to pay his wages; and in the drawing-room, on a yellow satin sofa, sat a seedy man (with a pot of porter beside him placed on an album for fear of staining the rosewood table), and the seedy man signified that he had taken possession of the furniture in execution for a judgment debt. Another seedy man was in the dining-room, reading a newspaper and drinking gin, he informed Mrs. Walker that he was the representative of another judgment debt and of another execution:—‘There’s another on ’em in the kitchen,’ said the page, ‘taking an inventory of the furniture; and he swears he’ll have you took up for swindling, for pawning the plate.’

‘Sir,’ said Mr. Woolsey, for that worthy man had conducted Morgiana home. ‘Sir,’ said he, shaking his stick at the young page, ‘if you give any more of your impudence, I’ll beat every button off your jacket;’ and as there were some four hundred of these ornaments, the page was silent. It was a great mercy for Morgiana that the honest and faithful tailor had accompanied her. The good fellow had waited very patiently for her for an hour in the parlour or coffee-room of the lock-up house, knowing full well that she would want a protector on her way homewards; and his kindness will be more appreciated when it is stated that during the time of his delay in the coffee-room he had been subject to the entreaties, nay, to the insults of Cornet Fipkin of the Blues, who was in prison at the suit of Linsey, Woolsey, and Co., and who happened to be taking his breakfast in the apartment when his obdurate creditor entered it. The cornet (a hero of eighteen who stood at least five feet three in his boots, and owed fifteen thousand pounds) was so enraged at the obduracy of his creditor that he said he would have thrown him out of the window but for the bars which guarded it; and entertained serious thoughts of knocking the tailor’s head off, but that the latter, putting his right leg forward and his fists in a proper attitude, told the young officer to ‘come on’; on which the cornet cursed the tailor for a ‘snob,’ and went back to his breakfast. The cornet subsequently took

benefit of the Act, and is now Sir Frederick Fipkin Fipkin of the Fip-shire, the respected master of fox-hounds in that county. It is only to simpletons and cowards that the English laws of debtor and creditor are frightful—advance boldly towards them, and they vanish like ghosts before bold knights of old, but let a man be afraid of them, and the poor trembling wretch is their slave for ever. We all know men who have undergone the process of what is called ‘whitewashing’ a half score of times—ask them are *they* afraid of it? Psha! it is nothing. And wise and merciful our law is in this respect. It is the terror of what are called honest men, certainly; but on the other hand, it is the great comfort and consolation of other persons—a philanthropic premium for those who must have their ease and cannot live without their horse to ride, nor dine without their champagne; and who would pine away hopelessly, did not the admirable system of CREDIT supply them gratis with all the little wants and luxuries necessary to persons of their peculiar and delicate organisation.

Take an instance on the other side—a friend of mine dined the other day at the Coke-upon-Lyttelton Club and put a case to several of his legal friends there. He had been abroad with his family for two years, leaving his house in charge of a servant on board-wages. A poulterer, on his return, brings him in a bill for fine Dorking fowls, turkeys, and pigeons, and such delicacies supplied to his family during their residence five hundred miles off abroad. ‘A part of this bill,’ says he, ‘may be correct, for it is dated, you see, three years back; and Mrs. Jones, who is at Munich, can’t tell whether she paid it:—but is it not monstrous, however, that I should have to pay the *other* part? Ah, to pay for barn-door fowls that never passed my gates, and turkey-poults of which I have never seen a feather?’ But the lawyers said with one voice ‘Pay it. It will cost you more to win the cause than to pay the bill.’ ‘And for my part,’ says one great legal authority (whose name for fear of consequences I will not mention), ‘if any tradesman choose to send me in a bill, I will pay it rather than go to law.’ How much will any honest tradesman give to know my learned friend’s name? It would be a fortune to a clever fellow, and I would recommend such to take the law-list and issue little bills, and little writs all round—the learned gentlemen know too well their business not to pay; and no more like to employ their own wares, than physicians like to take pills, or pastry-cooks to swallow tarts. Oh, that a society of philanthropists would but take this hint and act upon it; taking upon them to swear debts against the bar, the attorneys, and the members of both Houses! and so give an illustration of the noble system of credit—the kind patron of

rogue, the fruitful parent of litigation, the bully who frightens solvent men into the payment of unjust debts, the tempter who encourages extravagance and knavery to contract them; of credit which offers a premium to the tradesman to cheat the customers, to the customer to cheat the tradesman, and to the lawyer to rob all. As it was heaven that commanded industry, so be sure it was the devil who invented credit.

This little digression, my dear friend, has been occasioned not so much by the sight of the execution people in charge of Mr. Walker's house (whence, of course, Mrs. Walker was driven to take refuge with her mamma near Sadler's Wells), as by thinking over the life of the brave Captain himself, now comfortably lodged in the Fleet. He had some ready money, and with it managed to make his existence exceedingly comfortable. He lived with the best society of the place, consisting of several distinguished young noblemen and gentlemen. He spent the morning playing at fives and smoking cigars; the evening, smoking cigars and dining comfortably. Cards came after dinner; and, as the Captain was an experienced player, and near a score of years older than most of his friends, he was generally pretty successful; and, indeed, if he had received all the money that was owed to him, he might have come out of prison and paid his creditors twenty shillings in the pound—that is, if he had been minded to do so. But there is no use in examining into that point too closely, for the fact is, young Fipkin only paid him forty pounds out of seven hundred for which he gave him I.O.U.'s. Algernon Deuceace not only did not pay him three hundred and twenty which he lost at blind-hokey, but actually borrowed seven and sixpence in money from Walker, which has never been repaid to this day; and Lord Doublequits actually lost nineteen thousand pounds to him at heads and tails, which he never paid, pleading drunkenness and his minority. The reader may recollect a paragraph which went the round of the papers entitled, '*Affair of Honour in the Fleet Prison*.—Yesterday morning (behind the pump in the second court) Lord D-bl-qu-ts and Captain H-w-rd W-lk-r (a near relative, we understand, of His Grace the Duke of N-rf-lk) had a hostile meeting and exchanged two shots. These two young sprigs of nobility were attended to the ground by Major Flush, who, by the way, is *flush* no longer, and Captain Pam, late of the ——— Dragoons. Play is said to have been the cause of the quarrel, and the gallant Captain is reported to have handled the noble lord's nose rather roughly at one stage of the transactions.' When Morgiana at Sadler's Wells heard these news, she was ready to faint with terror; and rushed to the Fleet Prison, and embraced

her lord and master with her usual expansion and fits of tears ; very much to that gentleman's annoyance, who happened to be in company with Pam and Flush at the time, and did not care that his handsome wife should be seen too much in the dubious precincts of the Fleet. He had at least so much shame about him, and had always rejected her entreaties to be allowed to inhabit the prison with him.

'It is enough,' would he say, casting his eyes heavenward, and with a most lugubrious countenance,—'it is enough, Morgiana, that I should suffer, even though your thoughtlessness has been the cause of my ruin. But enough of *that* ! I will not rebuke you for faults of which I know you are now repentant ; and I never could bear to see you in the midst of the miseries of this horrible place. Remain at home with your mother, and let me drag on the weary days here alone. If you can get me any more of that pale sherry, my love, do. I require something to cheer me in solitude, and have found my chest very much relieved by that wine. Put more pepper and eggs, my dear, into the next veal-pie you make me. I can't eat the horrible messes in the coffee-room here.'

It was Walker's wish, I can't tell why, except that it is the wish of a great number of other persons in this strange world, to make his wife believe that he was wretched in mind and ill in health ; and all assertion to this effect the simple creature received with numberless tears of credulity, and would go home to Mrs. Crump, and say how her darling Howard was pining away, how he was ruined for her, and with what angelic sweetness he bore his captivity. The fact is, he bore it with so much resignation that no other person in the world could see that he was unhappy. His life undisturbed by duns ; his day was his own from morning till night ; his diet was good, his acquaintances jovial, his purse tolerably well supplied, and he had not one single care to annoy him.

Mrs. Crump and Woolsey, perhaps, received Morgiana's account of her husband's miseries with some incredulity. The latter was now a daily visitor to Sadler's Wells. His love for Morgiana had become a warm, fatherly, generous regard for her ; and it was out of the honest fellow's cellar that the wine used to come which did so much good to Mr. Walker's chest ; and he tried a thousand ways to make Morgiana happy.

A very happy day, indeed, it was when, returning from her visit to the Fleet, she found in her mother's sitting-room her dear grand rosewood piano and every one of her music-books, which the kind-hearted tailor had purchased at the sale of Walker's effects. And I am not ashamed to say, that Morgiana herself was

so charmed, that when, as usual, Mr. Woolsey came to drink tea in the evening, she actually gave him a kiss, which frightened Mr. Woolsey, and made him blush exceedingly. She sat down, and played him that evening every one of the songs which he liked—the old songs—none of your Italian stuff. Podmore, the old music-master, was there too; and was delighted and astonished at the progress in singing which Morgiana had made; and when the little party separated, he took Mr. Woolsey by the hand, and said, 'Give me leave to tell you, sir, that you're a *trump*.'

'That he is,' said Canterfield, the first tragic; 'an honour to human nature. A man whose hand is open as day to melting charity, and whose heart ever melts at the tale of woman's distress.'

'Pooh, pooh, stuff and nonsense, sir,' said the tailor; but, upon my word, Mr. Canterfield's words were perfectly correct. I wish as much could be said in favour of Woolsey's old rival, Mr. Eglantine, who attended the sale too, but it was with a horrid kind of satisfaction at the thought that Walker was ruined. He bought the yellow satin sofa before mentioned, and transferred it to what he calls his 'sitting-room,' where it is to this day, bearing many marks of the best bears'-grease. Woolsey bid against Baroski for the piano, very nearly up to the actual value of the instrument, when the artist withdrew from competition; and when he was sneering at the ruin of Mr. Walker, the tailor sternly interrupted him by saying, 'What the deuce are you sneering at? You did it, sir; and you're paid every shilling of your claim, ain't you?' On which Baroski turned round to Miss Larkins and said, 'Mr. Woolsey was a "snop";' the very words, though pronounced somewhat differently, which the gallant Cornet Fipkin had applied to him.

Well; so he *was* a snob. But, vulgar as he was, I declare, for my part, that I have a greater respect for Mr. Woolsey than for any single nobleman or gentleman mentioned in this true history.

It will be seen from the names of Messrs. Canterfield and Podmore that Morgiana was again in the midst of the widow Crump's favourite theatrical society; and this, indeed, was the case. The widow's little room was hung round with the pictures which were mentioned at the commencement of the story as decorating the bar of the Bootjack; and several times in a week she received her friends from the Wells, and entertained them with such humble refreshments of tea and crumpets as her modest means permitted her to purchase. Among these persons Morgiana lived and sung quite as contentedly as she had ever done among the demireps of her husband's society; and, only she did not dare

to own it to herself, was a great deal happier than she had been for many a day. Mrs. Captain Walker was still a great lady amongst them. Even in his time, Walker, the director of three companies, and the owner of the splendid pony-chaise, was to these simple persons an awful character; and when mentioned, they talked with a great deal of gravity of his being in the country, and hoped Mrs. Captain W. had good news of him. They all knew he was in the Fleet; but had he not in prison fought a duel with a viscount? Montmorency (of the Norfolk circuit) was in the Fleet too; and when Canterfield went to see poor Montey, the latter had pointed out Walker to his friend, who actually hit Lord George Tennison across the shoulders in play with a racket-bat; which event was soon made known to the whole green-room.

‘They had me up one day,’ said Montmorency, ‘to sing a comic song, and give my recitations; and we had champagne and lobster salad; *such* nobs!’ added the player. ‘Billingsgate and Vauxhall were there too, and left college at eight o’clock.’

When Morgiana was told of the circumstance by her mother, she hoped her dear Howard had enjoyed the evening, and was thankful that for once he could forget his sorrows. Nor, somehow, was she ashamed of herself for being happy afterwards, but gave way to her natural good-humour without repentance or self-rebuke. I believe, indeed (alas! why are we made acquainted with the same fact regarding ourselves long after it is past and gone?)—I believe these were the happiest days of Morgiana’s whole life. She had no cares except the pleasant one of attending on her husband, an easy, smiling temperament which made her regardless of to-morrow; and add to this a delightful hope relative to a certain interesting event which was about to occur, and which I shall not particularise further than by saying, that she was cautioned against too much singing by Mr. Squills, her medical attendant; and that widow Crump was busy making up a vast number of little caps and diminutive cambric shirts, such as delighted *grandmothers* are in the habit of fashioning. I hope this is as genteel a way of signifying the circumstance which was about to take place in the Walker family as Miss Prim herself could desire. Mrs. Walker’s mother was about to become a grandmother. There’s a phrase! *The Morning Post*, which says this story is vulgar, I’m sure, cannot quarrel with *that*. I don’t believe the whole *Court Guide* would convey an intimation more delicately.

Well, Mrs. Crump’s little grandchild was born, entirely to the dissatisfaction, I must say, of his father; who, when the infant

was brought to him in the Fleet, had him abruptly covered up in his cloak again, from which he had been removed by the jealous prison door-keepers; why, do you think? Walker had a quarrel with one of them, and the wretch persisted in believing that the bundle Mrs. Crump was bringing to her son-in-law was a bundle of disguised brandy!

'The brutes!' said the lady; 'and the father's a brute too,' said she. 'He takes no more notice of me than if I was a kitchen-maid, and of Woolsey than if he was a leg of mutton—the dear, blessed, little cherub!'

Mrs. Crump was a mother-in-law; let us pardon her hatred of her daughter's husband.

The Woolsey compared in the above sentence both to a leg of mutton and a cherub was not the eminent member of the firm of Linsey, Woolsey, and Co., but the little baby, who was christened Howard Woolsey Walker, with the full consent of the father, who said the tailor was a deuced good fellow, and felt really obliged to him for the sherry, for a frock-coat which he let him have in prison, and for his kindness to Morgiana. The tailor loved the little boy with all his soul; he attended his mother to her churching, and the child to the font; and as a present to his little godson on his christening, he sent two yards of the finest white kerseymere in his shop to make him a cloak. The Duke had had a pair of inexpressibles off that very piece.

House-furniture is bought and sold, music-lessons are given, children are born and christened, ladies are confined and churchd—time, in other words, passes,—and yet Captain Walker still remains in prison! Does it not seem strange that he should still languish there between palisaded walls near Fleet Market, and that he should not be restored to that active and fashionable world of which he was an ornament? The fact is, the Captain had been before the court for the examination of his debts; and the commissioner, with a cruelty quite shameful towards a fallen man, had qualified his ways of getting money in most severe language, and had sent him back to prison again for the space of nine calendar months, an indefinite period, and until his accounts could be made up. This delay Walker bore like a philosopher, and far from repining, was still the gayest fellow of the tennis-court, and the soul of the midnight carouse.

There is no use in raking up old stories, and hunting through files of dead newspapers to know what were the specific acts which made the commissioner so angry with Captain Walker. Many a rogue has come before the court and passed through it since then, and I would lay a wager that Howard Walker was

not a bit worse than his neighbours. But as he was not a lord, and as he had no friends on coming out of prison, and had settled no money on his wife, and had, as it must be confessed, an exceedingly bad character, it is not likely that the latter would be forgiven him when once more free in the world. For instance, when Doublequits left the Fleet, he was received with open arms by his family, and had two-and-thirty horses in his stables before a week was over. Pam, of the Dragoons, came out, and instantly got a place as government courier—a place found so good of late years (and no wonder, it is better pay than that of a colonel), that our noblemen and gentry eagerly press for it. Frank Hurricane was sent out as registrar of Tobago, or Sago, or Ticonderago; in fact, for a younger son of good family it is rather advantageous to get into debt twenty or thirty thousand pounds; you are sure of a good place afterwards in the colonies. Your friends are so anxious to get rid of you, that they will move heaven and earth to serve you. And so all the above companions of misfortune with Walker were speedily made comfortable; but he had no rich parents; his old father was dead in York gaol. How was he to start in the world again? What friendly hand was there to fill his pocket with gold, and his cup with sparkling champagne? He was, in fact, an object of the greatest pity—for I know no greater than a gentleman of his habits without the means of gratifying them. He must live well, and he has not the means. Is there a more pathetic case? As for a mere low beggar—some labourless labourer, or some weaver out of place—don't let us throw away our compassion upon *them*. Psha! they're accustomed to starve. They *can* sleep upon boards, or dine off a crust; whereas a gentleman would die in the same situation. I think this was poor Morgiana's way of reasoning.

For Walker's cash in prison beginning presently to run low, and knowing quite well that the dear fellow could not exist there without the luxuries to which he had been accustomed, she borrowed money from her mother, until the poor lady was *à sec*. She even confessed, with tears, to Woolsey, that she was in particular want of twenty pounds, to pay a poor milliner, whose debt she could not bear to put in her husband's schedule. And I need not say she carried the money to her husband, who might have been greatly benefited by it—only he had a bad run of luck at the cards; and how the deuce can a man help *that*?

Woolsey had repurchased for her one of the Cashmere shawls. She left it behind her one day at the Fleet prison, and some rascal stole it there, having the grace, however, to send Woolsey the ticket, signifying the place where it had been pawned. Who

could the scoundrel have been? Woolsey swore a great oath and fancied he knew; but if it was Walker himself (as Woolsey fancied, and probably as was the case) who made away with the shawl, being pressed thereto by necessity, was it fair to call him a scoundrel for so doing, and should we not rather laud the delicacy of his proceeding? He was poor; who can command the cards? but he did not wish his wife should know *how* poor; he could not bear that she should suppose him arrived at the necessity of pawning a shawl.

She who had such beautiful ringlets, of a sudden pleaded cold in the head, took to wearing caps. One summer evening, as she and the baby and Mrs. Crump and Woolsey (let us say all four babies together) were laughing and playing in Mrs. Crump's drawing-room—playing the most absurd gambols, fat Mrs. Crump, for instance, hiding behind the sofa, Woolsey chuck-chucking, cock-a-doodle-dooing, and performing those indescribable freaks which gentlemen with philoprogenitive organs will execute in the company of children,—in the midst of their play the baby gave a tug at his mother's cap; off it came—her hair was cut close to her head.

Morgiana turned as red as sealing-wax, and trembled very much; Mrs. Crump screamed, 'My child, where is your hair?' and Woolsey, bursting out with a most tremendous oath against Walker that would send Miss Prim into convulsions, put his handkerchief to his face, and actually wept. 'The infernal bubble-ubble-ackguard!' said he, roaring and clenching his fists.

As he had passed the Bower of Bloom a few days before, he saw Mossrose, who was combing out a jet-black ringlet, and held it up as if for Woolsey's examination, with a peculiar grin. The tailor did not understand the joke, but he saw now what had happened. Morgiana had sold her hair for five guineas; she would have sold her arm had her husband bidden her. On looking in her drawers it was found she had sold almost all her wearing apparel; the child's clothes were all there, however. It was because her husband talked of disposing of a gilt coral that the child had, that she had parted with the locks which had formed her pride.

'I'll give you twenty guineas for that hair, you infamous fat coward,' roared the little tailor to Eglantine that evening. 'Give it up, or I'll kill you—me——'

'Mr. Mossrose! Mr. Mossrose!' shouted the perfumer.

'Vell, vatsh de matter, vatsh de row, fight away, my boys; two to one on the tailor,' said Mr. Mossrose, much enjoying the sport (for Woolsey, striding through the shop without speaking to

him, had rushed into the studio, where he plumped upon Eglantine).

'Tell him about that hair, sir.'

'That hair? Now keep yourself quiet, Mister Timble, and don't tink for to bully me. You mean Mrs. Valker's 'air? Vy, she sold it me.'

'And the more blackguard you for buying it! Will you take twenty guineas for it?'

'No,' said Mossrose.

'Twenty-five?'

'Can't,' said Mossrose.

'Hang it; will you take forty? There!'

'I vish I'd kep' it,' said the Hebrew gentleman with unfeigned regret. 'Eglantine dressed it this very night.'

'For Countess Baldenstiern, the Swedish Hambassador's lady,' says Eglantine (his Hebrew partner was by no means a favourite with the ladies, and only superintended the accounts of the concern). 'It's this very night at Devonshire 'Ouse with four hostrich plumes, lappets, and trimmings. And now, Mr. Woolsey, I'll trouble you to apologise.'

Mr. Woolsey did not answer, but walked up to Mr. Eglantine and snapped his fingers so close under the perfumer's nose that the latter started back and seized the bell-rope. Mossrose burst out laughing, and the tailor walked majestically from the shop with both hands stuck between the lappets of his coat.

'My dear,' said he to Morgiana a short time afterwards, 'you must not encourage that husband of yours in his extravagance, and sell the clothes off your poor back that he may feast and act the fine gentleman in prison.'

'It is his health, poor dear soul!' interposed Mrs. Walker, 'his chest. Every farthing of the money goes to the doctors, poor fellow.'

'Well, now listen: I am a rich man (it was a great fib, for Woolsey's income, as a junior partner of the firm, was but a small one); I can very well afford to make him an allowance while he is in the Fleet, and have written to him to say so. But if ever you give him a penny, or sell a trinket belonging to you, upon my word and honour, I will withdraw the allowance, and, though it would go to my heart, I'll never see you again. You wouldn't make me unhappy, would you?'

'I'd go on my knees to serve you, and Heaven bless you,' said the wife.

'Well, then, you must give me this promise.' And she did. 'And now,' said he, 'your mother, and Podmore, and I, have been

talking over matters, and we've agreed that you may make a very good income for yourself, though, to be sure, I wish it could have been managed any other way ; but needs must, you know. You're the finest singer in the universe.'

'La !' said Morgiana, highly delighted.

'I never heard anything like you, though I'm no judge. Podmore says he is sure you will do very well, and has no doubt you might get very good engagements at concerts or on the stage ; and as that husband will never do any good, and you have a child to support, sing you must.'

'Oh ! how glad I should be to pay his debts and repay all he has done for me,' cried Mrs. Walker. 'Think of his giving two hundred guineas to Mr. Baroski to have me taught. Was not that kind of him ? Do you *really* think I should succeed ?'

'There's Miss Larkins has succeeded.'

'The little, high-shouldered, vulgar thing !' says Morgiana. 'I'm sure I ought to succeed if *she* did.'

'She sing against Morgiana !' said Mrs. Crump. 'I'd like to see her, indeed ! She ain't fit to snuff a candle to her.'

'I dare say not,' said the tailor, 'though I don't understand the thing myself ; but if Morgiana can make a fortune, why shouldn't she ?'

'Heaven knows we want it, Woolsey,' cried Mrs. Crump. 'And to see her on the stage was always the wish of my heart ;' and so it had formerly been the wish of Morgiana, and now, with the hope of helping her husband and child, the wish became a duty, and she fell to practising once more from morning till night.

One of the most generous of men and tailors who ever lived now promised, if further instruction should be considered necessary (though that he could hardly believe possible), that he would lend Morgiana any sum required for the payment of lessons ; and accordingly she once more betook herself, under Podmore's advice, to the singing school. Baroski's academy was, after the passages between them, out of the question, and she placed herself under the instruction of the excellent English composer Sir George Thrum, whose large and awful wife Lady Thrum, dragon of virtue and propriety, kept watch over the master and the pupils, and was the sternest guardian of female virtue on or off any stage.

Morgiana came at a propitious moment. Baroski had *lancéé* Miss Larkins under the name of Ligonier. The Ligonier was enjoying a considerable success, and was singing classical music to tolerable audiences, whereas Miss Butts, Sir George's last pupil, had turned out a complete failure, and the rival house was only able to make a faint opposition to the new star with Miss

M'Whirter, who, though an old favourite, had lost her upper notes, and her front teeth, and, the fact was, drew no longer.

Directly Sir George heard Mrs. Walker, he tapped Podmore, who accompanied her, on the waistcoat, and said, 'Poddy, thank you; we'll cut the orange-boy's throat with that voice.' It was by the familiar title of orange-boy that the great Baroski was known among his opponents.

'We'll *crush* him, Podmore,' said Lady Thrum, in her deep hollow voice. 'You may stop and dine.' And Podmore stayed to dinner, and ate cold mutton, and drank Marsala with the greatest reverence for the great English composer. The very next day Lady Thrum hired a pair of horses and paid a visit to Mrs. Crump and her daughter at Sadler's Wells.

All these things were kept profoundly secret from Walker, who received very magnanimously the allowance of two guineas a week which Woolsey made him, and with the aid of the few shillings his wife could bring him, managed to exist as best he might. He did not dislike gin when he could get no claret, and the former liquor, under the name of 'tape,' used to be measured out pretty liberally in what was formerly her Majesty's prison of the Fleet.

Morgiana pursued her studies under Thrum, and we shall hear in the next chapter how it was she changed her name to RAVENSWING.

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH MORGIANA ADVANCES TOWARDS FAME AND HONOUR,
AND IN WHICH SEVERAL GREAT LITERARY CHARACTERS
MAKE THEIR APPEARANCE.

'We must begin, my dear madam,' said Sir George Thrum, 'by unlearning all that Mr. Baroski (of whom I do not wish to speak with the slightest disrespect) has taught you!'

Morgiana knew that every professor says as much, and submitted to undergo the study requisite for Sir George's system with perfect good grace. *Au fond*, as I was given to understand, the methods of the two artists were pretty similar; but as there was rivalry between them, and continual desertion of scholars from one school to another, it was fair for each to take all the credit he could get in the success of any pupil. If a pupil failed, for instance, Thrum would say Baroski had spoiled her irretrievably; while the German would regret 'Dat dat young voman, who had a good organ,

should have trown away her dime wid dat old Drum.' When one of these deserters succeeded, 'Yes, yes,' would either professor cry, 'I formed her, she owes her fortune to me.' Both of them thus, in future days, claimed the education of the famous Ravenswing; and even Sir George Thrum, though he wished to *écraser* the Ligonier, pretended that her present success was his work, because once she had been brought by her mother, Mrs. Larkins, to sing for Sir George's approval.

When the two professors met it was with the most delighted cordiality on the part of both. '*Mein lieber Herr*,' Thrum would say (with some malice), 'your sonata in X flat is divine.' 'Chevalier,' Baroski would reply, 'dat andante movement in W is vorthy of Beethoven. I gif you my sacred honour,' and so forth. In fact, they loved each other as gentlemen in their profession always do.

The two famous professors conduct their academies on very opposite principles. Baroski writes ballet music; Thrum, on the contrary, says 'he cannot but deplore the dangerous fascinations of the dance,' and writes more for Exeter Hall and Birmingham. While Baroski drives a cab in the park with a very suspicious Mademoiselle Léocadié, or Aménaide, by his side, you may see Thrum walking to evening church with his lady, and hymns are sung there of his own composition. He belongs to the Athenæum Club, he goes to the *levée* once a year, he does everything that a respectable man should, and if, by the means of this respectability, he manages to make his little trade far more profitable than it otherwise would be, are we to quarrel with him for it?

Sir George, in fact, had every reason to be respectable. He had been a choir-boy at Windsor, had played to the old king's violoncello, had been intimate with him, and had received knighthood at the hand of his revered sovereign. He had a snuff-box which his majesty gave him, and portraits of him and the young princes all over the house. He had also a foreign order (no other, indeed, than the Elephant and Castle of Kalbsbraten-Pumpernickel) conferred upon him by the Grand Duke when here with the allied sovereigns in 1814. With this riband round his neck, on gala days, and in a white waistcoat, the old gentleman looked splendid as he moved along in a Windsor button, and neat black small-clothes, and silk stockings. He lived in an old, tall, dingy house, furnished in the reign of George III., his beloved master, and not much more cheerful now than a family vault. They are awfully funereal those ornaments of the close of the last century—tall, gloomy, horsehair chairs, mouldy Turkey carpets, with wretched druggets to guard them, little cracked sticking-plaster miniatures of people in *tours* and pig-tails over high-shouldered mantelpieces,

two dismal urns on each side of a lanky sideboard, and in the midst a queer, twisted receptacle for worn-out knives with green handles. Under the sideboard stands a cellaret that looks as if it held half a bottle of currant wine, and a shivering plate-warmer that never could get any comfort out of the wretched old cramped grate yonder. Don't you know in such houses the grey gloom that hangs over the stairs, the dull-coloured old carpet that winds its way up the same, growing thinner, duller, and more threadbare as it mounts to the bedroom floors? There is something awful in the bedroom of a respectable old couple of sixty-five. Think of the old feathers, turbans, bugles, petticoats, pomatum-pots, spencers, white satin shoes, false fronts, the old flaccid, boneless stays tied up in faded riband, the dusky fans, the old forty-years'-old baby-linen, the letters of Sir George when he was young, poor Murza's doll, who died in 1803, Frederick's first corduroy breeches, and the newspaper which contains the account of his distinguishing himself at the siege of Seringapatam. All these lie somewhere damp and squeezed down into glum old presses and wardrobes. At that glass the wife has sat many times these fifty years; in that old morocco bed her children were born. Where are they now? Fred, the brave captain; and Charles, the saucy collegier; there hangs a drawing of him done by Mr. Beechey, and that sketch by Cosway was the very likeness of Louisa before . . .

'Mr. Fitz-Boodle! for Heaven's sake come down. What are you doing in a lady's bedroom?'

'The fact is, madam, I had no business there in life, but, having had quite enough wine with Sir George, my thoughts had wandered upstairs into the sanctuary of female excellence, where your ladyship nightly reposes. You do not sleep so well now as in old days, though there is no patter of little steps to wake you overhead.'

They call that room the nursery still, and the little wicket still hangs at the upper stairs; it has been there for forty years—*bon Dieu!* Can't you see the ghosts of little faces peering over it? I wonder whether they get up in the night as the moonlight shines into the blank, vacant old room, and play there solemnly with little ghostly horses, and the spirits of dolls, and tops that turn and turn, but don't hum.

Once more, sir, come down to the lower story—that is, to the Morgiana story—with which the above sentences have no more to do than this morning's leading article in *The Times*; only it was at this house of Sir George Thrum's that I met Morgiana. Sir George, in old days, had instructed some of the female members of our family, and I recollect cutting my fingers as a child with one

of these attenuated green-handled knives in the queer box yonder.

In those days Sir George Thrum was the first great musical teacher of London, and the royal patronage brought him a great number of fashionable pupils, of whom Lady Fitz-Boodle was one. It was a long, long time ago; in fact, Sir George Thrum was old enough to remember persons who had been present at Mr. Braham's first appearance, and the old gentleman's days of triumph had been those of Billington and Incedon, Catalani and Madame Stora.

He was the author of several operas (*The Camel-Driver*, *Britons Alarmed*; or, *the Siege of Bergen-op-Zoom*, etc., etc.) and, of course, of songs which had considerable success in their day, but are forgotten now, and are as much faded and out of fashion as those old carpets which we have described in the professor's house, and which were, doubtless, very brilliant once. But such is the fate of carpets, of flowers, of music, of men, and of the most admirable novels—even this story will not be alive for many centuries. Well, well, why struggle against Fate?

But, though his hey-day of fashion was gone, Sir George still held his place among the musicians of the old school, conducted occasionally at the Ancient Concerts and the Philharmonic, and his glees are still favourites after public dinners and are sung by those old bacchanalians, in chestnut wigs, who attend for the purpose of amusing the guests on such occasions of festivity. The great old people at the gloomy old concerts before mentioned always pay Sir George marked respect; and, indeed, from the old gentleman's peculiar behaviour to his superiors, it is impossible they should not be delighted with him, so he leads at almost every one of the concerts in the old-fashioned houses in town.

Becomingly obsequious to his superiors, he is with the rest of the world properly majestic, and has obtained no small success by his admirable and undeviating respectability. Respectability has been his great card through life; ladies can trust their daughters at Sir George Thrum's academy. 'A good musician, madam,' says he to the mother of a new pupil, 'should not only have a fine ear, a good voice, and an indomitable industry, but, above all, a faultless character—faultless, that is, as far as our poor nature will permit. And you will remark that those young persons with whom your lovely daughter, Miss Smith, will pursue her musical studies, are all, in a moral point of view, as spotless as that charming young lady. How should it be otherwise? I have been myself the father of a family; I have been honoured with the intimacy of the wisest and best of kings, my late sovereign George III., and I can proudly show an example of decorum to my pupils in my Sophia.

Mrs. Smith, I have the honour of introducing to you my Lad, Thrum.'

The old lady would rise at this and make a gigantic curtsey, such a one as had begun the minuet at Ranelagh fifty years ago; and, the introduction ended, Mrs. Smith would retire, after having seen the portraits of the princes, his late majesty's snuff-box, and a piece of music which he used to play, noted by himself—Mrs. Smith, I say, would drive back to Baker Street delighted to think that her Frederica had secured so eligible and respectable a master. I forgot to say that, during the interview between Mrs. Smith and Sir George, the latter would be called out of his study by his black servant, and my Lady Thrum would take that opportunity of mentioning when he was knighted, and how he got his foreign order, and deploring the sad condition of *other* musical professors, and the dreadful immorality which sometimes arose in consequence of their laxness. Sir George was a good deal engaged to dinners in the season, and if invited to dine with a nobleman, as he might possibly be on the day when Mrs. Smith requested the honour of his company, he would write back 'that he should have had the sincerest happiness in waiting upon Mrs. Smith in Baker Street, if, previously, my Lord Tweedledale had not been so kind as to engage him.' This letter, of course shown by Mrs. Smith to her friends, was received by them with proper respect; and thus, in spite of age and new fashions, Sir George still reigned pre-eminent for a mile round Cavendish Square. By the young pupils of the Academy he was called Sir Charles Grandison, and, indeed, fully deserved this title on account of the 'indomitable respectability' of his whole actions.

It was under this gentleman that Morgiana made her *début* in public life. I do not know what arrangements may have been made between Sir George Thrum and his pupil regarding the profits which were to accrue to the former from engagements procured by him for the latter; but there was, no doubt, an understanding between them. For Sir George, respectable as he was, had the reputation of being extremely clever at a bargain; and Lady Thrum herself, in her great high-tragedy way, could purchase a pair of soles or select a leg of mutton with the best housekeeper in London.

When, however, Morgiana had been for some six months under his tuition, he began for some reason or other to be exceedingly hospitable, and invited his friends to numerous entertainments; at one of which, as I have said, I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Walker.

Although the worthy musician's dinners were not good, the old

night has some excellent wine in his cellar, and his arrangement of his party deserves to be commended.

For instance, he meets me and Bob Fitz-Urse in Pall Mall, at whose paternal house he was also a visitor. 'My dear young gentlemen,' says he, 'will you come and dine with a poor musical composer? I have some comet-hock, and, what is more curious to you perhaps as men of wit, one or two of the great literary characters of London whom you would like to see—quite curiosities, my dear young friends.' And we agreed to go.

To the literary men he says, 'I have a little quiet party at home, Lord Roundtowers, the Honourable Mr. Fitz-Urse, of the Life Guards, and a few more. Can you tear yourself away from the war of wits, and take a quiet dinner with a few mere men about town?'

The literary men instantly purchase new satin stocks and white gloves, and are delighted to fancy themselves members of the world of fashion. Instead of inviting twelve Royal Academicians, or a dozen authors, or a dozen men of science to dinner, as his Grace the Duke of —, and the Right Honourable Sir Robert —, are in the habit of doing once a year, this plan of fusion is the one they should adopt. Not invite all artists, as they would invite all farmers to a rent-dinner; but they should have a proper commingling of artists and men of the world. There is one of the latter whose name is George Savage Fitz-Boodle, who—But let us return to Sir George Thrum.

Fitz-Urse and I arrive at the dismal old house, and are conducted up the staircase by a black servant, who shouts out, 'Missa Fiss-Boodle—the Honourable Missa Fiss-Urse!' It was evident that Lady Thrum had instructed the swarthy groom of the chambers (for there is nothing particularly honourable in my friend Fitz's face that I know of, unless an abominable squint may be said to be so). Lady Thrum, whose figure is something like that of the shot-tower opposite Waterloo Bridge, makes a majestic inclination and a speech to signify her pleasure at receiving under her roof two of the children of Sir George's best pupils. A lady in black velvet is seated by the old fireplace, with whom a stout gentleman in an exceedingly light coat and ornamental waistcoat is talking very busily. 'The great star of the night,' whispers our host. 'Mrs. Walker, gentlemen—the Ravenswing! She is talking to the famous Mr. Slang of — Theatre.

'Is she a fine singer?' says Fitz-Urse. 'She's a very fine woman.'

'My dear young friends, you shall hear to-night! I, who have heard every fine voice in Europe, confidently pledge my respect-

ability that the Ravenswing is equal to them all. She has the graces, sir, of a Venus with the mind of a muse. She is a syren, sir, without the dangerous qualities of one. She is hallowed, sir, by her misfortunes as by her genius ; and I am proud to think that my instructions have been the means of developing the wondrous qualities that were latent within her until now.'

'You don't say so?' says gobemouche Fitz-Urse.

Having thus indoctrinated Mr. Fitz-Urse, Sir George takes another of his guests, and proceeds to work upon him. 'My dear Mr. Bludyer, how do you do? Mr. Fitz-Boodle, Mr. Bludyer, the brilliant and accomplished wit, whose sallies in *The Tomahawk* delight us every Saturday. Nay, no blushes, my dear sir; you are very wicked, but oh! so pleasant. Well, Mr. Bludyer, I am glad to see you, sir, and hope you will have a favourable opinion of our genius, sir. As I was saying to Mr. Fitz-Boodle, she has the grace of a Venus with the mind of a muse. She is a syren, without the dangerous qualities of one,' etc. This little speech was made to half-a-dozen persons in the course of the evening—persons, for the most part, connected with the public journals or the theatrical world. There was Mr. Squinny, the editor of *The Flowers of Fashion*; Mr. Desmond Mulligan, the poet, and reporter for a morning paper; and other worthies of their calling. For though Sir George is a respectable man, and as high-minded and moral an old gentleman as ever wore knee-buckles, he does not neglect the little arts of popularity, and can condescend to receive very queer company if need be.

For instance, at the dinner-party at which I had the honour of assisting, and at which on the right hand of Lady Thrum sat the *obligé* nobleman, whom the Thrums were a great deal too wise to omit (the sight of a lord does good to us commoners, or why else should we be so anxious to have one?). In the second place of honour, and on her ladyship's left hand, sat Mr. Slang, the manager of one of the theatres, a gentleman whom my Lady Thrum would scarcely, but for a great necessity's sake, have been induced to invite to her table. He had the honour of leading Mrs. Walker to dinner, who looked splendid in black velvet and a turban, full of health and smiles.

Lord Roundtowers is an old gentleman who has been at the theatres five times a week for these fifty years, a living dictionary of the stage, recollecting every actor and actress who has appeared upon it for half a century. He perfectly well remembered Miss Delancy in Morgiana; he knew what had become of Ali Baba, and how Cassin had left the stage, and was now the keeper of a public-house. All this store of knowledge he kept quietly to

himself, or only delivered in confidence to his next neighbour in the intervals of the banquet, which he enjoys prodigiously. He lives at an hotel; if not invited to dine, eats a mutton-chop very humbly at his club, and finishes the evening after the play at Crockford's, whither he goes not for the sake of the play but of the supper there. He is described in *The Court Guide* as of Simmer's Hotel, and of Roundtowers, County Cork. It is said that the round towers really exist. But he has not been in Ireland since the rebellion; and his property is so hampered with ancestral mortgages, and rent-charges, and annuities, that his income is barely sufficient to provide the modest mutton-chop before alluded to. He has, any time these fifty years, lived in the wretchedest company in London, and is, withal, as harmless, mild, good-natured, innocent an old gentleman as can readily be seen.

'Roundy,' shouts the elegant Mr. Slang across the table, with a voice which makes Lady Thrum shudder, 'Tuff, a glass of wine.'

My lord replies meekly, 'Mr. Slang, I shall have very much pleasure. What shall it be?'

'There is Madeira near you, my lord,' says my lady, pointing to a tall thin decanter of the fashion of the year.

'Madeira! Marsala, by Jove, your ladyship means?' shouts Mr. Slang. 'No, no, old birds are not caught with chaff. Thrum, old boy, let's have some of your comet-hock.'

'My Lady Thrum, I believe that is Marsala,' says the knight, blushing a little, in reply to a question from his Sophia. 'Ajax, the hock to Mr. Slang.'

'I'm in that,' yells Mr. Bludyer from the end of the table. 'My lord, I'll join you.'

'Mr. —, I beg your pardon—I shall be very happy to take wine with you, sir.'

'It is Mr. Bludyer, the celebrated newspaper writer,' whispers Lady Thrum.

'Bludyer, Bludyer? A very clever man, I daresay. He has a very loud voice, and reminds me of Brett. Does your ladyship remember Brett, who played the "Fathers" at the Haymarket in 1802?'

'What an old stupid Roundtowers is!' says Slang, archly, nudging Mrs. Walker in the side. 'How's Walker, eh?'

'My husband is in the country,' replies Mrs. Walker, hesitatingly.

'Gammon, I know where he is! Law bless you!—don't blush. I've been there myself a dozen times. We are talking about quod, Lady Thrum. Were you ever in college?'

'I was at the Commemoration at Oxford in 1814, when the sovereigns were there, and at Cambridge when Sir George received his degree of Doctor of Music.'

'Laud, Laud, *that's* not the college *we* mean.'

'There is also the college in Gower Street, where my grandson——'

'This is the college in *Queer Street*, ma'am, haw, haw! Mulligan, you divvle (in an Irish accent), a glass of wine with you. Wine, here, you waiter! What's your name, you black nigger? 'Possum up a gum-tree, eh? Fill him up. Dere he go' (imitating the Mandingo manner of speaking English).

In this agreeable way would Mr. Slang rattle on, speedily making himself the centre of the conversation and addressing graceful familiarities to all the gentlemen and ladies round him. And if his stories during dinner are such as to make ladies present look extremely awkward, when the ladies withdraw, he has a collection of tales with which he instantly commences, and which surpasses all *historiettes* ever heard.

It was good to see how the little knight, the most moral and calm of men, was compelled to receive these stories, and the frightened air with which, at the conclusion of one of them, he would venture upon a commendatory grin. His lady, on her part too, had been laboriously civil; and, on the occasion on which I had the honour of meeting this gentleman and Mrs. Walker, it was the latter who gave the signal for the withdrawing to the lady of the house, by saying, 'I think, Lady Thrum, it is quite time for us to retire.' Some exquisite joke of Mr. Slang's was the cause of this abrupt disappearance.

'Don't go, Mrs. Walker,' says he, laying hold of her scarf; 'don't be off yet. It's only my fun.' But Morgiana left the room indignantly; and, as they went upstairs to the drawing-room, Lady Thrum took occasion to say, 'My dear, in the course of your profession you will have to submit to many such familiarities on the part of persons of low breeding such as I fear Mr. Slang is. But let me caution you against giving way to your temper as you did. Did you not perceive that I never allowed him to see my inward dissatisfaction? And I make it a particular point that you should be very civil to him to-night. Your interests—our interests—depend on it.'

'And are my interests to make me civil to a wretch like that?'

'Mrs. Walker, would you wish to give lessons in morality and behaviour to Lady Thrum?' said the old lady, drawing herself up with great dignity. It was evident that she had a very strong desire indeed to conciliate Mr. Slang, and hence I have no doubt

that Sir George was to have a considerable share of Morgiana's earnings.

Mr. Bludyer, the famous editor of *The Tomahawk*, whose jokes Sir George pretended to admire so much (Sir George who never made a joke in his life), was a press bravo of considerable talent and no principle, and who, to use his own words, would 'back himself for a slashing article against any man in England!' He would not only write, but fight on a pinch, was a good scholar, and as savage in his manner as with his pen. Mr. Squinny is of exactly the opposite school, as delicate as milk and water, harmless in his habits, fond of the flute when the state of his chest would allow him, a great practiser of waltzing and dancing in general, and in his journal mildly malicious. He never goes beyond the bounds of politeness, but manages to insinuate a great deal that is disagreeable to an author in the course of twenty lines of criticism. Personally he is quite respectable, and lives with two maiden aunts at Brompton. Nobody, on the contrary, knows where Mr. Bludyer lives. He has houses of call, mysterious taverns where he may be found at particular hours by those who need him, and where panting publishers are in the habit of hunting him up. For a bottle of wine and a guinea he will write a page of praise or abuse of any man living, or on any subject, or on any line of politics. 'Hang it, sir,' says he, 'pay me enough and I will write down my own father!' According to the state of his credit, he is dressed either almost in rags, or else in the extremest flush of fashion. With the latter attire he puts on a haughty and aristocratic air, and would slap a duke on the shoulder. If there is one thing more dangerous than to refuse to lend him a sum of money when he asks for it, it is to lend it to him, for he never pays, and never pardons a man to whom he owes. 'Walker refused to cash a bill for me,' he had been heard to say, 'and I'll do for his wife when she comes out on the stage!' Mrs. Walker and Sir George Thrum were in an agony about *The Tomahawk*, hence the latter's invitation to Mr. Bludyer. Sir George was in a great tremor about *The Flowers of Fashion*, hence his invitation to Mr. Squinny. Mr. Squinny was introduced to Lord Round-towers and Mr. Fitz-Urse as the most delightful and talented of our young men of genius; and Fitz, who believes everything any one tells him, was quite pleased to have the honour of sitting near the live editor of a paper. I have reason to think that Mr. Squinny himself was no less delighted, he looked incessantly to see that his neighbours' plates were filled and their glasses not empty, and paid them every imaginable attention. I saw him giving his card to Fitz-Urse at the end of the second course.

No particular attention was paid to Mr. Desmond Mulligan. Political enthusiasm is his forte. He lives and writes in a rapture. He is, of course, a member of an inn of court, and greatly addicted to after-dinner speaking as a preparation for the bar, where as a young man of genius he hopes one day to shine. He is almost the only man to whom Bludyer is civil, for, if the latter will fight doggedly when there is a necessity for so doing, the former fights like an Irishman, and has a pleasure in it. He has been 'on the ground' I don't know how many times, and quitted his country on account of a quarrel with Government regarding certain articles published by him in *The Phoenix* newspaper. With the third bottle, he becomes overpoweringly great on the wrongs of Ireland, and at that period generally volunteers a couple or more of Irish melodies, selecting the most melancholy in the collection. At five in the afternoon you are sure to see him about the House of Commons, and he knows the Reform Club (he calls it the Refawrum) as well as if he were a member. It is curious for the contemplative mind to mark those mysterious hangers-on of Irish members of Parliament—strange runners and *aides-de-camp* which all the honourable gentlemen appear to possess. Desmond, in his political capacity, is one of these, and besides his calling as reporter to a newspaper, is 'our well-informed correspondent' of that famous Munster paper, *The Green Flag of Skibbereen*.

With Mr. Mulligan's qualities and history I only became subsequently acquainted. On the present evening he made but a brief stay at the dinner-table, being compelled by his professional duties to attend the House of Commons.

The above formed the party with whom I had the honour to dine. What other repasts Sir George Thrum may have given, what assemblies of men of mere science he may have invited to give their opinion regarding his prodigy, what other editors of papers he may have pacified or rendered favourable, who knows? On the present occasion we did not quit the dinner-table until Mr. Slang the manager was considerably excited by wine, and music had been heard for some time in the drawing-room overhead during our absence. An addition had been made to the Thrum party by the arrival of several persons to spend the evening—a man to play on the violin between the singing, a youth to play on the piano, Miss Horseman to sing with Mrs. Walker, and other scientific characters. In a corner sat a red-faced old lady, of whom the mistress of the mansion took little notice; and a gentleman with a royal button, who blushed and looked exceedingly modest.

'Hang me!' says Mr. Bludyer, who had perfectly good reasons

for recognising Mr. Woolsey, and who on this day chose to assume his aristocratic air, 'there's a tailor in the room! What do they mean by asking *me* to meet tradesmen?'

'Delancy, my dear,' cries Slang, entering the room with a reel, 'how's your precious health? Give us your hand! When *are* we to be married? Make room for me on the sofa, that's a duck!'

'Get along, Slang,' says Mrs. Crump, addressed by the manager by her maiden name (artists generally drop the title of honour which people adopt in the world, and call each other by their simple surnames)—'get along, Slang, or I'll tell Mrs. S.!' The enterprising manager replies by sportively striking Mrs. Crump on the side a blow which causes a great giggle from the lady insulted, and a most good-humoured threat to box Slang's ears. I fear very much that Morgiana's mother thought Mr. Slang an exceedingly gentlemanlike and agreeable person; besides, she was eager to have his good opinion of Mrs. Walker's singing.

The manager stretches himself out with much gracefulness on the sofa, supporting two little dumpy legs encased in varnished boots on a chair.

'Ajax, some tea to Mr. Slang,' said my lady, looking towards that gentleman with a countenance expressive of some alarm, I thought.

'No; hang it! my lady,' roared he, 'no tea for me! I'll tell you what though, Ajax, my boy, bring me some brandy and cold water, and set it here on the little table close by me.'

'Get everything, Ajax, to make Mr. Slang comfortable,' said our hostess, looking more and more enraged; and poor Sir George, who had been locking up the wine in the dismal cellaret below stairs, was obliged to disappear again in order to fetch a bottle of brandy for the manager.

'That's right, Ajax, my black prince!' exclaimed Slang, when the negro brought the required refreshment; 'and now I suppose you'll be wanted in the orchestra yonder. Don't Ajax play the cymbals, Sir George?'

'Ha, ha, ha! very good—capital!' answered the knight, exceedingly frightened; 'but ours is not a *military* band. Miss Horseman, Mr. Craw, my dear Mrs. Ravenswing, shall we begin the trio? Silence, gentlemen, if you please, it is a little piece from my opera of *The Brigand's Bride*. Miss Horseman takes the Page's part, Mr. Craw is Stiletto the Brigand, my accomplished pupil is the Bride;' and the music began.

THE BRIDE.

My heart with joy is beating,
My eyes with tears are dim.

THE PAGE.

Her heart with joy is beating,
Her eyes are fixed on him.

THE BRIGAND.

My heart with rage is beating,
In blood my eye-balls swim !

What may have been the merits of the music or the singing, I, of course, cannot guess. Lady Thrum sat opposite the tea-cups, nodding her head and beating time very gravely. Lord Roundtowers, by her side, nodded his head, too, for a while, and then fell asleep. I should have done the same but for the manager, whose actions were worthy of remark. He sung with all the three singers, and a great deal louder than any of them ; he drank brandy and water, and offered his glass to Mrs. Crump (who gave him a nod, and took some too) ; he shouted bravo ! or hissed as he thought proper ; he criticised all the points of Mrs. Walker's person. 'She'll do, Crump, she'll do—a splendid arm—you'll see her eyes in the shilling gallery ! What sort of a foot has she ? She's five feet three, if she's an inch ! Bravo—slap up—capital—hurra !' and he concluded by saying, with the aid of the Ravenswing, he would put Ligonier's nose out of joint !

The enthusiasm of Mr. Slang almost reconciled Lady Thrum to the abruptness of his manners, and even caused Sir George to forget that his chorus had been interrupted by the obstreperous familiarity of the manager.

'And what do you think, Mr. Bludyer,' said the tailor, delighted that his *protégée* should be thus winning all hearts. 'Isn't Mrs. Walker a tip-top singer, eh, sir ?'

'I think she's a very bad one, Mr. Woolsey,' said the illustrious author, wishing to abbreviate all communications with a tailor to whom he owed forty pounds.

'Then, sir,' says Mr. Woolsey, fiercely, 'I'll—I'll thank you to pay me my little bill.'

It is true there was no connection between Mrs. Walker's singing and Woolsey's little bill ; that the 'Then, sir,' was perfectly illogical on Woolsey's part, but it was a very happy hit for the future fortunes of Mrs. Walker. Who knows what would have come of her *début* but for that 'Then, sir,' and whether a

'smashing article' from *The Tomahawk* might not have ruined her for ever?

'Are you a relation of Mrs. Walker's,' said Mr. Bludyer, in reply to the angry tailor.

'What's that to you, whether I am or not?' replied Woolsey, fiercely. 'But I'm the friend of Mrs. Walker, sir; proud am I to say so, sir; and, as the poet says, sir, "a little learning's a dangerous thing," sir; and I think a man who don't pay his bills may keep his tongue quiet at least, sir, and not abuse a lady, sir, whom everybody else praises, sir. You shan't humbug me any more, sir; you shall hear from my attorney to-morrow, so mark that!'

'Hush, my dear Mr. Woolsey,' cried the literary man; 'don't make a noise, come into this window; is Mrs. Walker *really* a friend of yours?'

'I've told you so, sir.'

'Well, in that case, I shall do my utmost to serve her; and look you, Woolsey, any article you choose to send about her to *The Tomahawk* I promise you I'll put in.'

'Will you though? then we'll say nothing about the little bill.'

'You may do on that point,' answered Bludyer, haughtily, 'exactly as you please. I am not to be frightened from my duty, mind that; and mind, too, that I can write a slashing article better than any man in England: I could crush her by ten lines.'

The tables were now turned, and it was Woolsey's turn to be alarmed.

'Pooh, pooh! you abused Mrs. Walker, who's an angel on earth; but I'm very willing to apologise: I say—come—let me take your measure for some new clothes, eh! Mr. B.?'

'I'll come to your shop,' answered the literary man, quite appeased. 'Silence! they're beginning another song.'

The songs, which I don't attempt to describe (and, upon my word and honour, as far as I can understand honour, I believe to this day that Mrs. Walker was only an ordinary singer), the songs lasted a great deal longer than I liked, but I was nailed, as it were, to the spot, having agreed to sup at Knightsbridge barracks with Fitz-Urse, whose carriage was ordered at eleven o'clock.

'My dear Fitz-Boodle,' said our old host to me, 'you can do me the greatest service in the world.'

'Speak, sir,' said I.

'Will you ask your honourable and gallant friend, the captain, to drive home Mr. Squinny to Brompton?'

‘Can’t Mr. Squinny get a cab?’ Sir George looked particularly arch.

‘Generalship, my dear young friend—a little harmless generalship. Mr. Squinny will not give much for *my* opinion of my pupil, but he will value very highly the opinion of the Honourable Mr. Fitz-Urse.’

For a moral man, was not the little knight a clever fellow? He had bought Mr. Squinny for a dinner worth ten shillings, and for a ride in a carriage with a lord’s son. Squinny was carried to Brompton, and set down at his aunt’s door, delighted with his new friends, and exceedingly sick with a cigar they had made him smoke.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH MR. WALKER SHOWS GREAT PRUDENCE AND FORBEARANCE.

THE describing of all these persons does not advance Morgiana’s story much. But perhaps some country readers are not acquainted with the class of persons by whose printed opinions they are guided, and are simple enough to imagine that mere merit will make a reputation on the stage or elsewhere. The making of a theatrical success is a much more complicated and curious thing than such persons fancy it to be. Immense are the pains taken to get a good word from Mr. This of *The Star*, or Mr. That of *The Courier*, to propitiate the favour of the critic of the day, and get the editors of the metropolis into a good humour,—above all, to have the name of the party to be puffed perpetually before the public. Artists cannot be advertised like Macassar oil or blacking, and they want it to the full as much; hence endless ingenuity must be practised in order to keep the popular attention awake. Suppose a great actor moves from London to Windsor, *The Brentford Champion* must state, ‘That yesterday Mr. Blazes and suite passed rapidly through our city; the celebrated comedian is engaged, we hear, at Windsor, to give some of his inimitable readings of our great national bard to the *most illustrious audience* in the realm.’ This piece of intelligence *The Hammersmith Observer* will question the next week, as thus:—‘A contemporary, *The Brentford Champion*, says that Blazes is engaged to give Shakspearean readings at Windsor to “the most illustrious audience in the realm.” We question

this fact very much, we would, indeed, that it were true; but the *most illustrious audience* in the realm prefers foreign melodies to the *native wood-notes wild* of the sweet song-bird of Avon. Mr. Blazes is simply gone to Eton, where his son, Master Massinger Blazes, is suffering, we regret to hear, under a severe attack of the chicken-pox. This complaint (incident to youth) has raged, we understand, with frightful virulence in Eton School.'

And if, after the above paragraphs, some London paper chooses to attack the folly of the provincial press, which talks of Mr. Blazes, and chronicles his movements, as if he were a crowned head, what harm is done? Blazes can write in his own name to the London journal and say that it is not *his* fault if provincial journals choose to chronicle his movements, and that he was far from wishing that the afflictions of those who are dear to him should form the subject of public comment and be held up to public ridicule. 'We had no intention of hurting the feelings of an estimable public servant,' writes the editor; 'and our remarks on the chicken-pox were general, not personal. We sincerely trust that Master Massinger Blazes has recovered from that complaint, and that he may pass through the measles, the whooping-cough, the fourth form, and all other diseases to which youth is subject, with comfort to himself, and credit to his parents and teachers.'

At his next appearance on the stage after this controversy, a British public calls for Blazes three times after the play, and somehow there is sure to be some one with a laurel-wreath in a stage-box, who flings that chaplet at the inspired artist's feet.

I don't know how it was, but before the *début* of Morgiana the English press began to heave and throb in a convulsive manner, as if indicative of the near birth of some great thing. For instance, you read in one paper:—

Anecdote of Karl Maria von Weber.—When the author of *Oberon* was in England, he was invited by a noble duke to dinner, and some of the most celebrated of our artists were assembled to meet him. The signal being given to descend to the *salle-à-manger*, the German composer was invited by his noble host (a bachelor) to lead the way. 'Is it not the fashion in your country,' said he, simply, 'for the man of the first eminence to take the first place? Here is one whose genius entitles him to be first *anywhere*.' And, so saying, he pointed to our admirable English composer, Sir George Thrum. The two musicians were friends to the last, and Sir George has still the identical piece of rosin which the author of the *Freischütz* gave him. —*The Moon* (morning paper) 2nd June. •

George III. a Composer.—Sir George Thrum has in his possession the score of an air, the words from *Samson Agonistes*, an autograph of the late revered monarch. We hear that that excellent English composer has in store for us not only an opera, but a pupil, with whose transcendent merits the *élite* of our aristocracy are already familiar.—*Ibid.* June 5.

Music with a Vengeance.—The march to the sound of which the 49th and 75th regiments rushed up the breach of Badajoz was the celebrated air from *Britons Alarmed*; or, *The Siege of Bergen-op-Zoom*, by our famous English composer, Sir George Thrum. Marshal Davoust said that the French line never stood when that air was performed to the charge of the bayonet. We hear the veteran musician has an opera now about to appear, and have no doubt that Old England will now, as then, show its superiority over *all* foreign opponents.—*Albion.*

We have been accused of preferring the *produit* of the *étranger* to the talent of our own native shores;—but those who speak so little know us. We are *fanatici par la musica* wherever it be, and welcome merit *dans chaque pays du monde*. What do we say? *La mérite n'a point de pays*, as Napoleon said; and Sir George Thrum (*Chevalier de l'ordre de l'Éléphant et Château de Panama*) is a *maestro*, whose fame *appartient a l'Europe*.

We have just heard the lovely *élève*, whose rare qualities the cavaliere has brought to perfection,—we have heard THE RAVENSWING (*pourquoi cacher un nom que demain un monde va saluer?*), and a creature more beautiful and gifted never bloomed before *dans nos climats*. She sung the delicious duet of the 'Nabucodonosore,' with Count Pizzicato, with a *bellezza*, a *grandezza*, a *raggio*, that excited in the bosom of the audience a corresponding *furore*; her *scherzando* was exquisite, though we confess we thought the concluding *fioritura* in the passage in Y flat a leetle, a very leetle *sforzata*. Surely the words,

Giorno d'orrore
Delire, dolore,
Nabucodonosore,

should be given *andante*, and not *con strepito*; but this is a *faute bien légère* in the midst of such unrivalled excellence, and only mentioned here that we may have something to criticise.

We hear that the enterprising *impresario* of one of the royal theatres has made an engagement with the Diva; and, if we have a regret, it is that she should be compelled to sing in the unfortunate language of our rude northern clime, which does not *prêter* itself near so well to the *bocca* of the *cantatrice* as do the mellifluous accents of the *Lingua Toscana*, the *langue par excellence* of song.

The Ravenswing's voice is a magnificent contra-basso of nine octaves, etc.—*Flowers of Fashion*, June 10.

Old Thrum, the composer, is bringing out an opera and a pupil. The opera is good, the pupil first-rate. The opera will do much more than compete with the infernal twaddle and disgusting slip-slop of Donizetti, and the milk-and-water fools who imitate him; it will (and we ask the readers of *The Tomahawk*, were we EVER mistaken?) surpass all these; it is good, of downright English stuff. The airs are fresh and pleasing, the choruses large and noble, the instrumentation solid and rich, the music is carefully written. We wish old Thrum and his opera well.

His pupil is a SURE card, a splendid woman, and a splendid singer. She is so handsome that she might sing as much out of tune as Miss Ligonier, and the public would forgive her; and sings so well, that were she as ugly as the aforesaid Ligonier, the audience would listen to her. The Ravenswing, that is her fantastical theatrical name (her real name is the same with that of a notorious scoundrel in the Fleet, who invented the Panama swindle, the Pontine Marshes' swindle, the soap swindle—*how are you off for soap now*, Mr. W-lk-r?)—the Ravenswing, we say, will do. Slang has engaged her at thirty guineas per week, and she appears next month in Thrum's opera, of which the words are written by a great ass with some talent—we mean Mr. Mulligan.

There is a foreign fool in *The Flowers of Fashion* who is doing his best to disgust the public by his filthy flattery. It is enough to make one sick. Why is the foreign beast not kicked out of the paper?—*The Tomahawk*, June 17.

The three first 'anecdotes' were supplied by Mulligan to his paper, with many others which need not here be repeated; he kept them up with amazing energy and variety. Anecdotes of Sir George Thrum met you unexpectedly in queer corners of country papers; puffs of the English school of music appeared perpetually in 'notices to correspondents,' in the Sunday prints, some of which Mr. Slang commanded, and in others over which the indefatigable Mulligan had a control. This youth was the soul of the little conspiracy for raising Morgiana into fame; and humble as he is, and great and respectable as is Sir George Thrum, it is my belief that the Ravenswing would never have been the Ravenswing she is but for the ingenuity and energy of the honest Hibernian reporter.

It is only the business of the great man who writes the leading articles which appear in the large type of the daily papers to compose those astonishing pieces of eloquence; the other parts of the paper are left to the ingenuity of the sub-editor, whose duty it is to select paragraphs, reject or receive horrid accidents, police reports, etc., with which, occupied as he is in the exercise of his

tremendous functions, the editor himself cannot be expected to meddle. The fate of Europe is his province, the rise and fall of empires, and the great questions of state, demand the editor's attention: the humble puff, the paragraph about the last murder, or the state of the crops, or the sewers in Chancery Lane, is confided to the care of the sub; and it is curious to see what a prodigious number of Irishmen exist among the sub-editors of London. When the *Liberator* enumerates the services of his countrymen, how the battle of Fontenoy was won by the Irish Brigade, how the battle of Waterloo would have been lost but for the Irish regiments, and enumerates other acts for which we are indebted to Milesian heroes and genius—he ought at least to mention the Irish brigade of the press, and the amazing services they do to this country.

The truth is, the Irish reporters and soldiers appear to do their duty right well; and my friend Mr. Mulligan is one of the former. Having the interest of his opera and the Ravenswing strongly at heart, and being amongst his brethren an exceedingly popular fellow, he managed matters so that never a day passed but some paragraph appeared somewhere regarding the new singer, in whom, for their countryman's sake, all his brother reporters and sub-editors felt an interest.

These puffs, destined to make known to all the world the merits of the Ravenswing, of course had an effect upon a gentleman very closely connected with that lady, the respectable prisoner in the Fleet, Captain Walker. As long as he received his weekly two guineas from Mr. Woolsey, and the occasional half-crowns which his wife could spare in her almost daily visits to him, he had never troubled himself to inquire what her pursuits were, and had allowed her (though the worthy woman longed with all her might to betray herself) to keep her secret. He was far from thinking, indeed, that his wife would prove such a treasure to him.

But when the voice of Fame and the columns of the public journals brought him each day some new story regarding the merits, genius, and beauty of the Ravenswing; when rumours reached him that she was the favourite pupil of Sir George Thrum; when she brought him five guineas after singing at the Philharmonic (other five the good soul had spent in purchasing some smart new cockades, hats, cloaks, and laces for her little son); when, finally, it was said that Slang, the great manager, offered her an engagement at thirty guineas per week, Mr. Walker became exceedingly interested in his wife's proceedings, of which he demanded from her the fullest explanation.

Using his marital authority, he absolutely forbade Mrs.

Walker's appearance on the public stage : he wrote to Sir George Thrum a letter expressive of his highest indignation that negotiations so important should ever have been commenced without his authorisation ; and he wrote to his dear Slang (for these gentlemen were very intimate, and in the course of his transactions as an agent Mr. W. had had many dealings with Mr. S.) asking his dear Slang whether the latter thought his friend Walker would be so green as to allow his wife to appear on the stage, and he remain in prison with all his debts on his head ?

And it was a curious thing to behold how eager those very creditors who but yesterday (and with perfect correctness) had denounced Mr. Walker as a swindler ; who had refused to come to any composition with him, and had sworn never to release him ; how they on a sudden became quite eager to come to an arrangement with him, and offered, nay, begged and prayed him to go free—only giving them his own and Mrs. Walker's acknowledgment of their debt, with a promise that a part of the lady's salary should be devoted to the payment of the claim.

'The lady's salary !' said Mr. Walker, indignantly, to these gentlemen and their attorneys. 'Do you suppose I will allow Mrs. Walker to go on the stage?—do you suppose I am such a fool as to sign bills to the full amount of these claims against me, when in a few months more I can walk out of prison without paying a shilling? Gentlemen, you take Howard Walker for an idiot. I like the Fleet, and rather than pay I'll stay here for these ten years.'

In other words, it was the Captain's determination to make some advantageous bargain for himself with his creditors and the gentlemen who were interested in bringing forward Mrs. Walker on the stage. And who can say that in so determining he did not act with laudable prudence and justice ?

'You do not, surely, consider, my very dear sir, that half the amount of Mrs. Walker's salaries is too much for my immense trouble and pains in teaching her?' cried Sir George Thrum (who, in reply to Walker's note, thought it most prudent to wait personally on that gentleman). 'Remember that I am the first master in England ; that I have the best interest in England ; that I can bring her out at the Palace, and at every concert and musical festival in England ; that I am obliged to teach her every single note that she utters ; and that without me she could no more sing a song than her little baby could walk without its nurse.'

'I believe about half what you say,' said Mr. Walker.

'My dear Captain Walker, would you question my integrity ?

Who was it that made Mrs. Millington's fortune—the celebrated Mrs. Millington, who has now got a hundred thousand pounds? Who was it that brought out the finest tenor in Europe—Poppleton? Ask the musical world, ask those great artists themselves, and they will tell you they owe their reputation, their fortune, to Sir George Thrum.'

'It is very likely,' replied the Captain, coolly. 'You are a good master, I daresay, Sir George; but I am not going to article Mrs. Walker to you for three years, and sign her articles in the Fleet. Mrs. Walker shan't sing till I'm a free man, that's flat; if I stay here till you're dead she shan't.'

'Gracious powers, sir!' exclaimed Sir George, 'do you expect me to pay your debts?'

'Yes, old boy,' answered the Captain, 'and to give me something handsome in hand, too; and that's my ultimatum; and so I wish you good-morning, for I'm engaged to play a match at tennis below.'

This little interview exceedingly frightened the worthy knight, who went home to his lady in a delirious state of alarm, occasioned by the audacity of Captain Walker.

Mr. Slang's interview with him was scarcely more satisfactory. He owed, he said, four thousand pounds. His creditors might be brought to compound for five shillings in the pound. He would not consent to allow his wife to make a single engagement until the creditors were satisfied, and until he had a handsome sum in hand to begin the world with. 'Unless my wife comes out, you'll be in *The Gazette* yourself, you know you will. So you may take her or leave her, as you think fit.'

'Let her sing one night as a trial,' said Mr. Slang.

'If she sings one night, the creditors will want their money in full,' replied the Captain. 'I shan't let her labour, poor thing, for the profit of those scoundrels!' added the prisoner, with much feeling. And Slang left him with a much greater respect for Walker than he had ever before possessed. He was struck with the gallantry of the man who could triumph over misfortunes, nay, make misfortune itself an engine of good-luck.

Mrs. Walker was instructed instantly to have a severe sore throat. The journals in Mr. Slang's interest deplored this illness pathetically; while the papers in the interest of the opposition theatre magnified it with great malice. 'The new singer,' said one, 'the great wonder which Slang promised us, is as hoarse as a raven!' 'Dr. Thorax pronounces,' wrote another paper, 'that the quinsy, which has suddenly prostrated Mrs. Ravenswing, whose singing at the Philharmonic, previous to her appearance at the

T.R., excited so much applause, has destroyed the lady's voice for ever. We luckily need no other *prima donna*, when that place, as nightly thousands acknowledge, is held by Miss Ligonier.' *The Looker-on* said, 'That although some well-informed contemporaries had declared Mrs. W. Ravenswing's complaint to be a quinsy, others, on whose authority they could equally rely, had pronounced it to be a consumption. At all events, she was in an exceedingly dangerous state, from which, though we do not expect, we heartily trust she may recover. Opinions differ as to the merits of this lady, some saying that she was altogether inferior to Miss Ligonier, while other *connoisseurs* declare the latter lady to be no means so accomplished a person. This point, we fear,' continued *The Looker-on*, 'can never now be settled, unless, which we fear is improbable, Mrs. Ravenswing should ever so far recover as to be able to make her *début*; and even then, the new singer will not have a fair chance unless her voice and strength shall be fully restored. This information, which we have from exclusive resources, may be relied on,' concluded *The Looker-on*, 'as authentic.'

It was Mr. Walker himself, that artful and audacious Fleet prisoner, who concocted those very paragraphs against his wife's health which appeared in the journals of the Ligonier party. The partisans of that lady were delighted, the creditors of Mr. Walker astounded, at reading them. Even Sir George Thrum was taken in, and came to the Fleet prison in considerable alarm.

'Mum's the word, my good sir!' said Mr. Walker. 'Now is the time to make arrangements with the creditors.'

Well, these arrangements were finally made. It does not matter how many shillings in the pound satisfied the rapacious creditors of Morgiana's husband. But it is certain that her voice returned to her all of a sudden upon the Captain's release. The papers of the Mulligan faction again trumpeted her perfections; the agreement with Mr. Slang was concluded; that with Sir George Thrum, the great composer, satisfactorily arranged; and the new opera underlined in immense capitals in the bills, and put in rehearsal with immense expenditure on the part of the scene-painter and costumier.

Need we tell with what triumphant success *The Brigand's Bride* was received? All the Irish sub-editors the next morning took care to have such an account of it as made Miss Ligonier and Baroski die with envy. All the reporters who could spare time were in the boxes to support their friend's work. All the journey-men tailors of the establishment of Linsey, Woolsey, and Co. had pit tickets given to them, and applauded with all their might. All Mr. Walker's friends of the Regent Club lined the side-boxes

with white kid gloves; and in a little box by themselves sat Mrs. Crump and Mr. Woolsey, a great deal too much agitated to applaud—so agitated, that Woolsey even forgot to fling down the *bouquet* he had brought for the Ravenswing.

But there was no lack of those horticultural ornaments. The theatre servants wheeled away a wheel-barrow full (which were flung on the stage the next night over again); and Morgiana, blushing, panting, weeping, was led off by Mr. Poppleton, the eminent tenor, who had crowned her with one of the most conspicuous of the chaplets.

Here she flew to her husband, and flung her arms round his neck. He was flirting behind the side-scenes with Mademoiselle Flieflac, who had been dancing in the *divertissement*, and was probably the only man in the theatre of those who witnessed the embrace that did not care for it. Even Slang was affected, and said with perfect sincerity that he wished he had been in Walker's place. The manager's fortune was made, at least for the season. He acknowledged so much to Walker, who took a week's salary for his wife in advance that very night.

There was, as usual, a grand supper in the green-room. The terrible Mr. Bludyer appeared in a new coat of the well-known Woolsey cut, and the little tailor himself and Mrs. Crump were not the least happy of the party. But when the Ravenswing took Woolsey's hand, and said she never would have been there but for him, Mr. Walker looked very grave, and hinted to her that she must not, in her position, encourage the attentions of persons in that rank of life. 'I shall pay,' said he, proudly, 'every farthing that is owing to Mr. Woolsey, and shall employ him for the future. But you understand, my love, that one cannot, at one's own table, receive one's own tailor.'

Slang proposed Morgiana's health in a tremendous speech, which elicited cheers, and laughter, and sobs, such as only managers have the art of drawing from the theatrical gentlemen and ladies in their employ. It was observed, especially among the chorus-singers at the bottom of the table, that their emotion was intense. They had a meeting the next day, and voted a piece of plate to Adolphus Slang, Esq., for his eminent services in the cause of the drama.

Walker returned thanks for his lady. That was, he said, the proudest moment of his life. He was proud to think that he had educated her for the stage, happy to think that his sufferings had not been in vain, and that his exertions in her behalf were crowned with full success. In her name and his own he thanked the company, and sat down and was once more particularly attentive to Mademoiselle Flieflac.

Then came an oration from Sir George Thrum, in reply to Slang's toast to him. It was very much to the same effect as the speech by Walker, the two gentlemen attributing to themselves individually the merit of bringing out Mrs. Walker. He concluded by stating that he should always hold Mrs. Walker as the daughter of his heart, and to the last moment of his life should love and cherish her. It is certain that Sir George was exceedingly elated that night, and would have been scolded by his lady on his return home, but for the triumph of the evening.

Mulligan's speech of thanks, as author of *The Brigand's Bride*, was, it must be confessed, extremely tedious. It seemed there would be no end to it, when he got upon the subject of Ireland especially, which somehow was found to be intimately connected with the interests of music, and the theatre. Even the choristers pooh-poohed this speech, coming though it did from the successful author, whose songs of wine, love, and battle they had been repeating that night.

The Brigand's Bride ran for many nights. Its choruses were tuned on the organs of the day. Morgiana's airs, 'The Rose upon my Balcony' and 'The Lightning on the Cataract' (recitative and scena) were on everybody's lips, and brought so many guineas to Sir George Thrum that he was encouraged to have his portrait engraved, which still may be seen in the music-shops. Not many persons, I believe, bought proof impressions of the plate, price two guineas; whereas, on the contrary, all the young clerks in banks and all the *fast* young men of the universities, had pictures of the Ravenswing in their apartments—as Biondetta (*The Brigand's Bride*), as Zalyma (*The Nuptials of Benares*), as Barbareska (in *The Mine of Tobolsk*), and in all her famous characters. In the latter she disguises herself as an Uhlan, in order to save her father, who is in prison; and the Ravenswing looked so fascinating in this costume in pantaloons and yellow boots, that Slang was for having her instantly in Captain Macheath, whence arose their quarrel.

She was replaced at Slang's theatre by Snooks, the rhinoceros-tamer, with his breed of wild buffaloes. Their success was immense. Slang gave a supper, at which all his company burst into tears, and assembling in the green-room next day, they, as usual, voted a piece of plate to Adolphus Slang, Esq., for his eminent services to the drama.

In the Captain Macheath dispute Mr. Walker would have had his wife yield; but on this point, and for once, she disobeyed her husband and left the theatre. And when Walker cursed her (according to his wont) for her abominable selfishness and disregard of his property, she burst into tears and said she had spent but

twenty guineas on herself and baby during the year, that her theatrical dressmaker's bills were yet unpaid, and that she had never asked him how much he spent on that odious French *figurante*.

All this was true, except about the French *figurante*. Walker, as the lord and master, received all Morgiana's earnings, and spent them as a gentleman should. He gave very neat dinners at a cottage in the Regent's Park (Mr. and Mrs. Walker lived in Green Street, Grosvenor Square), he played a good deal at the Regent; but for the French *figurante* it must be confessed that Mrs. Walker was in a sad error; that lady and the Captain had parted long ago; it was Madame Dolores de Tras-os-Montes who inhabited the cottage in St. John's Wood now.

But if some little errors of this kind might be attributable to the Captain, on the other hand, when his wife was in the provinces, he was the most attentive of husbands; made all her bargains, and received every shilling before he would permit her to sing a note. Thus he prevented her from being cheated, as a person of her easy temper, doubtless, would have been, by designing managers and needy concert-givers. They always travelled with four horses; and Walker was adored in every one of the principal hotels in England. The waiters flew at his bell. The chambermaids were afraid he was a sad naughty man, and thought his wife no such great beauty; the landlords preferred him to any duke. He never looked at their bills, not he! In fact, his income was at least four thousand a year for some years of his life.

Master Woolsey Walker was put to Dr. Wapshot's seminary, whence, after many disputes on the doctor's part as to getting his half-year's accounts paid, and after much complaint of ill-treatment on the little boy's side, he was withdrawn, and placed under the care of the Rev. Mr. Swishtail, at Turnham Green; where all his bills are paid by his godfather, now the head of the firm of Woolsey and Co.

As a gentleman, Mr. Walker still declines to see him; but he has not, as far as I have heard, paid the sums of money which he threatened to refund; and as he is seldom at home, the worthy tailor can come to Green Street at his leisure; and he, and Mrs. Crump, and Mrs. Walker, often take the omnibus to Brentford, and a cake with them to little Woolsey at school; to whom the tailor says he will leave every shilling of his property.

The Walkers have no other children; but when she takes her airing in the Park, she always turns away at the sight of a low phaeton, in which sits a woman with rouged cheeks, and a great number of over-dressed children with a French *bonne*, whose name,

I am given to understand, is Madame Dolores de Tras-os-Montes. Madame de Tras-os-Montes always puts a great gold glass to her eye as the Ravenswing's carriage passes, and looks into it with a sneer. The two coachmen used always to exchange queer winks at each other in the ring ; until Madame de Tras-os-Montes lately adopted a tremendous chasseur, with huge whiskers and a green and gold livery ; since which time the formerly-named gentlemen do not recognise each other.

The Ravenswing's life is one of perpetual triumph on the stage ; and, as every one of the fashionable men about town have been in love with her, you may fancy what a pretty character she has. Lady Thrum would die sooner than speak to that unhappy young woman ; and, in fact, the Thrums have a new pupil, who is a syren without the dangerous qualities of one, who has the person of a Venus and the mind of a Muse, and who is coming out at one of the theatres immediately. Baroski says 'De liddle Rafenschwing is just as font of me as effer !' People are very shy about receiving her in society ; and when she goes to sing at a concert, Miss Prim starts up, and skurries off in a state of the greatest alarm, lest 'that person' should speak to her.

Walker is voted a good, easy, rattling, gentlemanly fellow, and nobody's enemy but his own. His wife, they say, is dreadfully extravagant ; and indeed, since his marriage, and, in spite of his wife's large income, he has been in the Bench several times, but she signs some bills and he comes out again, and is as gay and genial as ever. All mercantile speculations he has wisely long since given up ; he likes to throw a main of an evening, as I have said, and to take his couple of bottles at dinner. On Friday he attends at the theatre for his wife's salary, and transacts no other business during the week. He grows exceedingly stout, dyes his hair, and has a bloated purple look about the nose and cheeks, very different from that which first charmed the heart of Morgiana.

By the way, Eglantine has been turned out of the Bower of Bloom, and now keeps a shop at Tunbridge Wells. Going down thither last year without a razor, I asked a fat seedy man, lolling in a faded nankeen jacket at the door of a tawdry little shop in the Pantiles, to shave me. He said in reply, 'Sir, I do not practise that branch of the profession !' and turned back into the little shop. It was Archibald Eglantine. But in the wreck of his fortunes he still has his captain's uniform, and his grand cross of the order of the Elephant and Castle of Panama.

Postscript.

G. FITZ-BOODLE, ESQ., TO O. YORKE, ESQ.

*Zum Trierischen Hof, Coblenz,
July 10, 1843.*

MY DEAR YORKE—The story of the Ravenswing was written a long time since, and I never could account for the bad taste of the publishers of the metropolis who refused it an insertion in their various magazines. This fact would never have been alluded to but for the following circumstance:—

Only yesterday, as I was dining at this excellent hotel, I remarked a bald-headed gentleman in a blue coat and brass buttons, who looked like a colonel on half-pay, and by his side a lady and a little boy of twelve, whom the gentleman was cramming with an amazing quantity of cherries and cakes. A stout old dame in a wonderful cap and ribands was seated by the lady's side, and it was easy to see they were English, and I thought I had already made their acquaintance elsewhere.

The younger of the ladies at last made a bow with an accompanying blush.

'Surely,' said I, 'I have the honour of speaking to Mrs. Ravenswing?'

'Mrs. Woolsey, sir,' said the gentleman; 'my wife has long since left the stage;' and at this the old lady in the wonderful cap trod on my toes very severely, and nodded her head and all her ribbons in a most mysterious way. Presently the two ladies rose and left the table, the elder declaring that she heard baby crying.

'Woolsey, my dear, go with your mamma,' said Mr. Woolsey, patting the boy on the head; the young gentleman obeyed the command, carrying off a plateful of macaroons with him.

'Your son is a fine boy, sir,' said I.

'My step-son, sir,' answered Mr. Woolsey; and added in a louder voice, 'I knew you, Mr. Fitz-Boodle at once, but did not mention your name for fear of agitating my wife. She don't like to have the memory of old times renewed, sir; her former husband, whom you knew, Captain Walker, made her very unhappy. He died in America, sir, of this, I fear' (pointing to the bottle), and Mrs. W. quitted the stage a year before I quitted business. Are you going on to Wiesbaden?'

They went off in their carriage that evening, the boy on the box making great efforts to blow out of the postilion's tasselled horn.

I am glad that poor Morgiana is happy at last, and hasten to inform you of the fact: I am going to visit the old haunts of my youth at Pumpnickel.

Adieu. Yours,

G. F. B.

No. III.

DENNIS HAGGARTY'S WIFE.

THERE was an odious Irishwoman and her daughter who used to frequent the Royal Hotel at Leamington some years ago, and who went by the name of Mrs. Major Gam. Gam had been a distinguished officer in His Majesty's service, whom nothing but death and his own amiable wife could overcome. The widow mourned her husband in the most becoming bombazeen she could muster, and had at least half an inch of lamp-black round the immense visiting tickets which she left at the houses of the nobility and gentry her friends.

Some of us, I am sorry to say, used to call her Mrs. Major Gammon; for if the worthy widow had a propensity, it was to talk largely of herself and family (of her own family, for she held her husband's very cheap), and of the wonders of her paternal mansion, Molloyville, County Mayo. She was of the Molloyes of that county; and though I never heard of the family before, I have little doubt, from what Mrs. Major Gam stated, that they were the most ancient and illustrious family of that part of Ireland. I remember there came down to see his aunt a young fellow with huge red whiskers and tight nankeens, a green coat and an awful breast-pin, who, after two days' stay at the Spa, proposed marriage to Miss S——, or, in default, a duel with her father; and who drove a flash curricule with a bay and a grey, and who was presented with much pride by Mrs. Gam as Castlereagh Molloy of Molloyville. We all agreed that he was the most insufferable snob of the whole season, and were delighted when a bailiff came down in search of him.

Well, this is all I know personally of the Molloyville family; but at the house if you met the widow Gam, and talked on any subject in life, you were sure to hear of it. If you asked her to have peas at dinner, she would say, 'Oh sir, after the peas at Molloyville, I really don't care for any others—do I, dearest Jemima? We always had a dish in the month of June, when my father gave his head gardener a guinea (we had three at Molloyville), and sent him with his compliments and a quart of peas to our neighbour, dear Lord Marrowfat. What a sweet place Marrowfat

Park is ! isn't it, Jemima ?' If a carriage passed by the window, Mrs. Major Gammon would be sure to tell you that there were three carriages at Molloyville, 'the barouche, the chawiot, and the covered cyar.' In the same manner she would favour you with the number and names of the footmen of the establishment ; and on a visit to Warwick Castle (for this bustling woman made one in every party of pleasure that was formed from the hotel), she gave us to understand that the great walk by the river was altogether inferior to the principal avenue of Molloyville Park. I should not have been able to tell so much about Mrs. Gam and her daughter, but that, between ourselves, I was particularly sweet upon a young lady at the time, whose papa lived at the Royal, and was under the care of Dr. Jephson.

The Jemima appealed to by Mrs. Gam in the above sentence was, of course, her daughter, apostrophised by her mother, 'Jemima, my soul's darling !' or, 'Jemima, my blessed child !' or, 'Jemima, my own love !' The sacrifices that Mrs. Gam had made for that daughter were, she said, astonishing. The money she had spent in masters upon her, the illnesses through which she had nursed her, the ineffable love the mother bore her, were only known to Heaven, Mrs. Gam said. They used to come into the room with their arms round each other's waists ; at dinner between the courses the mother would sit with one hand locked in her daughter's ; and if only two or three young men were present at the time, would be pretty sure to kiss her Jemima more than once during the time the bohea was being poured out.

As for Miss Gam, if she was not handsome, candour forbids me to say she was ugly. She was neither one nor t'other. She was a person who wore ringlets and a band round her forehead ; she knew four songs, which became rather tedious at the end of a couple of months' acquaintance ; she had excessively bare shoulders ; she inclined to wear numbers of cheap ornaments, rings, brooches, *ferronières*, smelling-bottles, and was always, as we thought, very smartly dressed, though old Mrs. Lynx hinted that her gowns and her mother's were turned over and over again, and that her eyes were almost put out by darning stockings.

These eyes Miss Gam had very large, though rather red and weak, and used to roll them about at every eligible unmarried man in the place. But though the widow subscribed to all the balls, though she hired a fly to go to the meet of the hounds, though she was constant at church, and Jemima sang louder than any person there except the clerk, and though, probably, any person who made her a happy husband would be invited down to enjoy the three footmen, gardeners, and carriages at Molloyville, yet no English

gentleman was found sufficiently audacious to propose. Old Lynx used to say that the pair had been at Tunbridge, Harrogate, Brighton, Ramsgate, Cheltenham, for this eight years past; where they had met, it seemed, with no better fortune. Indeed the widow looked rather high for her blessed child; and as she looked with the contempt which no small number of Irish people feel upon all persons who get their bread by labour or commerce; and as she was a person whose energetic manners, costume, and brogue were not much to the taste of quiet English country gentlemen, Jemima—sweet spotless flower, still remained on her hands, a thought withered, perhaps, and seedy.

Now, at this time, the 120th regiment was quartered at Weedon Barracks, and with the corps was a certain Assistant-Surgeon Haggarty, a large, lean, tough, raw-boned man, with big hands, knock-knees, and caroty whiskers, and withal, as honest a creature as ever handled a lancet. Haggarty, as his name imports, was of the very same nation as Mrs. Gam, and, what is more, the honest fellow had some of the peculiarities which belonged to the widow, and bragged about his family almost as much as she did. I do not know of what particular part of Ireland they were kings, but monarchs they certainly must have been, as have been the ancestors of so many thousand Hibernian families; but they had been men of no small consideration in Dublin, 'Where my father,' Haggarty said, 'is as well known as King William's statue, and where he "rowls his carriage," too, let me tell ye.'

Hence Haggarty was called by the wags 'Rowl the carriage,' and several of them made inquiries of Mrs. Gam regarding him: 'Mrs. Gam, when you used to go up from Molloyville to the Lord Lieutenant's balls, and had your town-house in Fitzwilliam Square, used you to meet the famous Doctor Haggarty in society?'

'Is it Surgeon Haggarty of Gloucester Street, ye mean? The black Papist! D'ye suppose that the Molloyes would sit down to table with a creature of that sort?'

'Why, isn't he the most famous physician in Dublin, and doesn't he rowl his carriage there?'

'The horrid wretch! He keeps a shop, I tell ye, and sends his sons out with the medicine. He's got four of them off into the army, Ulick and Phil, and Terence and Denny, and now it's Charles that takes out the physic. But how should I know about these odious creatures? Their mother was a Burke of Burke's Town, County Cavan, and brought Surgeon Haggarty two thousand pounds. She was a Protestant, and I am surprised how she could have taken up with a horrid, odious Popish apothecary!'

From the extent of the widow's information, I am led to suppose

that the inhabitants of Dublin are not less anxious about their neighbours than are the natives of English cities; and I think it is very probable that Mrs. Gam's account of the young Haggartys who carried out the medicine is perfectly correct, for a lad in the 120th made a caricature of Haggarty coming out of a chemist's shop with an oil-cloth basket under his arm, which set the worthy surgeon in such a fury that there would have been a duel between him and the ensign, could the fiery doctor have had his way.

Now, Dionysius Haggarty was of an exceedingly inflammable temperament, and it chanced that of all the invalids, the visitors, the young squires of Warwickshire, the young manufacturers from Birmingham, the young officers from the barracks, it chanced unluckily for Miss Gam and himself, that he was the only individual who was in the least smitten by her personal charms. He was very tender and modest about his love, however, for it must be owned that he respected Mrs. Gam hugely, and fully admitted, like a good simple fellow as he was, the superiority of that lady's birth and breeding to his own. How could he hope that he, a humble assistant-surgeon, with a thousand pounds his aunt Kitty left him for all his fortune,—how could he hope that one of the race of Molloyville would ever condescend to marry him?

Inflamed, however, by love, and inspired by wine, one day at a picnic at Kenilworth, Haggarty, whose love and raptures were the talk of the whole regiment, was induced by his waggish comrades to make a proposal in form.

'Are you aware, Mr. Haggarty, that you are speaking to a Molloy?' was all the reply majestic Mrs. Gam made when, according to the usual formula, the fluttering Jemima referred her suitor to 'mamma.' She left him with a look which was meant to crush the poor fellow to earth, she gathered up her cloak and bonnet, and precipitately called for her fly. She took care to tell every single soul in Leamington that the son of the odious Papist apothecary had had the audacity to propose for her daughter (indeed a proposal, coming from whatever quarter it may, does no harm), and left Haggarty in a state of extreme depression and despair.

His downheartedness, indeed, surprised most of his acquaintances in and out of the regiment, for the young lady was no beauty, and a doubtful fortune, and Dennis was a man outwardly of an unromantic turn, who seemed to have a great deal more liking for beefsteak and whisky-punch than for woman, however fascinating.

But there is no doubt this shy, uncouth, rough fellow had a warmer and more faithful heart hid within him than many a dandy who is handsome as Apollo. I, for my part, never can understand why a man falls in love, and heartily give him credit

for so doing, never mind with what or whom. *That* I take to be a point quite as much beyond an individual's own control as the catching of the small-pox or the colour of his hair. To the surprise of all, Assistant-Surgeon Dionysius Haggarty was deeply and seriously in love; and I am told had one day he very nearly killed the before-mentioned young ensign with a carving-knife for venturing to make a second caricature representing Lady Gammon and Jemima in a fantastical park, surrounded by three gardeners, three carriages, three footmen, and the covered cyar. He would have no joking concerning them. He became moody and quarrelsome of habit. He was for some time much more in the surgery and hospital than in the mess. He gave up eating, for the most part, of those vast quantities of beef and pudding for which his stomach had used to afford such ample and swift accommodation; and when the cloth was drawn, instead of taking twelve tumblers, and singing Irish melodies as he used to do in a horrible, cracked yelling voice, he would retire to his own apartment, or gloomily pace the barrack-yard, or madly whip and spur a grey mare he had on the road to Leamington, where his Jemima (although invisible for him) still dwelt.

The season at Leamington coming to a conclusion by the withdrawal of the young fellows who frequented that watering-place, the widow Gam retired to her usual quarters for the other months of the year. Where these quarters were I think we have no right to ask, for I believe she had quarrelled with her brother at Molloyville, and besides, was a great deal too proud to be a burden on anybody.

Not only did the widow quit Leamington, but very soon afterwards the 120th received its marching orders and left Weedon and Warwickshire. Haggarty's appetite was by this time partially restored, but his love was not altered, and his humour was still morose and gloomy. I am informed that at this period of his life he wrote some poems relative to his unhappy passion; a wild set of verses of several lengths, and in his handwriting, being discovered upon a sheet of paper in which a pitch-plaster was wrapt up, which Lieutenant and Adjutant Wheezer was compelled to put on for a cold.

Fancy then, three years afterwards, the surprise of all Haggarty's acquaintances on reading in the public papers the following announcement:—

Married, at Monkstown on the 12th instant, Dionysius Haggarty, Esq., of H.M. 120th Foot, to Jemima Amelia Wilhelmina Molloy, daughter of the late Major Lancelot Gam, R.M., and granddaughter of the late, and niece of the present Burke Bodkin Blake Molloy, Esq., Molloyville, County Mayo.

Has the course of true love at last begun to run smooth? thought I, as I laid down the paper; and the old times, and the old leering, bragging widow, and the high shoulders of her daughter, and the jolly days with the 120th, and Doctor Jephson's one-horse chaise, and the Warwickshire hunt, and—and Louisa S——, but never mind *her*,—came back to my mind; has that good-natured, simple fellow at last met with his reward? Well, if he has not to marry the mother-in-law too, he may get on well enough.

Another year announced the retirement of Assistant-Surgeon Haggarty from the 120th, where he was replaced by Assistant-Surgeon Angus Rothsay Leech, a Scotchman, probably, with whom I have not the least acquaintance, and who has nothing whatever to do with this little history.

Still more years passed on, during which time I will not say that I kept a constant watch upon the fortunes of Mr. Haggarty and his lady, for, perhaps, if the truth were known, I never thought for a moment about them; until one day, being at Kingstown, near Dublin, dawdling on the beach and staring at the Hill of Howth, as most people at that watering-place do, I saw coming towards me a tall gaunt man, with a pair of bushy red whiskers, of which I thought I had seen the like in former years, and a face which could be no other than Haggarty's. It was Haggarty, ten years older than when we last met, and greatly more grim and thin. He had on one shoulder a young gentleman in a dirty tartan costume, and a face exceedingly like his own, peeping from under a battered plume of black feathers, while with his other hand he was dragging a light green go-cart, in which reposed a female infant of some two years old. Both were roaring with great power of lungs.

As soon as Dennis saw me, his face lost the dull, puzzled expression which had seemed to characterise it; he dropped the pole of the go-cart from one hand and his son from the other, and came jumping forward to greet me with all his might, leaving his progeny roaring in the road.

'Bless my soul,' says he, 'sure it's Fitz-Boodle? Fitz, don't you remember me? Dennis Haggarty of the 120th? Leamington, you know? Molloy, my boy, hould your tongue, and stop your screeching, and Jemima's too; d'ye hear? Well, it does good to sore eyes to see an old face. How fat you're grown, Fitz; and were ye ever in Ireland before? and an't ye delighted with it? Confess, now, isn't it beautiful?'

This question regarding the merits of their country, which I

have remarked is put by most Irish persons, being answered in a satisfactory manner, and the shouts of the infants appeased from an apple-stall hard by, Dennis and I talked of old times, and I congratulated him on his marriage with the lovely girl whom we all admired, and hoped he had a fortune with her, and so forth. His appearance, however, did not bespeak a great fortune; he had an old grey hat, short old trousers, an old waistcoat with regimental buttons, and patched Blucher boots, such as are not usually sported by persons in easy life.

'Ah!' says he, with a sigh, in reply to my queries, 'times are changed since them days, Fitz-Boodle. My wife's not what she was—the beautiful creature you knew her. Molloy, my boy, run off in a hurry to your mamma, and tell her an English gentleman is coming home to dine, for you'll dine with me, Fitz, in course?' And I agreed to partake of that meal, though Master Molloy altogether declined to obey his papa's orders with respect to announcing the stranger.

'Well, I must announce you myself,' said Haggarty, with a smile. 'Come, it's just dinner-time, and my little cottage is not a hundred yards off.' Accordingly, we all marched in procession to Dennis's little cottage, which was one of a row and a half of one-storied houses, with little court-yards before them, and mostly with very fine names on the door-posts of each. 'Surgeon Haggarty' was emblazoned on Dennis's gate on a shining green copper-plate; and, not content with this, on the door-post above the bell was an oval with the inscription of 'New Molloyville.' The bell was broken, of course; the court or garden-path was mouldy, weedy, seedy; there were some dirty rocks, by way of ornament, round a faded grass-plot in the centre, some clothes and rags hanging out of most part of the windows of New Molloyville, the immediate entrance to which was by a battered scraper, under a broken trellis-work, up which a withered creeper declined any longer to climb.

'Small, but snug,' says Haggarty; 'I'll lead the way, Fitz; put your hat on the flower-pot there, and turn to the left into the drawing-room.' A fog of onions and turf-smoke filled the whole of the house, and gave signs that dinner was not far off. Far off? You could hear it frizzling in the kitchen, where the maid was also endeavouring to hush the crying of a third refractory child. But as we entered, all three of Haggarty's darlings were in full roar.

'Is it you, Dennis?' cried a sharp raw voice, from a dark corner in the drawing-room to which we were introduced, and in which a dirty table-cloth was laid for dinner, some bottles of porter and a cold mutton-bone being laid out on a rickety grand

piano hard by. 'Ye're always late, Mr. Haggarty. Have you brought the whisky from Nowlan's? I'll go bail ye've not now.'

'My dear, I've brought an old friend of yours and mine to take pot-luck with us to-day,' said Dennis.

'When is he to come?' said the lady. At which speech I was rather surprised, for I stood before her.

'Here he is, Jenima, my love,' answered Dennis, looking at me. 'Mr. Fitz-Boodle; don't you remember him in Warwickshire, darling?'

'Mr. Fitz-Boodle! I am very glad to see him,' said the lady, rising and curtsying with much cordiality.

Mrs. Haggarty was blind.

Mrs. Haggarty was not only blind, but it was evident that small-pox had been the cause of her loss of vision. Her eyes were bound with a bandage, her features were entirely swollen, scarred, and distorted by the horrible effects of the malady. She had been knitting in a corner when we entered, and was wrapt in a very dirty bed-gown. Her voice to me was quite different to that in which she addressed her husband. She spoke to Haggarty in broad Irish. She addressed me in that most odious of all languages—Irish-English, endeavouring to the utmost to disguise her brogue and to speak with the true dawdling *distingué* English air.

'Are you long in I-a-land?' said the poor creature in this accent. 'You must faind it a sad ba'ba'ous place, Mr. Fitz-Boodle, I'm shu-ah! It was very kaind of you to come upon us *en famille*, and accept a dinner *sans cérémonie*. Mr. Haggarty, I hope you'll put the waine into aice, Mr. Fitz-Boodle must be melted with this hot weathah.'

For some time she conducted the conversation in this polite strain, and I was obliged to say, in reply to a query of hers, that I did not find her the least altered, though I should never have recognised her but for this *rencontre*. She told Haggarty with a significant air to get the wine from the cellah, and whispered to me that he was his own butlah, and the poor fellow, taking the hint, seudded away into the town for a pound of veal cutlets and a couple of bottles of wine from the tavern.

'Will the childhren get their potatoes and butther here?' said a barefoot girl with long black hair flowing over her face, which she thrust in at the door.

'Let them sup in the nursery, Elizabeth, and send—ah! Edwards to me.'

'Is it cook you mane, ma'am?' said the girl.

'Send her at once!' shrieked the unfortunate woman; and the noise of frying presently ceasing, a perspiring woman made her

appearance, wiping her brows with her apron, and asking with an accent decidedly Hibernian, what the mistress wanted.

'Lead me up to my dressing-room, Edwards. I really am not fit to be seen in this *dishabille* by Mr. Fitz-Boodle.'

'Fait' I can't!' says Edwards; 'sure the masther's out at the butcher's, and can't look to the kitchen-fire!'

'Nonsense, I must go!' cried Mrs. Haggarty; and so Edwards, putting on a resigned air, and giving her arm and face a further rub with her apron, held out her arm to Mrs. Dennis, and the pair went upstairs.

She left me to indulge my reflections for half-an-hour, at the end of which period she came downstairs dressed in an old yellow satin, with the poor shoulders exposed just as much as ever. She had mounted a tawdry cap, which Haggarty himself must have selected for her. She had all sorts of necklaces, bracelets, and earrings in gold, in garnets, in mother-of-pearl, in ormolu. She brought in a furious savour of musk, which drove the odours of onions and turf-smoke before it; and she waved across her wretched, angular, mean, scarred features an old cambric handkerchief with a yellow lace border.

'And so you would have known me anywhere, Mr. Fitz-Boodle?' said she, with a grin that was meant to be most fascinating. 'I was sure you would; for though my dreadful illness deprived me of my sight, it is a mercy to think that it did not change my features or complexion at all.'

This mortification had been spared the unhappy woman; but I don't know whether, with all her vanity, her infernal pride, folly, and selfishness, it was charitable to leave her in her error.

Yet why correct her? There is a quality in certain people which is above all advice, exposure, or correction. Only let a man or woman have DULNESS sufficient, and they need bow to no extant authority. A dullard recognises no betters; a dullard can't see that he is in the wrong; a dullard has no scruples of conscience, no doubts of pleasing, or succeeding, or doing right, no qualms for other people's feelings, no respect but for the fool himself. How can you make a fool perceive that he is a fool? Such a personage can no more see his own folly than he can his own ears. And the great quality of Dulness is to be unalterably contented with itself. What myriads of souls are there of this admirable sort,—selfish, stingy, ignorant, passionate, brutal; bad sons, mothers, fathers, never known to do kind actions!

To pause, however, in this disquisition, which was carrying us far off—Kingstown, New Molloyville, Ireland, nay, into the wide world wherever Dulness inhabits—let it be stated that Mrs.

Haggarty, from my brief acquaintance with her and her mother, was of the order of persons just spoken of. There was an air of conscious merit about her, very hard to swallow along with the infamous dinner poor Dennis managed, after much delay, to get on the table. She did not fail to invite me to Molloyville, where she said her cousin would be charmed to see me; and she told me almost as many anecdotes about that place as her mother used to impart in former days. I observed, moreover, that Dennis cut her the favourite pieces of the beefsteak, that she ate thereof with great gusto, and that she drank with similar eagerness of the various strong liquors at table. 'We Irish ladies are all fond of a leetle glass of punch,' she said, with a playful air, and Dennis mixed her a powerful tumbler of such violent grog as I myself could swallow only with some difficulty. She talked of her suffering a great deal, of her sacrifices, of the luxuries to which she had been accustomed before marriage,—in a word, of a hundred of those themes on which some ladies are in the custom of enlarging when they wish to plague some husbands.

But honest Dennis, far from being angry at this perpetual, wearisome, impudent recurrence to her own superiority, rather encouraged the conversation than otherwise. It pleased him to hear his wife discourse about her merits and family splendours. He was so thoroughly beaten down and henpecked, that he, as it were, gloried in his servitude, and fancied that his wife's magnificence reflected credit on himself. He looked towards me, who was half sick of the woman and her egotism, as if expecting me to exhibit the deepest sympathy, and flung me glances across the table, as much as to say, 'What a gifted creature my *Jemima* is, and what a fine fellow I am to be in possession of her?' When the children came down she scolded them, of course, and dismissed them abruptly (for which circumstance, perhaps, the writer of these pages was not in his heart very sorry), and, after having sat a preposterously long time, left us, asking whether we would have coffee there or in her boudoir.

'Oh! here, of course,' said Dennis, with rather a troubled air, and in about ten minutes the lovely creature was led back to us again by 'Edwards,' and the coffee made its appearance. After coffee her husband begged her to let Mr. Fitz-Boodle hear her voice. 'He longs for some of his old favourites.'

'No! do you?' said she; and was led in triumph to the jingling old piano, and, with a screechy, wiry voice, sung those very abominable old ditties which I had heard her sing at Leamington ten years back.

Haggarty, as she sang, flung himself back in his chair delighted.

Husbands always are, and with the same song, one that they have heard when they were nineteen years old, probably ; most Englishmen's tunes have that date, and it is rather affecting, I think, to hear an old gentleman of sixty or seventy quavering the old ditty that was fresh when *he* was fresh and in his prime. If he has a musical wife, depend on it he thinks her old songs of 1788 are better than any he has heard since ; in fact he has heard none since. When the old couple are in high good-humour the old gentleman will take the old lady round the waist and say, 'My dear, do sing me one of your own songs,' and she sits down and sings with her cracked old voice, and, as she sings, the roses of her youth bloom again for a moment. Ranelagh resuscitates, and she is dancing a minuet in powder and a train.

This is another digression. It was occasioned by looking at poor Dennis's face while his wife was screeching (and, believe me, the former was the most pleasant occupation). Bottom tickled by the fairies could not have been in greater ecstasies. He thought the music was divine ; and had a further reason for exulting in it, which was, that his wife was always in a good humour after singing, and never would sing but in that happy frame of mind. Dennis had hinted so much in our little colloquy during the ten minutes of his lady's absence in the 'boudoir' ; so, at the conclusion of each piece, we shouted 'Bravo !' and clapped our hands like mad.

Such was my insight into the life of Surgeon Dionysius Haggarty and his wife ; and I must have come upon him at a favourable moment too, for poor Dennis has spoken, subsequently, of our delightful evening at Kingstown, and evidently thinks to this day that his friend was fascinated by the entertainment there. His inward economy was as follows ; he had his half-pay, a thousand pounds, about a hundred a year that his father left, and his wife had sixty pounds a year from her mother ; which the mother, of course, never paid. He had no practice, for he was absorbed in attention to his Jemima and the children, whom he used to wash, to dress, to carry out, to walk, or to ride, as we have seen, and who could not have a servant, as their dear blind mother could never be left alone. Mrs. Haggarty, a great invalid, used to lie in bed till one, and have breakfast and hot luncheon there. A fifth part of his income was spent in having her wheeled about in a chair, by which it was his duty to walk daily for an allotted number of hours. Dinner would ensue, and the amateur clergy, who abound in Ireland, and of whom Mrs. Haggarty was a great admirer, lauded her everywhere as a model of resignation

and virtue, and praised beyond measure the admirable piety with which she bore her sufferings.

Well, every man to his taste. It did not certainly appear to me that she was the martyr of the family.

'The circumstances of my marriage with Jemima,' Dennis said to me, in some after conversation we had on this interesting subject, 'were the most romantic and touching you can conceive. You saw what an impression the dear girl had made upon me when we were at Weedon; for from the first day I set eyes on her, and heard her sing her delightful song of "Dark-eyed Maiden of Araby," I felt and said to Turniquet of ours, that very night, that *she* was the dark-eyed maiden of Araby for *me*,—not that she was, you know, for she was born in Shropshire. But I felt that I had seen the woman who was to make me happy or miserable for life. You know how I proposed for her at Kenilworth, and how I was rejected, and how I almost shot myself in consequence,—no, you don't know that, for I said nothing about it to any one, but I can tell you it was a very near thing, and a very lucky thing for me I didn't do it, for—would you believe it?—the dear girl was in love with me all the time.'

'Was she really?' said I, who recollected that Miss Gam's love of those days showed itself in a very singular manner; but the fact is, when women are most in love they most disguise it.

'Over head and ears in love with poor Dennis,' resumed that worthy fellow, 'who'd ever have thought it? But I have it from the best authority, from her own mother, with whom I'm not over and above good friends now; but of this fact she assured me, and I'll tell you when and how.'

'We were quartered at Cork three years after we were at Weedon, and it was our last year at home; and a great mercy that my dear girl spoke in time, or where should we have been *now*? Well, one day, marching home from parade, I saw a lady seated at an open window by another who seemed an invalid, and the lady at the window, who was dressed in the profoundest mourning, cried out, with a scream, "Gracious heavens! it's Mr. Haggarty of the 120th."

"Sure I know that voice," says I to Whiskerton.

"It's a great mercy you don't know it a deal too well," says he; "it's Lady Gammon. She's on some husband-hunting scheme, depend on it, for that daughter of hers. She was at Bath last year on the same errand, and at Cheltenham the year before, where, Heaven bless you! she's as well known as the Hen and Chickens."

"I'll thank you not to speak disrespectfully of Miss Jemima Gam," said I to Whiskerton; "she's of one of the first families in Ireland, and whoever says a word against a woman I once proposed for, insults me,—do you understand?"

"Well, marry her if you like," says Whiskerton, quite peevish, "marry her, and be hanged!"

'Marry her! the very idea of it set my brain a-whirling, and made me a thousand times more mad than I am by nature.

'You may be sure I walked up the hill to the parade-ground that afternoon, and with a beating heart, too, I came to the widow's house. It was called "New Molloyville," as this is. Wherever she takes a house for six months, she calls it "New Molloyville;" and has had one in Mallow, in Bandon, in Sligo, in Castlebar, in Fermoy, in Drogheda, and the deuce knows where besides; but the blinds were down, and though I thought I saw somebody behind 'em, no notice was taken of poor Denny Haggarty, and I paced up and down all mess-time in hopes of catching a glimpse of Jemima, but in vain. The next day I was on the ground again; I was just as much in love as ever, that's the fact. I'd never been in that way before, look you, and when once caught, I knew it was for life.

'There's no use in telling you how long I beat about the bush, but when I did get admittance to the house (it was through the means of young Castlereagh Molloy, whom you may remember at Leamington, and who was at Cork for the regatta, and used to dine at our mess, and had taken a mighty fancy to me), when I did get into the house, I say, I rushed *in medias res* at once; I couldn't keep myself quiet, my heart was too full.

'O Fitz! I shall never forget the day,—the moment I was inthroujuiced into the dthrawing-room' (as he began to be agitated, Dennis's brogue broke out with greater richness than ever, but though a stranger may catch, and repeat from memory a few words, it is next to impossible for him to *keep up a conversation* in Irish, so that we had best give up all attempts to imitate Dennis). 'When I saw old Mother Gam,' said he, 'my feelings overcame me all at once. I rowled down on the ground, sir, as if I had been hit by a musket-ball. "Dearest madam," says I, "I'll die if you don't give me Jemima."

"Heavens, Mr. Haggarty," says she, "how you seize me with surprise! Castlereagh, my dear nephew, had you not better leave us?" and away he went, lighting a cigar, and leaving me still on the floor.

"Rise, Mr. Haggarty," continued the widow. "I will not attempt to deny that this constancy towards my daughter is

extremely affecting, however sudden your present appeal may be. I will not attempt to deny that, perhaps, Jemima may feel a similar ; but, as I said, I never could give my daughter to a Catholic."

'I'm as good a Protestant as yourself, ma'am,' says I ; 'my mother was an heiress, and we were all brought up her way.'

"That makes the matter very different," said she, turning up the whites of her eyes. "How could I ever have reconciled it to my conscience to see my blessed child married to a Papist? How could I ever have taken him to Molloyville? Well, this obstacle being removed, I must put myself no longer in the way between two young people. I must sacrifice myself, as I always have when my darling girl was in question. You shall see her, the poor, dear, lovely, gentle sufferer, and learn your fate from her own lips."

"The sufferer, ma'am," says I ; "has Miss Gam been ill?"

"What, haven't you heard?' cried the widow. "Haven't you heard of the dreadful illness which so nearly carried her from me? For nine weeks, Mr. Haggarty, I watched her day and night, without taking a wink of sleep ; for nine weeks she lay trembling between death and life ; and I paid the doctor eighty-three guineas. She is restored now ; but she is the wreck of the beautiful creature she was. Suffering, and, perhaps, *another disappointment*—but we don't mention that now—have pulled her so down. But I will leave you, and prepare my sweet girl for this strange, this entirely unexpected visit."

'I won't tell you what took place between me and Jemima, to whom I was introduced as she sat in the darkened room, poor sufferer ! nor describe to you with what a thrill of joy I seized (after groping about for it) her poor emaciated hand. She did not withdraw it ; I came out of that room an engaged man, sir ; and *now* I was enabled to show her that I had always loved her sincerely, for there was my will, made three years back in her favour, that night she refused me. As I told ye, I would have shot myself, but they'd have brought me in *non compos*, and my brother Mick would have contested the will, and so I determined to live, in order that she might benefit by my dying. I had but a thousand pounds then ; since that my father has left me two more. I willed every shilling upon her, as you may fancy, and settled it upon her when we married, as we did soon after. It was not for some time that I was allowed to see the poor girl's face, or, indeed, was aware of the horrid loss she had sustained. Fancy my agony, my dear fellow, when I saw that beautiful wreck !'

There was something not a little affecting, I think, in the conduct of this brave fellow, that he never once, as he told his story,

seemed to allude to the possibility of his declining to marry a woman who was not the same as the woman he loved, but that he was quite as faithful to her when ill, hideous, and blind as he had been when captivated by the poor, tawdry charms of the silly miss of Leamington. It was hard that such a noble heart as this should be flung away upon yonder foul mass of greedy vanity. Was it hard, or not, that he should remain deceived in his obstinate humility, and continue to admire the selfish, silly being whom he had chosen to worship?

'I should have been appointed surgeon of the regiment,' continued Dennis, 'soon after, when it was ordered abroad to Jamaica, where it now is. But my wife would not hear of going, and said she would break her heart if she left her mother. So I retired on half-pay, and took this cottage; and in case any practice should fall in my way, why there is my name on the brass plate, and I'm ready for anything that comes. But the only case that ever did come was one day when I was driving my wife in the chaise, and another, one night of a beggar with a broken head. My wife makes me a present of a baby every year, and we've no debts; and between you and me and the post, as long as my mother-in-law is out of the house, I'm as happy as I need be.'

'What! you and the old lady don't get on well?' said I.

'I can't say we do; it's not in nature, you know,' said Dennis, with a faint grin. 'She comes into the house, and turns it topsy-turvy. When she's here I'm obliged to sleep in the scullery. She's never paid her daughter's income since the first year, though she brags about her sacrifices as if she had ruined herself for *Jemima*; and, besides, when she's here, there's a whole clan of the Molloyes, horse, foot, and dragoons, that are quartered upon us, and eat me out of house and home.'

'And is Molloyville such a fine place as the widow described it?' asked I, laughing, and not a little curious.

'Oh, a mighty fine place entirely!' said Dennis. 'There's the oak park of two hundred acres, the finest land ye ever saw, only they've cut all the wood down. The garden in the old Molloy's time, they say, was the finest ever seen in the west of Ireland; but they've taken all the glass to mend the house windows, and small blame to them either. There's a clear rent-roll of thirty-five hundred a year, only it's in the hand of receivers; besides other debts, on which there is no land security.'

'Your cousin-in-law, Castlereagh Molloy, won't come into a large fortune?'

'Oh, he'll do very well,' said Dennis. 'As long as he can get credit, he's not the fellow to stint himself. Faith, I was fool

enough to put my name to a bit of paper for him, and as they could not catch him in Mayo, they laid hold of me at Kingstown here. And there was a pretty to do. Didn't Mrs. Gam say I was ruining her family, that's all? I paid it by instalments (for all my money is settled on *Jemima*); and *Castlereagh*, who's an honourable fellow, offered me any satisfaction in life. Anyhow, he couldn't do more than *that*.'

'Of course not, and now you're friends.'

'Yes, and he and his aunt have had a tiff, too; and he abuses her properly, I warrant ye. He says that she carried about *Jemima* from place to place, and flung her at the head of every unmarried man in England a'most—my poor *Jemima*, and she all the while dying in love with me! As soon as she got over the small-pox—she took it at *Fermoy*—God bless her, I wish I'd been by to be her nurse-tender,—as soon as she was rid of it, the old lady said to *Castlereagh*, "*Castlereagh*, go to the bar'cks, and find out in the Army List where the 120th is." Off she came to Cork hot foot. It appears that while she was ill *Jemima's* love for me showed itself in such a violent way that her mother was overcome, and promised that, should the dear child recover, she would try and bring us together. *Castlereagh* says she would have gone after us to *Jamaica*.'

'I have no doubt she would,' said I.

'Could you have a stronger proof of love than that?' cried *Dennis*. 'My dear girl's illness and frightful blindness have, of course, injured her health and her temper. She cannot in her position look to the children, you know, and so they come under my charge for the most part; and her temper is unequal, certainly. But you see what a sensitive, refined, elegant creature she is, and may fancy that she's often put out by a rough fellow like me.'

Here *Dennis* left me, saying it was time to go and walk out the children; and I think his story has matter of some wholesome reflection in it for bachelors who are about to change their condition, or may console some who are mourning their celibacy. Marry, gentlemen, if you like; leave your comfortable dinner at the club for cold mutton and curl-papers at your home; give up your books or pleasures, and take to yourselves wives and children; but think well on what you do first, as I have no doubt you will after this advice and example. Advice is always useful in matters of love; men always take it; they always follow other people's opinions, not their own: they always profit by example. When they see a pretty woman, and feel the delicious madness of love coming over them, they always stop to calculate her

temper, her money, their own money, or suitableness for the married life. . . . Ha, ha, ha! Let us fool in this way no more. I have been in love forty-three times with all ranks and conditions of women, and would have married every time if they would have let me. How many wives had King Solomon, the wisest of men? And is not that story a warning to us that Love is the master of the wisest? It is only fools who defy him.

I must come, however, to the last, and perhaps the saddest part of poor Denny Haggarty's history. I met him once more, and in such a condition as made me determine to write this history.

In the month of June last I happened to be at Richmond, a delightful little place of retreat; and there, sunning himself upon the terrace, was my old friend of the 120th; he looked older, thinner, poorer, and more wretched than I have ever seen him.

'What! you have given up Kingstown?' said I, shaking him by the hand.

'Yes,' says he.

'And is my lady and your family here at Richmond?'

'No,' says he, with a sad shake of the head, and the poor fellow's hollow eyes filled with tears.

'Good heavens, Denny! what's the matter?' said I. He was squeezing my hand like a vice as I spoke.

'They've LEFT ME!' he burst out with a dreadful shout of passionate grief—a horrible scream which seemed to be wrenched out of his heart; 'left me!' said he, sinking down on a seat and clenching his great fists, and shaking his lean arms wildly. 'I'm a wise man now, Mr. Fitz-Boodle. Jemima has gone away from me, and yet you know how I loved her, and how happy we were! I've got nobody now; but I'll die soon, that's one comfort; and to think it's she that'll kill me after all!'

The story, which he told with a wild and furious lamentation such as is not known among men of our cooler country, and such as I don't like now to recall, was a very simple one. The mother-in-law had taken possession of the house, and had driven him from it. His property at his marriage was settled on his wife. She had never loved him, and told him this secret at last, and drove him out of doors with her selfish scorn and ill-temper. The boy had died; the girls were better, he said, brought up among the Molloyes than they could be with him; and so he was quite alone in the world, and was living, or rather dying, on forty pounds a year.

His troubles are very likely over by this time. The two fools who caused his misery will never read this history of him;

they never read godless stories in magazines ; and I wish, honest reader, that you and I went to church as much as they do. These people are not wicked *because* of their religious observances, but in spite of them. They are too dull to understand humility ; too blind to see a tender and simple heart under a rough ungainly bosom. They are sure that all their conduct towards my poor friend here has been perfectly righteous, and that they have given proofs of the most Christian virtue. Haggarty's wife is considered by her friends as a martyr to her savage husband, and her mother is the angel that has come to rescue her. All they did was to cheat him and desert him. And safe in that wonderful self-complacency with which the fools of this earth are endowed, they have not a single pang of conscience for their villainy towards him, and consider their heartlessness as a proof and consequence of their spotless piety and virtue.

No. IV.

THE ———'S WIFE.

WE lay down on a little mound at a half-league from the city gates in a pleasant grass besprinkled with all the flowers of summer. The river went shining by us, jumping over innumerable little rocks, and by beds of wavering, whispering rushes, until it reached the old city bridge with its dismantled tower and gate, under the shadow of which sat Maximilian in his eternal punt bobbing for gudgeon. Further on, you saw the ancient city walls and ramparts, with the sentinels pacing before the blue and yellow barriers, and the blue eagle of Pumpernickel over the gate. All the towers and steeples of the town rose behind the grim bastions under the clear blue sky; the bells were ringing as they always are, the birds in the little wood hard by were singing and chirping, the garden-houses and taverns were full of students drinking beer, and resounded with their choruses. To the right was the old fortress, with its gables and pinnacles cresting the huge hill, up which a zig-zag path toiled painfully.

‘It is easier,’ said I, with much wisdom, ‘to come down that hill than to mount it.’ I suppose the robber knights who inhabited Udolph of old, chose the situation for that reason. If they saw a caravan in the plain here, they came down upon it with an impetus that infallibly overset the guards of the merchant’s treasure. If the dukes took a fancy to attack it, the escaladers, when they reached the top of the eminence, were so out of wind that they could be knocked over like so many penguins, and were cut down before they had rallied breath enough to cry quarter. From Udolph you could batter the town to pieces in ten minutes. What a skurry there would be if a shell fell plump into the market-place, and what a deal of eggs and butter would be smashed there! Hark! there is a bugle.

‘It is the mad trumpeter,’ said Schneertbart. ‘Half the fortress is given up now to the madmen of the principality, and the other half is for the felons. See! there is a gang of them at work on the road yonder.’

‘Is Udolph any relation of the Castle of Udolpho?’

'It has its mysteries,' said Milchbrod, nodding his head solemnly, 'as well as that castle which Lord Byron has rendered immortal. Was it not Lord Byron?'

'Caspar Milchbrod, I believe it was,' answered I. 'Do you know any of them? If you have a good horrid story of ghosts, robbers, cut-throats, and murders, pray tell it; we have an hour yet to dinner, and murder is my delight!'

'I shall tell you the story of Angelica, the wife of the —— HUM!' said he.

'Whose wife?'

'That is the point of the story. You may add it to your histories of "Men's Wives," that are making such a sensation all over England and Germany. Listen!'

Schneertbart, at the mention of the story, first jumped up as if he would make off; but being fat and of an indolent turn, he thought better of it, and pulling the flap of his cap over his face, and sprawling out on his back, like the blue spread-eagle over the gate, incontinently fell asleep.

Milchbrod, darting at him a look of scorn, began the following history:

'In the time of Duke Bernard the Invincible, whose victory over Sigismund of Kalbsbratia obtained for him the above well-merited title (for though he was beaten several times afterwards, yet his *soul* was encouraged to the end, and therefore he was denominated Invincible, with perfect justice). In Duke Bernard's time, the fortress of Udolph was much more strongly garrisoned than at present, though a prison then as now. The great hall, where you may now see the poor madmen of the duchy eating their humble broth from their wooden trenchers and spoons, was the scene of many a gallant feast, from which full butts of wine returned empty; fat oxen disappeared, all except the bone; at which noble knights got drunk by the side of spotless ladies, and were served off gold and out of jewelled flagons by innumerable pages and domestics in the richest of liveries. A sad change is it now, my friend. When I think the livery of the place is an odious red and yellow serge, that the servants of the castle have their heads shaved, and a chain to their legs instead of round their necks, and when I think that the glories and festivities of Udolph are now passed away for ever! Oh! golden days of chivalry, a descendant of the Milchbrods may well deplore you!

'The court where they beat hemp now was once a stately place of arms, where warriors jostled and knights ran in the ring. Ladies looked on from the windows of the great hall, and from the castellan's apartments, and though the castle was gay and lordly

as a noble castle should be, yet were not the purposes of security and punishment forgotten; under the great hall were innumerable dungeons, vaults, and places of torture, where the enemies of our dukes suffered the punishment of their crimes. They have been bricked over now for the most part, for what I cannot but call a foolish philanthropy found these dungeons too moist and too dark for malefactors of the present day, who must, forsooth, have white-washed rooms and dry beddings, whilst our noble ancestors were fain to share their cell with toads, serpents, and darkness; and sometimes, instead of flock mattresses and iron bedsteads, to stretch their limbs on the rack. Civilisation, my dear sir,——'

Here a loud snort from Schneertbart possibly gave Milchbrod a hint that he was digressing too much; and, omitting his opinions about civilisation, he proceeded.

'In Duke Bernard's time, then, this prison was in its most palmy and flourishing state. The pains of the axe and the rack were at that time much more frequent than at present, and the wars of religion in which Germany was plunged, and in which our good duke, according to his convictions, took alternately the Romanist and the Reformed side, brought numbers of our nobles into arms, into conspiracies and treasons, and consequently into prison and torture-chambers. I mention these facts to show that, as the prison was a place of some importance and containing people of rank, the guardianship was naturally confided to a person in whom the duke could place the utmost confidence. Have you ever heard of the famous Colonel Dolchenblitz?'

I confessed I had not.

'Dolchenblitz, as a young man, was one of the most illustrious warriors of his day; and as a soldier, captain, and afterwards colonel of free companies, had served under every flag in every war in every country in Europe. He, under the French, conquered the Milanese; he then passed over to the Spanish service, and struck down King Francis at Pavia with his hammer-of-arms; he was the fourth over the wall of Rome when it was sacked by the Constable, and having married and made a considerable plunder there, he returned to his native country, where he distinguished himself alternately in the service of the Emperor and the Reformed princes. A wound in the leg prevented him at length from being so active in the field as he had been accustomed to be; and Duke Bernard the Invincible, knowing his great bravery, his skill, his unalterable fidelity (which was indestructible as long as his engagement lasted), and his great cruelty and sternness, chose him very properly to be governor of his state fortress and prison.

'The lady whom Colonel Dolchenblitz married was a noble

and beautiful Roman, and his wooing of her, it would appear, was somewhat short. "I took the best method of winning Frau Dolchenblitz's heart," he would say. "I am an ugly old trooper, covered with scars, fond of drink and dice, with no more manners than my battle-horse, and she, forsooth, was in love with a young countlet who was as smooth as herself, and as scented as a flower-garden; but when my black-riders dragged her father and brother into the court-yard, and had ropes ready to hang them at the gate, I warrant that my Angelica found that she loved me better than her scented lover; and so I saved the lives of my father and brother-in-law, and the dear creature consented to be mine."

'Of this marriage there came but one child, a daughter; and the Roman lady presently died, not altogether sound in her senses, it was said, from the treatment to which her rough husband subjected her. The widower did not pretend to much grief; and the daughter, who had seen her mother sneered at, sworn at, beaten daily when her gallant father was in liquor, had never had any regard for her poor mother; and in her father's quarrels with his lady, used from her earliest years to laugh and rejoice and take the old trooper's side. "You may imagine from this," cried Milchbrod, "that she was brought up in a very amiable school. "Ah!" added the youth, with a blush, "how unlike was she, in all respects, to my Lischen!"

'There is still in the castle gallery a picture of the Angelica, who bore the reputation at eighteen of being one of the most beautiful women in the world. She is represented in a dress of red velvet, looped up at the sleeves and breast with jewels, her head is turned over her shoulder looking at you, and her long yellow hair flows over her neck. Her eyes are blue, her eyebrows of an auburn colour, her lips open and smiling; but that smile is so diabolical, and those eyes have such an infernal twinkle, that it is impossible to look at the picture without a shudder, and I declare, for my part, that I would not like to be left alone in a room with the portrait and its horrid glassy eyes always following and leering after you.

'From a very early age her father would always insist upon having her by his side at table, where I promise you the conversation was not always as choice as in a nunnery; and where they drank deeper than at a hermitage. After dinner the dice would be brought, and the little girl often called the mains and threw for her father, and he said she always brought him luck when she did so. But this must have been a fancy of the old soldier's, for, in spite of his luck, he grew poorer and poorer, all his plunder taken in the wars went gradually down the throat of

the dice-box, and he was presently so poor that his place as governor of the prison was his only means of livelihood, and that he could only play once a month when his pay came in. In spite of his poverty and his dissolute life and his ill-treatment of his lady, he was inordinately proud of his marriage; for the truth is, the lady was of the Colonna family. There was not a princess of Germany who in the matter of birth was more haughty than Madame Angelica, the governor's daughter; and the young imp of Lucifer, when she and her father sat at drink and dice with the lance-knights and officers, always took the *pas* of her own father, and had a raised seat for herself, while her company sat on benches. The old soldier admired this pride in his daughter, as he admired every other good or bad quality she possessed. She had often seen the prisoners flogged in the court-yard, and never turned pale. "*Par Dieu!*" the father would say, "the girl has a gallant courage!" If she lost at dice she would swear in her shrill voice as well as any trooper, and the father would laugh till the tears ran down his old cheeks. She could not read very well, but she could ride like an Amazon; and Count Sprinboch (the Court Chamberlain, who was imprisoned ten years at Udolph for treading on the duchess-dowager's gouty toe), taking a fancy to the child, taught her to dance and to sing to the mandolin, in both of which accomplishments she acquired great skill.

'Such were the accomplishments of the Angelica when, at about the sixteenth year of her age, the Court came to reside in the town; for the Imperialists were in possession of our residence, and here, at a hundred miles away from them, Duke Bernard the Invincible was free from molestation. On the first public day, the governor of the fort came down in his litter to pay his respects to the sovereign, and his daughter, the lovely Angelica, rode a white palfrey, and ambled most gracefully at his side.

'The appearance of such a beauty set all the court-gallants in a flame. Not one of the maids of honour could compare with her, and their lovers left them by degrees. The steep road up to the castle yonder was scarcely ever without one or more cavaliers upon it pinked out in their best, as gay as feathers and chains could make them, and on the way to pay their court to the Lily of Udolph; the lily—the Tiger-lily, forsooth! But man, foolish man, looked only to the face, and not to the soul, as I did when I selected my Lischen.

'The drinking and dicing now went on more gaily than it had done for many years; for when young noblemen go to sit down to play with a lady, we know who it is that wins, and Madame Angelica was, *pardi*, not squeamish in gaining their money. It was, "Fair Sir, I will be double or quits with you." "Noble

baron, I will take your three to one." "Worthy Count, I will lay my gold chain against your bay gelding." And so forth. And by the side of the lovely daughter sat the old father, tossing the drink off, and flinging the dice, and roaring, swearing, and singing like a godless old trooper as he was. Then, of mornings, there would be hunting and hawking parties, and it was always who should ride by the Angelica's side, and who should have the best horse and the finest doublet, and leap the biggest ditch, over which she could jump, I warrant you, as well as the best rider there. The staid ladies and matrons of the court avoided this syren, but what cared she so long as the men were with her? The duke did not like to see his young men thus on the road to ruin; but his advice and his orders were all in vain. The Erb-Prinz himself, Prince Maurice, was caught by the infection, and having fallen desperately in love with the Angelica, and made her great presents of jewels and horses, was sent by his father to Wittenberg, where he was told to forget his love in his books.

'There was, however, in the duke's service, and an especial friend and favourite of the hereditary prince, a young gentleman by the name of Ernst von Waldberg, who, though sent back to the university along with the young duke, had not the heart to remain there, for indeed his heart was at Castle Udolph with the bewitching Angelica. This unlucky and simple Ernst was the most passionate of all the Angelica's admirers, and had committed a thousand extravagancies for her sake. He had ridden into Hungary and brought back a Turkish turban for her, with an unbeliever's head in it, too. He had sold half his father's estate and bought a jewel with it, with which he presented her. He had wagered a hundred gold crowns against a lock of her hair, and, having won, caused a casket to be made with the money, on which was engraved an inscription by the court poet, signifying that the gold within the casket was a thousand times more valuable than the gold whereof it was made, and that one was the dross of the earth, whereas the other came from an angel.

'An angel, indeed! If they had christened that Angelica Diabolica, they would have been nearer the mark: but the devils were angels once, and one of these fallen ones was Angelica.

'When the poor young fellow had well-nigh spent his all in presents and jewels for Angelica, or over the tables and dice with her father, he bethought him that he would ask the young lady in marriage, and so humbly proffered his suit.

"How much land have you, my lord Ernst?" said she, in a scornful way.

"Alas! I am but a younger son. My brother Max has the

family estate, and I but an old tower and a few acres, which came to me from my mother's family," answered Ernst. But he did not say how his brother had often paid his debts and filled his purse, and how many of the elder's crowns had been spent over the dice-table, and had gone to enrich Angelica and her father.

"But you must have great store of money," continued she, "for what gentleman of the court spends so gallantly as you?"

"It is my brother's money," said Ernst, gloomily, "and I will ask him for no more of it. But I have enough left to buy a horse and a sword, and with these, if you will but be mine, I vow to win fame and wealth enough for any princess in Christendom."

"A horse and sword!" cried Angelica: "a pretty fortune, forsooth. Any one of my father's troopers has as much! *You* win fame and wealth? *You* a fitting husband for the best lady in Christendom? Psha! Look what you have done as yet, Sir Ernst, and brag no more. You had a property, and you spent it in three months upon a woman you never saw before. I have no fancy to marry a beggar, or to trust to an elder brother for charity, or to starve in rags with the rats in your family tower. Away with you, Sir Spendthrift, buy your horse and sword, if you will, and go travel and keep yourself and your horse; you will find the matter hard enough without having a wife at your pillion."

'And, so saying, she called her huntsman and hawks, and with a gay train of gentlemen behind her, went out into the woods, as usual, where Diana herself, had she been out a-hunting that day, could not have been more merry, or looked more beautiful and royal. As for Ernst, when he found how vain his love was, and that he had only been encouraged by Angelica, in order to be robbed and cast away, a deep despair took possession of the poor lad's soul, and he went in anguish back to his brother's house, who tried, but in vain, to console him; for, having stayed awhile with his brother, Ernst one morning suddenly took horse and rode away never to return. The next thing that his weeping elder brother heard of him was that he had passed into Hungary, and had been slain by the Turk before Buda. One of his comrades in the war brought back a token from Ernst to his brother Max—it was the gold casket which contained the hair of Angelica.

'Angelica no more wept at receiving this news than she had done at Ernst's departure. She hunted with her gallants as before, and on the very night after she had heard of poor young Ernst's death appeared at supper in a fine gold chain and scarlet robe he had given her. The hardness of her heart did not seem to deter the young gentlemen of Saxony from paying court to her, and her cruelty only added to the universal fame of her beauty.

‘Though she had so many scores of lovers, and knew well enough that these do not increase with age, she had never as yet condescended to accept of one for a husband, and others, and of the noblest sort, might be mentioned, who, as well as Ernst, had been ruined and forsaken by her. A certain witch had told her that she should marry a nobleman who should be the greatest swordsman of his day. Who was the greatest warrior of Germany? I am not sure that she did not look for King Gustave to divorce his wife and fall on his knees to her, or for dark Wallenstein to conjure the death of his princess and make Angelica the lady of Sagan.

‘Thus time went on. Lovers went up the hill of Udolph, and in sooth! lovers came down; the lady there was still the loveliest of the land, and when the Crown Prince came home from Wittenberg, she would still have been disposed to exercise her wiles upon him, but that it was now too late, for the wise duke, his highness’s father, had married the young lord to a noble princess of Bavaria, in whose innocence he forgot the dangerous and wicked Angelica. I promise you the lady of Udolph sneered prettily at the new princess, and talked of “his highness’s hump-backed Venus”; all which speeches were carried to court, and inspired the duke with such a fury, that he was for shutting up Angelica as a prisoner in her father’s own castle; but wise counsellors intervened, and it was thought best to let the matter drop. For, indeed, comparisons between the royal princess and the lady of Udolph would have been only unfavourable to the former, who, between ourselves, was dark of complexion, and not quite so straight either in the back as was her rival.

‘Presently there came to court Max, Ernst’s elder brother, a grave man, of a sharp and bitter wit, given to books and studies, but, withal, generous to the poor. No one knew how generous until he died, when there followed, weeping, such crowds of the humbler sort, his body, to the grave as never was known in that day, for the good old nobles were rather accustomed to take than to give, and the Lord Max was one of the noblest and richest of all the duchy.

‘Calm as he was, yet, strange to say, he, too, was speedily caught in the toils of Angelica, and seemed to be as much in love with her as his unfortunate brother had been. “I do not wonder at Ernst’s passion for such an angelical being,” “and can fancy any man dying in despair of winning her.” These words were carried quickly to the lady of Udolph, and the next court party where she met Max she did not fail to look towards him with all the fascinations of her wonderful eyes, from which Max, blushing and bowing,

retired completely overcome. You might see him on his grey horse riding up the mountain to Udolph as often as his brother had been seen on his bay ; and of all the devoted slaves Angelica had in her court, this unhappy man became the most subservient. He forsook his books and calm ways of life to be always by the enchantress's side ; and he, who had never cared for sport, now, for the pleasure of following Angelica, became a regular Nimrod of the chase ; and although, up to the time of his acquaintance with her, he had abhorred wine and gaming, he would pass nights now boosing with the old drunkard her father, and playing at the dice with him and his daughter.

‘There was something in his love for her that was quite terrible. Common light-minded gallants of the day do not follow a woman as Max did, but, if rebuffed by one, fly off to another ; or, if overcome by a rival, wish him good-luck and betake themselves elsewhere. This ardent gentleman, loving for the first time, seemed resolved to have no rival near him, and Angelica could scarcely pardon him for the way in which he got rid of her lovers one after another. There was Baron Herman, who was much in her good graces, and was sent away to England by Max's influence with the duke ; there was Count Augustus, with whom he picked a quarrel, and whom he wounded in a duel. All the world deplored the infatuation of this brave gentleman, and the duke himself took him to task for suffering himself to be enslaved by a woman who had already been so fatal to his family.

‘He placed himself as such a dragon before her gate that he drove away all wavering or faint-hearted pretenders to her hand ; and it seemed pretty clear that Angelica, if she would not marry him, would find it very difficult to marry another. And why not marry him ? He was noble, rich, handsome, and brave. What more could a lady require in a husband ? And could the proud Angelica expect a better fate ? “In my mother's lifetime,” Max said, “I cannot marry. She is old now, and was much shaken by the death of Ernst, and she would go to the grave with a curse on her lips for me did she think I was about to marry the woman who caused my brother's death.”

‘Thus, although he did not actually offer his hand to her, he came to be generally considered as her accepted lover ; and the gallants who before had been round her, fell off one by one. I am not sure whether Madame Angelica was pleased with the alteration, and whether she preferred the adoration of a single heart to the love of many, to which she had been accustomed before. Perhaps, however, her reasoning was this : “I am sure of Max ; he is a husband of whom any woman might be proud ; and very few

nobles in Germany are richer or of better blood than he. He cannot marry for some time. Well, I am young and can afford to wait; and if, meanwhile, there present itself some better name, fortune, and person than Max's, I am free to choose, and can fling him aside like his brother before him." "Meantime," thought she, "I can dress Max to the *ménage* of matrimony"; which meant that she could make a very slave of him, as she did; and he was as obedient to her caprice and whims as her page or her waiting-woman.

'The entertainments which were given at Castle Udolph were rather more liked by the gentlemen than by the ladies, who had little love for a person like Angelica, the daughter of a man only ennobled yesterday,—a woman who lived, laughed, rode, gambled in the society of men as familiarly as if she had a beard on her chin and a rapier by her side; and above all, a woman who was incomparably handsomer than the handsomest of her rivals. Thus ladies' visits to her were not frequent; nor, indeed, did she care much for their neglect. She was not born, she said, to spin flax; nor to embroider cushions; nor to look after housemaids and scullions, as ladies do. She received her male guests as though she were a queen, to whom they came to pay homage, and little cared that their wives stayed at home.

'At one of her entertainments, Max appeared with two masks (it was the custom in those days for persons to go so disguised); and you would see at a court ball half the ladies, and men, especially the ugly of the former sex, so habited; the one, coming up to Angelica, withdrew his vizard, and she saw it was her ancient admirer the prince, who stayed for a while, besought her, laughing, to keep his visit a secret from the princess; and then left her to Max and the other mask; but the other did not remove his covering, though winningly entreated thereto by Angelica. The mask and Max, after a brief conversation with the lady of the castle, sat down to the tables to play at dice. And Max called presently to Angelica to come and play for him, to the which invitation, nothing loth, she acceded. That dice-box has a temptation for woman as well as man, and woe to both if they yield to it!

"Who is the mask?" asked Angelica of Max. But Max answered that his name was for the present a mystery.

"Is he noble?" said the scornful lady.

"Did he not come hither with the prince; and am I in the habit of consorting with other than nobles?" replied Max, as haughty as she. "The mask is a nobleman, ay, and a soldier, who has done more execution in his time than any man in the army."

That he was rich was very clear; his purse was well filled; whether he lost or won, he laughed with easy gaiety; and Angelica could see under his mask how all the time of the play his fierce, brilliant eyes watched and shone on her.

'She and Max, who played against the stranger, won from him a considerable sum. "I would lose such a sum," said he, "every night, if you, fair lady, would but promise to win it from me"; and asking for, and having been promised, a revenge, he gallantly took his leave.

'He came the next night, and the partners against him had the same good luck: a third and a fourth night Angelica received him, and as she won always, and as he was gay at losing as another is at winning, and was always ready to laugh and joke with her father, or to utter compliments to herself, Angelica began to think the stranger one of the most agreeable of men.

'She began to grudge, too, to Max, some of his winnings; or, rather, she was angry both that he should win and that he should not win enough; for Max would stop playing in the midst, as it seemed, of a vein of good luck; saying that enough was won and lost for the night; that play was the amusement of gentlemen, not their passion nor means of gain; whereon the mask would gather up his crowns, and greatly to the annoyance of Angelica, the play would cease.

"If I could play with him alone," thought she, "there is no end to the sums which I might win of this stranger; and money we want, Heaven knows; for my father's pay is mortgaged thrice over to the Jews, and we owe ten times as much as we can pay."

'She found no difficulty in managing an interview with the stranger alone. He was always willing, he said, to be at her side; and Max being called at this time into the country, the pair met by themselves, or in the company of the tipsy old governor of Udolph, who counted for no more than an extra flagon in the room, and who would have let his daughter play for a million, or sit down to a match with the foul fiend himself, were she so minded; and here the mask and Angelica used to pass many long evenings together.

'But her lust of gain was properly punished; for, when Max was gone, instead of winning, as she had been wont to do in his company, Fortune seemed now to desert her, and she lost night after night. Nor was the mask one of the sort of players who could be paid off with a smile, as some gallants had been; or who would take a ringlet as a receipt for a hundred crowns; or would play on credit, as Angelica would have done, had he been willing. "Fair lady," said he, "I am too old a soldier to play my ducats

against smiles, though they be from the loveliest lips in the world ; that which I lose, I pay ; that which I win, I take. Such is always the way with us in camp ; and '*donner und blitz!*' that is the way I like best." So the day Angelica proposed to play him on credit, he put up his purse, and laughing took his leave. The next day she pawned a jewel, and engaged him again ; and, in sooth, he went off laughing, as usual, with the price of the emerald in his pocket.

"When they were alone, it must be said that the mask made no difficulty to withdraw his vizard, and showed a handsome, pale, wild face, with black glaring eyes, sharp teeth, and black hair and beard. When asked what he should be called, he said, "Call me Wolfgang ; but, hist ! I am in the Imperial Service. The duke would seize me were he to know that I was here ; for," added he with a horrid grin, "I slew a dear friend of his in battle." He always grinned, did Herr Wolfgang ; he laughed a hundred times a day, and drank much, and swore more. There was something terrible about him ; and he loved to tell terrible stories of the wars, in which he could match for horror and cruelty Colonel Dolchenblitz himself.

"This is the man I would have for thy husband, girl," said he to his daughter ; "he is a thousand times better than your puling courtiers and pale book-worms ; a fellow that can drink his bottle, and does not fear the devil himself ; and can use his sword to carve out for himself any fortune to which he may be minded. Thou art but a child to him in play. See how he takes your ducats from you, and makes the dice obey him. Cease playing with him, girl, or he will ruin us else ; and so fill me another cup of wine."

"It was in the bottom of the flagon that the last words of the old man's speeches used commonly to end ; and I am not sure that Angelica was not prepared to think the advice given a very good one ; for it was in the nature of this lovely girl to care for no man. But it seemed to her, that in daring and wickedness this man was a match for her ; and she only sighed that he should be noble and rich enough, and that then she might make him her own. For he dazzled her imagination with stories of great leaders of the day, the honours they won, and the wealth they obtained. "Think of Wallenstein," said he, "but a humble page in a lady's house ; a prince now, and almost a sovereign. Tilly was but a portionless Flemish cadet ; and think of the plunder of Magdeburg !"

"I wish I had shared it," said Angelica.

"What ! and your father a Protestant ?"

"Psha !" replied the girl. At which Herr Wolfgang and her

father would burst into a hoarse laugh, and swear, with loud oaths, that she deserved to be a queen; and would so drink her grace's health in many a bumper. And then they would fall to the dice again; and Signor Wolfgang would win the last crown-piece in the purse of either father or daughter, and at midnight would take his leave. And a wonder was that no one knew whence he came or how he left the castle; for the sentry at the gate never saw him pass or enter.

'He would laugh when asked how. "Psha!" he would say, "I am *all* mystery; and I will tell, as a secret, that when I come or go, I turn myself into a bird, and fly in and out."

'And so, though he could only write his name, and had no more manners than a trooper, and though he won every penny of Angelica's money from her, the girl had a greater respect and terror for him than for any man alive; and he made more way in her heart than many a sighing lover would in ten years.

'Presently Max returned from his visit to the country; and Angelica began to make comparisons between his calm, cold, stately, sneering manner and the honest daring of Herr Wolfgang, his friend. "It is a pity," thought she, "that he should have the fine estate who could live on a book and a crust. If Herr Wolfgang had Max's wealth, he would spend it like a prince, and his wife would be the first lady in Germany."

'Max came to invite Angelica to his castle of Waldberg; it was prepared to receive her as to receive a sovereign. She had never seen anything more stately than the gardens, or more costly than the furniture; and the lackeys in Max's livery were more numerous and more splendid than those who waited on the duke himself. He took her over his farms and villages; it was a two days' journey. He showed her his stores of plate, and his cellars, the innumerable horses in his stables, and flocks and cattle in his fields. As she saw all these treasures, her heart grew colder towards Wolfgang, and she began to think that Max would be a better husband for her. But Herr Wolfgang did not seem much cast down, though she bestowed scarce a word upon him all day.

"Would you take these lands and their lord, lady fair?" whispered Max to Angelica, as they were riding home.

"That would I!" cried she, smiling in triumph; and holding out her hand to Max, who, kissing it very respectfully, never quitted her side that day.

'She had now only frowns for Herr Wolfgang, to whom she had been so gracious hitherto; and at supper that day, or at play afterwards, she scarce deigned to say a word to him. But he

laughed, and shouted, and drank his wine as before. They played deep; but Max, the most magnificent of hosts, had always a casket filled with gold by the side of Angelica; who, therefore, little cared to lose.

‘The next day she spent in going over the treasury of the castle, and the various chambers in it. There was one room which they passed but did not enter. “That was Ernst’s room,” said Max, looking very gloomy. “My lord, what a frown!” said Angelica; “can I bear a husband who frowns so?” and quickly passed into another chamber. At the end of the day came the dice, as usual. Angelica could not live without them. They played, and Herr Wolfgang lost a very heavy sum, 5000 crowns. But he laughed, and bade Max make out an order on his intendant, and signed it with his name.

“I can write no more than that,” said he; “but ’tis enough for a gentleman. To-morrow, Sir Max, you will give me my revenge?”

“To-morrow,” said Max, “I will promise not to balk you, and will play for any stake you will.” And so they parted.

‘The day after many lords and ladies began to arrive, and in the evening, to supper, came over from a hunting-lodge he had in the neighbourhood, his Highness the Hereditary Prince and his Princess, who were served at a table alone, Max waiting on them. “When this castle is mine,” said Angelica, “I will be princess here, and my husband shall act the lackey to no duke in Christendom.” Dice and music were called as usual. “Will your Highness dance or play?” But his Highness preferred dancing, as he was young and active; and her Highness preferred dancing, too, for she was crooked and out of shape. The Prince led out lady Angelica; and she never looked more beautiful, and swam through the dance in a royal style indeed. As they were dancing, people came to say, “The Lord Max and Herr Wolfgang are at the dice, playing very heavy stakes.” And so it was; and Angelica, who was as eager for play as a Turk for opium, went presently to look at the players, around whom was already a crowd wondering.

‘But, much as she loved play, Angelica was frightened at the stakes played by Max and Wolfgang; for moderate as the Lord Max had been abroad, at home it seemed to be a point of honour with him to be magnificent, and he said he would refuse no stake that was offered to him.

“Three throws for 10,000 crowns,” said Wolfgang. “Make out an order for my intendant if I lose, and I will sign it with my mark.”

"Three throws for 10,000 crowns!—Done!" answered Max. He lost. "The order, Herr Wolfgang, must be on *my* intendant now, and your Austrian woods will not have to suffer. Give me my revenge."

"Twenty thousand crowns against your farm and woods of Averbach."

"They are worth only eighteen, but I said I would refuse you nothing, and cry done!" Max tossed, and lost the woods of Averbach.

"Have you not played enough, my lords, for to-day?" said Angelica, somewhat frightened.

"No!" shouted Wolfgang, with his roaring laugh. "No, in the devil's name, let us go on. I feel myself in the vein, and have lord Max's word that he will take any bet of mine. I will play you 20,000 crowns and your farm—my farm—against your barony and village of Weinheim."

"Lord Max, I entreat—I command you not to play!" cried Angelica.

"Done!" said Max, "Weinheim against the crowns and the farm." He lost again. In an hour this unhappy gentleman lost all the property that his forefathers had been gathering for centuries: his houses and lands, his cattle and horses, his plate, arms, and furniture. Laughing and shouting, Wolfgang still pressed him.

"I have no more," said Max: "you have my all;—but stay," said he, "I have one thing more. Here is my bride, the lady Angelica."

"A hundred thousand crowns against her!" shouted Wolfgang.

"Fool!" said Angelica, turning scornfully on Max, "do you think I would marry a beggar? I said I would take the lord of these lands," added she, blushing, and gazing on Wolfgang.

"He is at your feet, lady," said Wolfgang, going down on his knee; and the Prince at this moment coming into the room, Max said bitterly, "I brought you, my lord, to be present at a marriage, and a marriage it shall be. Here is the lord of Waldberg, who weds the lady Angelica."

"Ho! a chaplain!—a chaplain!" called the Prince; and there was one at hand, and before almost Angelica could say "yea" or "nay," she was given away to Herr Wolfgang, and the service was read, and the contract signed by the witnesses, and all the guests came to congratulate her.

"As the friend of poor dead Ernst," said the Prince, "I thank you for not marrying Max."

"The hump-backed Venus congratulates you," said the Princess with a curtsey and a sneer.

"I have lost all, but still have a marriage present to make to the lady Angelica," said Max; and he held out a gold casket, which she took. It was that one in which Ernst had kept her hair, and which he had worn at his death. Angelica flung down the casket in a rage.

"Am I to be insulted in my own castle," she said, "and on my own marriage-day? Prince—Princess—Max of Waldberg—beggar of Waldberg—I despise and scorn you all! When it will please you to leave this house, you are welcome. Its doors will gladly open to let you out. My lord Wolfgang, I must trust to your sword to revenge any insults that may be passed on a woman who is too weak to defend herself."

"Any who insults you insults me," said Waldberg, at which the Prince burst into a laugh.

"Coward!" said Angelica, "your principedom saves your manhood. In any other country but your own you would not dare to act as you do." And so saying, and looking as fierce as a boar at bay, glaring round at the circle of staring courtiers, and forgetting her doubts and fears in her courage and hatred, she left the room on Wolfgang's arm.

"It is a gallant woman, by Heavens!" said the Prince.

The old governor of Udolph had not been present at the festival, which had ended so unluckily for the feast-giver, Herr Max, and in Angelica's sudden marriage. Certain Anabaptist rogues, who had been making a disturbance in the duchy, had been taken prisoners of late, and after having been tortured and racked for some six months, had been sentenced to death, as became the dogs; and, meanwhile, until their execution, were kept, with more than ordinary precautions, in Castle Udolph, for many of their people were still in the country, and thoughts of a rescue apprehended. The day, at last, was fixed for their death,—some three days after the sudden wedding of the lady Angelica.

In those three days she had ridden again over the farms and orchards; she had examined all the treasures and furnitures of her castles once more. At night she feasted with her spouse, sitting at the high table which poor Max had prepared for the Prince and Princess, and causing the servants and pages to serve her upon bended knees.

"Why do these menials look so cold upon their mistress and lord?" asked she.

"Marry," said Wolfgang, "the poor devils have served the Waldberg family since they were born: they are only the more faithful for their sorrow."

"I will have yonder old scowling seneschal scourged by the huntsmen to-morrow," said Angelica.

"Do!" said Wolfgang, laughing wildly; "it will be an amusement to you, for you will be alone all to-morrow, sweet Angelica."

"And why alone, sir?" said she.

"I am called to the city on urgent business."

"And what is this business which calls you away alone?"

"Her husband would not say. He said it was a state secret, which did not concern women. She replied she was no child, and would know it. He only laughed, and laughed louder as she burst into a fury; and when she became white with rage, and clenched her little fists, and ground her teeth, and grasped at the knife she wore in her girdle, he lashed the knife out of her hand with a cut of his riding-rod, and bade her women carry her away. "Look to my lady," said he, "and never leave her. Her mother was mad, and she has a touch of the malady." And so he left her, and was off by break of day.

"At break of day Angelica was up too; and no sooner had her husband's horses left the courtyard of the castle than she called for her own, and rode towards the city in the direction in which he had gone. Great crowds of people were advancing towards the town, and she remembered, for the first time, that an execution was about to take place. There had not been one for seven years, so peaceable was our country then; there was not even an executioner in the duke's service, for the old man had died, and no one had been found to take his place. "I will see this, at any rate," said Angelica; for an execution was her delight, and she remembered every circumstance of the last with the utmost accuracy.

"As she was spurring onwards she overtook a company of horsemen. It was the young Prince and his suite, among whom was riding Lord Max, who took off his cap and saluted her.

"Make way for the Lady Angelica!" cried one.

"Health to the blushing bride!" said the Prince. "What, so soon tired of billing and cooing at Waldeberg?"

"I hope your grace found the beds soft and the servants obedient," said Max. "They had my parting instructions."

"They had the instructions of their own mistress," replied Angelica. "I pray you to let me pass on to my husband, the Lord Wolfgang."

"The Lord Wolfgang will be with you anon," said the Prince. "We were here on the watch for you and him, and to pay our *devoirs* to the loveliest of brides."

"An execution is just such a festival as becomes your ladyship. Make way there! Place for the Lady Angelica! Here is the gallery from which you can see the whole ceremony. The people will be here anon." And, almost in spite of herself, Angelica was led up into a scaffold from which the dismal preparations of the death-scene were quite visible.

'Presently the trumpets blew from Udolph. The men at arms and their victims came winding down the hill; old Dolchenblitz leading the procession, armed, and on his grey charger. "Look at the victims," said some one by Angelica's side; "they are as calm as if they were going to a feast." "See, here comes the masked executioner," said another, "who bought his life upon these terms."

"He is a noble," whispered Max to Angelica, "*and he is the greatest swordsman in Europe.*" Angelica did not reply, but trembled very much.

'Singing their psalms, the Anabaptists mounted the scaffold. The first took his place in the chair, and the executioner did his terrible work. "Here is the head of a traitor," said the executioner.

"*You recognise your husband's voice, noble Lady Angelica,*" said Max.

'She gave a loud scream, and fell down as if shot. The people were too much excited by the spectacle to listen to her scream. The rest of the executions went on; but of these she saw nothing. She was carried home to Udolph raving mad. And so it was that Max of Waldberg revenged his brother's death. They say he was never the same man afterwards, and repented bitterly of his severity; but the Princess Ulrica Amelia Sophonisba Jacqueline vowed that the punishment was not a whit too severe for the traitress who had dared to call her the hump-backed Venus. I have shortened as far as possible the horrors of the *dénonement* of this dismal drama. The executioner returned to Vienna with a thousand crowns and all he had won of Angelica in private. Max gave the father and his unhappy daughter a pension for their lives; but he never married himself, and his estates passed away into another branch of our family.'

'What, are you connected with him, Milchbrod?' said I; 'and is the story true?'

'True. The execution took place on the very spot where you are lying.'

I jumped up rather nervously. And here you have the story of 'The Brother's Revenge; or, The Executioner's Wife.'

THE SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON
IN THREE LETTERS
TO MISS SMITH OF LONDON
BY
MR. M. A. TITMARSH

THE SECOND FUNERAL

OF



AND

THE CHRONICLE OF THE DRUM.

BY MR. M. A. TITMARSH.

LONDON:—HUGH CUNNINGHAM, ST. MARTIN'S PLACE,
TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

MR. TITMARSH TO MISS SMITH
ON
THE SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.

LETTER I.

THE DISINTERMENT OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

Paris, December 16, 1840.

MY DEAR,

It is no easy task in this world to distinguish between what is great in it, and what is mean; and many and many is the puzzle that I have had in reading history (or the works of fiction which go by that name), to know whether I should laud up to the skies, and endeavour, to the best of my small capabilities, to imitate the remarkable character about whom I was reading, or whether I should fling aside the book and the hero of it, as things altogether base, unworthy, laughable, and get a novel, or a game of billiards, or a pipe of tobacco, or the report of the last debate in the House, or any other employment which would leave the mind in a state of easy vacuity, rather than pester it with a vain set of dates relating to actions which are in themselves not worth a fig, or with a parcel of names of people whom it can do one no earthly good to remember.

It is more than probable, my love, that you are acquainted with what is called Grecian and Roman history, chiefly from perusing, in very early youth, the little sheep-skin bound volumes of the ingenious Dr. Goldsmith, and have been indebted for your knowledge of our English annals to a subsequent study of the more voluminous works of Hume and Smollett. The first and the last-named authors, dear Miss Smith, have written each an admirable history, that of the Rev. Dr. Primrose, vicar of Wakefield, and that of Mr. Robert Bramble, of Bramble Hall, in both

of which works you will find true and instructive pictures of human life, and which you may always think over with advantage. But let me caution you against putting any considerable trust in the other works of these authors, which were placed in your hands at school and afterwards, and in which you were taught to believe. Madam, historians, for the most part know very little; and secondly, only tell a little of what they know.

As for those Greeks and Romans whom you have read of in sheep-skin, were you to know really what those monsters were, you would blush all over as red as a hollyhock, and put down the history-book in a fury. Many of our English worthies are no better. You are not in a situation to know the real characters of any one of them. They appear before you in their public capacities, but the individuals you know not. Suppose, for instance, your mamma had purchased her tea in the Borough from a grocer living there by the name of Greenacre; suppose you had been asked out to dinner, and the gentleman of the house had said, 'Ho! François, a glass of champagne for Miss Smith;' Courvoisier would have served you just as any other footman would; you would never have known that there was anything extraordinary in these individuals, but would have thought of them only in their respective public characters of grocer and footman. This, madam, is history, in which a man always appears dealing with the world in his apron, or his laced livery, but which has not the power, or the leisure, or perhaps is too high and mighty to condescend to follow and study him in his privacy. Ah, my dear, when big and little men come to be measured rightly, and great and small actions to be weighed properly, and people to be stripped of their royal robes, beggars' rags, generals' uniforms, seedy out-at-elbowed coats, and the like, on the contrary—nay, when souls come to be stripped of their wicked deceiving bodices, and turned out stark naked as they were before they were born, what a strange startling sight shall we see, and what a pretty figure shall some of us cut! Fancy how we shall see Pride, with his Stultz clothes and padding pulled off, and dwindled down to a forked radish! Fancy some angelic virtue, whose white raiment is suddenly whisked over his head, shewing us cloven feet and a tail! Fancy Humility, eased of its sad load of cares, and want, and scorn, walking up to the very highest place of all, and blushing as he takes it! Fancy—but we must not fancy such a scene at all, which would be an outrage on public decency. Should we be any better than our neighbours? No, certainly; and as we can't be virtuous, let us be decent. Fig-leaves are a very decent becoming wear, and have been now in fashion for four thousand years. And so, my dear,

history is written on fig-leaves : would you have anything further ? Oh fie !

Yes, four thousand years ago that famous tree was planted. At their very first lie, our first parents made for it, and there it is still, the great HUMBUG-PLANT, stretching its wide arms, and sheltering beneath its leaves, as broad and green as ever, all the generations of men. Thus, my dear, coquettes of your fascinating sex cover their persons with figgery, fantastically arranged, and call their masquerading, modesty. Cowards fig themselves out fiercely as 'salvage men,' and make us believe that they are warriors ; fools look very solemnly out from the dusk of the leaves, and we fancy in the gloom that they are sages ; and many a man sets a great wreath about his pate, and struts abroad a hero, whose claims we would all of us laugh at, could we but remove the ornament, and see his numskull bare.

And such (excuse my sermonizing), such is the constitution of mankind, that men have, as it were, entered into a compact among themselves to pursue the fig-leaf system *à l'outrance*, and to cry down all who oppose it. Humbug they will have ; humbugs themselves, they will respect humbugs ; their daily victuals of life must be seasoned with humbug. Certain things are there in the world that they will not allow to be called by their right names, and will insist upon our admiring whether we will or no. Woe be to the man who would enter too far into the recesses of that magnificent temple where our goddess is enshrined, peep through the vast embroidered curtains indiscreetly, penetrate the secret of secrets, and expose the gammon of gammons ! And as you must not peer too curiously within, so neither must you remain scornfully without. Humbug-worshippers, let us come into our great temple regularly and decently, take our seats and settle our clothes decently, open our books, and go through the service with decent gravity, listen and be decently affected by the expositions of the decent priest of the place ; and if by chance some straggling vagabond, loitering in the sunshine, out of doors, dares to laugh or to sing, and disturb the sanctified dulness of the faithful, quick ! a couple of big beadles rush out and belabour the wretch, and his yells make our devotions more comfortable.

Some magnificent religious ceremonies of this nature are at present taking place in France, and thinking that you might, perhaps, while away some long winter's evening with an account of them, I have compiled the following pages for your use. Newspapers have been filled for some days past with details regarding the Saint Helena expedition ; many pamphlets have been published ; men go about crying little books and broad-sheets filled with real

and sham particulars ; and from these scarce and valuable documents the following pages are chiefly compiled.

We must begin at the beginning, premising, in the first place, that Monsieur Guizot, when French Ambassador at London, waited upon Lord Palmerston with a request that the body of the Emperor Napoleon should be given up to the French nation, in order that it might find a final resting-place in French earth. To this demand the English Government gave a ready assent, nor was there any particular explosion of sentiment upon either side, only some pretty cordial expressions of mutual good-will. Orders were sent out to St. Helena that the corpse should be disinterred in due time when the French expedition had arrived in search of it, and that every respect and attention should be paid to those who came to carry back to their country the body of the famous dead warrior and sovereign.

This matter being arranged in very few words (as in England, upon most points, is the laudable fashion), the French Chambers began to debate about the place in which they should bury the body when they got it, and numberless pamphlets and newspapers out of doors joined in the talk. Some people there were who had fought and conquered and been beaten with the great Napoleon, and loved him and his memory ; many more were there who, because of his great genius and valour, felt excessively proud in their own particular persons, and clamoured for the return of their hero ; and if there were some few individuals in this great, hot-headed, gallant, boasting, sublime, absurd French nation who had taken a cool view of the dead emperor's character—if perhaps such men as Louis Philippe, and Monsieur A. Thiers, minister and deputy, and Monsieur François Guizot, deputy and excellency, had from interest or conviction opinions at all differing from those of the majority, why they knew what was what, and kept their opinions to themselves, coming with a tolerably good grace, and flinging a few handfuls of incense upon the altar of the popular idol.

In the succeeding debates, then, various opinions were given with regard to the place to be selected for the emperor's sepulture. 'Some demanded,' says an eloquent anonymous captain in the navy, who has written an *Itinerary from Toulon to St. Helena*, 'that the coffin should be deposited under the bronze taken from the enemy by the French army—under the column of the Place Vendôme. The idea was a fine one. This is the most glorious monument that was ever raised in a conqueror's honour. This column has been melted out of foreign cannon. These same cannons have furrowed the bosoms of our braves with noble cicatrices ; and this metal, conquered by the soldier first, by the

artist afterwards, has allowed to be imprinted on its front, its own defeat and our glory. Napoleon might sleep in peace under this audacious trophy. But would his ashes find a shelter sufficiently vast beneath this pedestal? And his puissant statue, dominating Paris, beams with sufficient grandeur on this place. Whereas the wheels of carriages, and the feet of passengers, would profane the funereal sanctity of the spot, in trampling on the soil so near his head.'

You must not take this description, dearest Amelia, 'at the foot of the letter,' as the French phrase it, but you will here have a masterly exposition of the arguments for and against the burial of the emperor under the column of the Place Vendôme. The idea was a fine one; granted; but, like all other ideas, it was open to objections. You must not fancy that the cannon, or rather the cannon-balls, were in the habit of furrowing the bosoms of French braves, or any other braves, with cicatrices; on the contrary, it is a known fact that cannon-balls make wounds and not cicatrices (which, my dear, are wounds partially healed). Nay, that a man generally dies after receiving one such projectile on his chest, much more after having his bosom furrowed by a score of them. No, my love, no bosom, however heroic, can stand such applications; and the author only means that the French soldiers faced the cannon, and took them. Nor, my love, must you suppose that the column was melted; it was the cannon was melted, not the column; but such phrases are often used by orators when they wish to give a particular force and emphasis to their opinions.

Well, again, although Napoleon might have slept in peace under this audacious trophy, how could he do so, and carriages go rattling by all night, and people with great iron heels to their boots pass clattering over the stones? Nor, indeed, could it be expected that a man whose reputation stretches from the Pyramids to the Kremlin should find a column, of which the base is only five-and-twenty feet square, a shelter vast enough for his bones. In a word, then, although the proposal to bury Napoleon under the column was ingenious, it was found not to suit; whereupon somebody else proposed the Madeleine.

'It was proposed,' says the before-quoted author, with his usual felicity, 'to consecrate the Madeleine to his exiled manes;' that is, to his bones when they were not in exile any longer. 'He ought to have,' it was said, 'a temple entire. His glory fills the world. His bones could not contain themselves in the coffin of a man, in the tomb of a king!' In this case what was Mary Magdalen to do? This proposition, I am happy to say, was

rejected, and a new one, that of the President of the Council, adopted. 'Napoleon and his braves ought not to quit each other. Under the immense gilded dome of the Invalids he would find a sanctuary worthy of himself. A dome imitates the vault of heaven, and that vault alone (meaning, of course, the other vault) should dominate above his head. His old mutilated guard shall watch around him: the last veteran, as he has shed his blood in his combats, shall breathe his last sigh near his tomb. And all these tombs shall sleep under the tattered standards that have been won from all the nations of Europe.'

The original words are, '*sous les lambeaux criblés des drapeaux cueillis chez toutes les nations*;' in English, under the riddled rags of the flags that have been culled or plucked (like roses or buttercups) in all the nations. Sweet innocent flowers of victory! There they are, my dear, sure enough, and a pretty considerable *hortus siccus* may any man examine who chooses to walk to the Invalides. The burial-place being thus agreed on, the expedition was prepared, and on the 7th July, the *Belle Poule* frigate, in company with *La Favorite* corvette, quitted Toulon harbour. A couple of steamers, the *Trident* and the *Ocean*, escorted the ships as far as Gibraltar, and then left them to pursue their voyage.

The two ships quitted the harbour in the sight of a vast concourse of people, and in the midst of a great roaring of cannon. Previous to the departure of the *Belle Poule*, the Bishop of Fréjus went on board, and gave to the cenotaph in which the emperor's remains were to be deposited his episcopal benediction. Napoleon's old friends and followers, the two Bertrands, Gourgaud, Emanuel Las Cases ('companions in exile, or sons of the companions in exile, of the prisoner of the *infâme* Hudson,' says a French writer) were passengers on board the frigate. Marchand, Denis, Pierret, Novaret, his old and faithful servants, were likewise in the vessel. It was commanded by his Royal Highness Francis Ferdinand Philip Louis Marie d'Orleans, Prince de Joinville, a young prince two-and-twenty years of age, who has already distinguished himself in the service of his country and king.

On the 8th of October, after a voyage of six-and-sixty days, the *Belle Poule* arrived in James Town Harbour; and on its arrival, as on its departure from France, a great firing of guns took place. First, the *Oreste* French brig-of-war began roaring out a salutation to the frigate; then the *Dolphin*, English schooner, gave her one-and-twenty guns; then the frigate returned the compliment of the *Dolphin* schooner; then she blazed out with one-and-twenty guns more, as a mark of particular politeness to the shore, which kindness the forts acknowledged by similar detonations.

These little compliments concluded on both sides, Lieutenant Middlemore, son and aide-de-camp of the governor of St. Helena, came on board the French frigate, and brought his father's best respects to his royal highness. The governor was at home ill, and forced to keep his room; but he had made his house at James Town ready for Captain Joinville and his suite, and begged that they would make use of it during their stay.

On the 9th, H.R.H. the Prince of Joinville put on his full uniform and landed, in company with Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud, Messrs. Las Cases and Marchand, M. Coquereau, the chaplain of the expedition, and M. de Rohan Chabot, who acted as chief mourner. All the garrison was under arms to receive the illustrious prince and the other members of the expedition, who forthwith repaired to Plantation House, and had a conference with the governor regarding their mission.

On the 10th, 11th, and 12th these conferences continued: the crews of the French ships were permitted to come on shore and see the tomb of Napoleon. Bertrand, Gourgaud, Las Cases wandered about the island and revisited the spots to which they had been partial in the lifetime of the Emperor.

The 15th of October was fixed on for the day of the exhumation: that day five-and-twenty years the Emperor Napoleon first set his foot upon the island.

On the day previous all things had been made ready, the grand coffins and ornaments brought from France, and the articles necessary for the operation were carried to the valley of the tomb.

The operations commenced at midnight; the well-known friends of Napoleon before named, and some other attendants of his, the chaplain and his acolytes, the doctor of the *Belle Poule*, the captains of the French ships, and Captain Alexander, of the engineers, the English Commissioner, attended the disinterment. His Royal Highness Prince de Joinville could not be present, because the workmen were under English command.

The men worked for nine hours incessantly, when at length the earth was entirely removed from the vault, all the horizontal strata of masonry demolished, and the large slab which covered the place where the stone sarcophagus lay, removed by a crane. This outer coffin of stone was perfect, and could scarcely be said to be damp.

As soon as the Abbé Coquereau had recited the prayers, the coffin was removed with the greatest care, and carried by the engineer-soldiers, bare-headed, into a tent that had been prepared for the purpose. After the religious ceremonies, the inner coffins were opened; the outermost coffin was slightly injured; then came one of lead, which was in good condition, and enclosed two others,

one of tin, and one of wood ; the last coffin was lined inside with white satin, which, having become detached by the effect of time, had fallen upon the body and enveloped it like a winding-sheet, and had become slightly attached to it.

‘It is difficult to describe with what anxiety and emotion those who were present waited for the moment which was to expose to them all that death had left of Napoleon. Notwithstanding the singular state of preservation of the tomb and coffins, we could scarcely hope to find anything but some misshapen remains of the least perishable part of the costume to evidence the identity of the body. But when Dr. Guillard raised the sheet of satin, an indescribable feeling of surprise and affection was expressed by the spectators, many of whom burst into tears. The Emperor was himself before their eyes !—the features of the face, though changed, were perfectly recognised—the hands extremely beautiful—his well-known costume had suffered but little, and the colours were easily distinguished. The attitude itself was full of ease ; and but for the fragments of the satin lining which covered as with a fine gauze several parts of the uniform, we might have believed we still saw Napoleon before us, lying on his bed of state. General Bertrand and M. Marchand, who were both present at the interment, quickly pointed out the different articles which each had deposited in the coffin, and which had remained in the precise position in which they had previously described them to be.

‘The two inner coffins were carefully closed again ; the old leaden coffin was strongly blocked up with wedges of wood, and both were once more soldered up with the most minute precautions, under the direction of Doctor Guillard. These different operations being terminated, the ebony sarcophagus was closed as well as its oak case. On delivering the key of the ebony sarcophagus to Count de Chabot, the king’s commissioner, Captain Alexander declared to him, in the name of the governor, that this coffin, containing the mortal remains of the Emperor Napoleon, was considered as at the disposal of the French Government from that day, and from the moment at which it should arrive at the place of embarkation, towards which it was about to be sent under the orders of General Middlemore. The king’s commissioner replied, that he was charged by his Government, and in its name, to accept the coffin from the hands of the British authorities, and that he and the other persons composing the French mission were ready to follow it to James Town, where the Prince de Joinville, superior commandant of the expedition, would be ready to receive it and conduct it on board his frigate. A car drawn by four horses, decked with funeral emblems, had been prepared before the arrival

of the expedition, to receive the coffin, as well as a pall, and all the other suitable trappings of mourning. When the sarcophagus was placed on the car, the whole was covered with a magnificent imperial mantle brought from Paris, the four corners of which were borne by Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud, Baron Las Cases and M. Marchand. At half-past three o'clock, the funeral car began to move, preceded by a chorister bearing the cross, and by the Abbé Coquereau. M. de Chabot acted as chief mourner. All the authorities of the island, all the principal inhabitants, and the whole of the garrison, followed in procession from the tomb to the quay. But with the exception of the artillerymen necessary to lead the horses, and occasionally support the car when descending some steep parts of the way, the places nearest the coffin were reserved for the French mission. General Middlemore, although in a weak state of health, persisted in following the whole way on foot, together with General Churchill, chief of the staff in India, who had arrived only two days before from Bombay. The immense weight of the coffins, and the unevenness of the road, rendered the utmost carefulness necessary throughout the whole distance. Colonel Trelawney commanded in person the small detachment of artillerymen who conducted the car, and, thanks to his great care, not the slightest accident took place. From the moment of departure to the arrival at the quay, the cannons of the forts and the *Belle Poule* fired minute-guns. After an hour's march the rain ceased for the first time since the commencement of the operations, and on arriving in sight of the town, we found a brilliant sky and beautiful weather. From the morning the three French vessels of war had assumed the usual signs of deep mourning, their yards crossed and their flags lowered. Two French merchantmen, *Bonne Amie* and *Indien*, which had been in the roads for two days, had put themselves under the prince's orders, and followed during the ceremony all the manœuvres of the *Belle Poule*. The forts of the town and the houses of the consuls had also their flags half-mast high.

On arriving at the entrance of the town, the troops of the garrison and the militia formed in two lines as far as the extremity of the quay. According to the order for mourning prescribed for the English army, the men had their arms reversed, and the officers had crape on their arms with their swords reversed. All the inhabitants had been kept away from the line of march, but they lined the terraces commanding the town, and the streets were occupied only by the troops, the 91st regiment being on the right and the militia on the left. The *cortège* advanced slowly between two ranks of soldiers to the sound of a funeral march, while the

cannons of the forts were fired, as well as those from the *Belle Poule* and the *Dolphin*, the echoes being repeated a thousand times by the rocks above James Town. After two hours' march the cortège stopped at the end of the quay, where the Prince de Joinville had stationed himself at the head of the officers of the three French ships of war. The greatest official honours had been rendered by the English authorities to the memory of the Emperor—the most striking testimonials of respect had marked the adieu given by St. Helena to his coffin; and from this moment the mortal remains of the Emperor were about to belong to France. When the funeral-car stopped, the Prince de Joinville advanced alone, and in presence of all around, who stood with their heads uncovered, received in a solemn manner the imperial coffin from the hands of General Middlemore. His royal highness then thanked the governor in the name of France for all the testimonials of sympathy and respect with which the authorities and inhabitants of St. Helena had surrounded the memorable ceremonial. A cutter had been expressly prepared to receive the coffin. During the embarkation, which the prince directed himself, the bands played funeral airs, and all the boats were stationed round with their oars shipped. The moment the sarcophagus touched the cutter, a magnificent royal flag, which the ladies of James Town had embroidered for the occasion, was unfurled, and the *Belle Poule* immediately squared her masts and unfurled her colours. All the manœuvres of the frigate were immediately followed by the other vessels. Our mourning had ceased with the exile of Napoleon, and the French naval division dressed itself out in all its festal ornaments to receive the imperial coffin under the French flag. The sarcophagus was covered in the cutter with the imperial mantle. The Prince de Joinville placed himself at the rudder, Commander Guyet at the head of the boat; Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud, Baron de Las Cases, M. Marchand, and the Abbé Coquereau, occupied the same places as during the march. Count Chabot and Commandant Hernoux were astern, a little in advance of the prince. As soon as the cutter had pushed off from the quay, the batteries ashore fired a salute of twenty-one guns, and our ships returned the salute with all their artillery. Two other salutes were fired during the passage from the quay to the frigate, the cutter advancing very slowly, and surrounded by the other boats. At half-past six o'clock it reached the *Belle Poule*, all the men being on the yards with their hats in their hands. The prince had had arranged on the deck a chapel, decked with flags and trophies of arms, the altar being placed at the foot of the mizzen-mast. The coffin, carried by our sailors, passed between two ranks of officers with

drawn swords, and was placed on the quarter-deck. The absolution was pronounced by the Abbé Coquereau the same evening. Next day, at ten o'clock, a solemn mass was celebrated on the deck, in presence of the officers and part of the crews of the ships. His royal highness stood at the foot of the coffin. The cannon of the *Favorite* and *Oreste* fired minute-guns during this ceremony, which terminated by a solemn absolution ; and the Prince de Joinville, the gentlemen of the mission, the officers, and the *premiers maîtres* of the ship sprinkled holy water on the coffin. At eleven, all the ceremonies of the church were accomplished, all the honours done to a sovereign had been paid to the mortal remains of Napoleon. The coffin was carefully lowered between decks, and placed in the *chapelle ardente* which had been prepared at Toulon for its reception. At this moment the vessels fired a last salute with all their artillery ; and the frigate took in her flags, keeping up only her flag at the stern and the royal standard at the maintop-gallant mast. On Sunday, the 18th, at eight in the morning, the *Belle Poule* quitted St. Helena with her precious deposit on board.

‘During the whole time that the mission remained at James Town, the best understanding never ceased to exist between the population of the island and the French. The Prince de Joinville and his companions met in all quarters and at all times with the greatest good-will and the warmest testimonials of sympathy. The authorities and the inhabitants must have felt, no doubt, great regret at seeing taken away from their island the coffin that had rendered it so celebrated ; but they repressed their feelings with a courtesy that does honour to the frankness of their character.’

LETTER II

THE VOYAGE FROM ST. HELENA TO PARIS.

ON the 18th October, the French frigate quitted the island, with its precious burden on board.

His Royal Highness the Captain acknowledged cordially the kindness and attention which he and his crew had received from the English authorities and the inhabitants of the Island of St. Helena ; nay, promised a pension to an old soldier who had been for many years the guardian of the imperial tomb, and went so far as to take into consideration the petition of a certain lodging-house keeper, who prayed for a compensation for the loss which the removal of the Emperor's body would occasion to her. And

although it was not to be expected that the great French nation should forego its natural desire of recovering the remains of a hero so dear to it for the sake of the individual interest of the landlady in question, it must have been satisfactory to her to find that the peculiarity of her position was so delicately appreciated by the august prince who commanded the expedition, and carried away with him, *animæ dimidium suæ*, the half of the genteel independence which she derived from the situation of her hotel. In a word, politeness and friendship could not be carried farther,—the prince's realm and the landlady's were bound together by the closest ties of amity. M. Thiers was minister of France, the great patron of the English alliance. At London M. Guizot was the worthy representative of the French good-will towards the British people; and the remark frequently made by our orators at public dinners, that 'France and England, while united, might defy the world,' was considered as likely to hold good for many years to come;—the union that is; as for defying the world, that was neither here nor there; nor did English politicians ever dream of doing any such thing, except, perhaps, at the tenth glass of port at Freemasons' Tavern.

Little, however, did Mrs. Corbett, the St. Helena landlady,—little did his Royal Highness Prince Ferdinand Philip Marie de Joinville know what was going on in Europe all this time (when I say in Europe, I mean in Turkey, Syria, and Egypt),—how clouds, in fact, were gathering upon what you call the political horizon,—and how tempests were rising that were to blow to pieces our Anglo-Gallic temple of friendship. Oh, but it is sad to think that a single wicked old Turk should be the means of setting our two Christian nations by the ears!

Yes, my love, this disreputable old man had been for some time past the object of the disinterested attention of the great sovereigns of Europe. The Emperor Nicholas (a moral character, though following the Greek superstition, and adored for his mildness and benevolence of disposition), the Emperor Ferdinand, the King of Prussia, and our own gracious Queen, had taken such just offence at his conduct and disobedience towards a young and interesting sovereign,—whose authority he had disregarded, whose fleet he had kidnapped, whose fair provinces he had pounced upon,—that they determined to come to the aid of Abdul Medjid the First, Emperor of the Turks, and bring his rebellious vassal to reason. In this project the French nation was invited to join, but they refused the invitation, saying that it was necessary for the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe, that His Highness Mehemet Ali should keep possession of what, by hook or by crook,

he had gotten, and that they would have no hand in injuring him. But why continue this argument, which you have read in the newspapers for many months past? You, my dear, must know as well as I, that the balance of power in Europe could not possibly be maintained in any such way; and though, to be sure, for the last fifteen years, the progress of the old robber has not made much difference to us in the neighbourhood of Russell Square, and the battle of Nezib did not in the least affect our taxes, our homes, our institutions, or the price of butcher's-meat, yet there is no knowing what *might* have happened, had Mehemet Ali been allowed to remain quietly as he was; and the balance of power in Europe might have been—the deuce knows where.

Here, then, in a nutshell, you have the whole matter in dispute. While Mrs. Corbett and the Prince de Joinville were innocently interchanging compliments at Saint Helena, bang! bang! Commodore Napier was pouring broadsides into Tyre and Sidon,—our gallant navy was storming breaches, and routing armies,—Colonel Hodges had seized upon the green standard of Ibrahim Pacha, and the powder-magazine of Saint John of Acre was blown up sky-high, with eighteen hundred Egyptian soldiers in company with it. The French said that *l'or Anglais* had achieved all these successes, and no doubt believed that the poor fellows at Acre were bribed to a man.

It must have been particularly unpleasant to a high-minded nation like the French—at the very moment when the Egyptian affair and the balance of Europe had been settled in this abrupt way—to find out, all of a sudden, that the Pacha of Egypt was their dearest friend and ally. They had suffered in the person of their friend; and though, seeing that the dispute was ended and the territory out of his hand, they could not hope to get it back for him, or to aid him in any substantial way, yet Monsieur Thiers determined, just as a mark of politeness to the Pacha, to fight all Europe for maltreating him—all Europe, England included. He was bent on war, and an immense majority of the nation went with him. He called for a million of soldiers, and would have had them too, had not the king been against the project, and delayed the completion of it, at least for a time.

Of these great European disputes, Captain Joinville received a notification while he was at sea on board his frigate, as we find by the official account which has been published of his mission.

'Some days after quitting St. Helena,' says that document, 'the expedition fell in with a ship coming from Europe; and was thus made acquainted with the warlike rumours then afloat, by which a collision with the English marine was rendered possible.

The Prince de Joinville immediately assembled the officers of the *Belle Poule* to deliberate on an event so unexpected and important.

‘The council of war having expressed its opinion that it was necessary, at all events, to prepare for an energetic defence, preparations were made to place in battery all the guns that the frigate could bring to bear against the enemy. The provisional cabins that had been fitted up in the battery were demolished, the partitions removed, and with all the elegant furniture of the cabins, flung into the sea. The Prince de Joinville was the first “to execute himself,” and the frigate soon found itself armed with six or eight more guns.

‘That part of the ship where these cabins had previously been went by the name of Lacedæmon, everything luxurious being banished to make way for what was useful.

‘Indeed, all persons who were on board agree in saying that Monseigneur the Prince de Joinville most worthily acquitted himself of the great and honourable mission which had been confided to him. All affirm, not only that the commandant of the expedition did everything at St. Helena which, as a Frenchman, he was bound to do, in order that the remains of the Emperor should receive all the honours due to them, but moreover that he accomplished his mission with all the measured solemnity, all the pious and severe dignity that the son of the Emperor himself would have shown upon a like occasion. The commandant had also comprehended that the remains of the Emperor must never fall into the hands of the stranger; and being himself decided rather to sink his ship than to give up his precious deposit, he had inspired every one about him with the same energetic resolution that he had himself taken “*against an extreme eventuality.*”’

Monseigneur, my dear, is really one of the finest young fellows it is possible to see. A tall, broad-chested, slim-waisted, brown-faced, dark-eyed young prince, with a great beard (and other martial qualities, no doubt) beyond his years. As he strode into the Chapel of the Invalides on Tuesday, at the head of his men, he made no small impression, I can tell you, upon the ladies assembled to witness the ceremony. Nor are the crew of the *Belle Poule* less agreeable to look at than their commander. A more clean, smart, active, well-limbed set of lads never ‘did dance’ upon the deck of the famed *Belle Poule* in the days of her memorable combat with the *Saucy Arethusa*. ‘These five hundred sailors,’ says a French newspaper, speaking of them in the proper French way, ‘sword in hand, in the severe costume of board-ship

(*la sévère tenue du bord*), seemed proud of the mission that they had just accomplished. Their blue jackets, their red cravats, the turned-down collars of blue shirts edged with white, *above all* their resolute appearance and martial air, gave a favourable specimen of the present state of our marine—a marine of which so much might be expected, and from which so little has been required.' (*Le Commerce*, 16 Dec.)

There they were, sure enough, a cutlass upon one hip, a pistol on the other—a gallant set of young men, indeed. I doubt, to be sure, whether the *sévère tenue du bord* requires that the seaman should be always furnished with these ferocious weapons, which would be somewhat in his way in sundry maritime manœuvres—such as going to sleep in your hammock, for instance, or twinkling a binnacle, or luffing a marlinspike, or keel-hauling a main-topgallant (all naval operations, my dear, which any seafaring novelist will explain to you). I doubt, I say, whether these weapons are *always* worn by sailors; and have heard that they are commonly, and very sensibly too, locked up until they are wanted. Take another example: suppose artillerymen were incessantly compelled to walk about with a pyramid of twenty-four pound shot in one pocket, and a lighted fuse and a few barrels of gunpowder in the other, these objects would, as you may imagine, greatly inconvenience the artilleryman in his peaceful state.

The newspaper writer is therefore most likely mistaken in saying that the seamen were in the *sévère tenue du bord*, or by '*bord*' meaning '*abordage*'—which operation they were not, in a harmless church hung round with velvet and wax candles, and filled with ladies, surely called upon to perform. Nor indeed can it be reasonably supposed that the picked men of the crack frigate of the French navy are 'a good specimen' of the rest of the French marine, any more than a cuirassed colossus at the gate of the Horse Guards can be considered a fair sample of the British soldiers of the line. The sword and pistol, however, had no doubt their effect—the former was in its sheath, the latter not loaded; and I hear that the French ladies are quite in raptures with these charming *loups-de-mer*.

Let the warlike accoutrements then pass; it was necessary, perhaps, to strike the Parisians with awe, and therefore the crew was armed in this fierce fashion; but why should the captain begin to swagger as well as his men? and why did the Prince de Joinville lug out sword and pistol so early? or why, if he thought fit to make preparations, should the official journals brag of these afterwards as proofs of his extraordinary courage?

Here is the case. The English Government makes him a present of the bones of Napoleon; English workmen work for nine hours without ceasing, and dig the coffin out of the ground; the English Commissioner hands over the key of the box to the French representative, Monsieur Chabot; English horses carry the funeral-car down to the sea-shore, accompanied by the English Governor, who has actually left his bed to walk in the procession and to do the French nation honour.

After receiving and acknowledging these politenesses, the French captain takes his charge on board; and the first thing we afterwards hear of him is the determination '*qu'il a su faire passer*' into all his crew, to sink rather than yield up the body of the Emperor *aux mains de l'étranger*—into the hands of the foreigner. My dear Monseigneur, is not this *par trop fort*? Suppose 'the foreigner' had wanted the coffin, could he not have kept it? Why show this uncalled-for valour, this extraordinary alacrity at sinking? Sink or blow yourself up as much as you please, but your royal highness must see that the genteel thing would have been to wait until you were asked to do so, before you offended good-natured, honest people, who, Heaven help them, have never shown themselves at all murderously inclined towards you. A man knocks up his cabins forsooth, throws his tables and chairs overboard, runs guns into the port-holes, and calls *le quartier du bord où existaient ces chambres, Lacedæmon*. Lacedæmon!—There is a province, O Prince, in your royal father's dominions—a fruitful parent of heroes in its time—which would have given a much better nickname to your *quartier du bord*: you should have called it Gascony!

Sooner than strike we'll all ex-pi-er
On board of the *Bell-e Pou-le*.

Such fanfaronading is very well on the part of Tom Dibdin, but a person of your royal highness's 'pious and severe dignity' should have been above it. If you entertained an idea that war was imminent, would it not have been far better to have made your preparations in quiet; and when you found the war-rumour blown over, to have said nothing about what you intended to do? Fie upon such cheap Lacedæmonianism! There is no poltroon in the world but can brag about what he *would* have done. However, to do your royal highness's nation justice, they brag and fight too.

This narrative, my dear Miss Smith, as you will have remarked, is not a simple tale merely, but is accompanied by many moral and pithy remarks, which form its chief value, in the writer's

eyes at least; and the above account of the sham Lacedæmon on board the *Belle Poule* has a double-barrelled morality, as I conceive. Besides justly reprehending the French propensity towards braggadocio, it proves very strongly a point on which I am the only statesman in Europe who has strongly insisted. In *The Paris Sketch Book* (one copy, I believe, is still to be had at the publisher's)—in *The Paris Sketch Book* it was stated that *the French hate us*. They hate us, my dear, profoundly and desperately; and there never was such a hollow humbug in the world as the French alliance. Men get a character for patriotism in France merely by hating England. Directly they go into strong opposition (where, you know, people are always more patriotic than on the ministerial side) they appeal to the people, and have their hold on the people by hating England in common with them. Why? It is a long story; and the hatred may be accounted for by many reasons, both political and social. Any time these eight hundred years this ill-will has been going on, and has been transmitted, on the French side, from father to son. On the French side, not on ours; we have had no (or few) defeats to complain of,—no invasions to make us angry. But you see that to discuss such a period of time would demand a considerable number of pages; and for the present we will avoid the examination of the question.

But they hate us,—that is the long and short of it; and you see how this hatred has exploded just now, not upon a serious cause of difference, but upon an argument; for what is the Pacha of Egypt to us or them but a mere abstract opinion? For the same reason the Little-endians in Lilliput abhorred the Big-endians; and I beg you to remark how his Royal Highness Prince Ferdinand Mary, upon hearing that this argument was in the course of debate between us, straightway flung his furniture overboard, and expressed a preference for sinking his ship rather than yielding to the *étranger*. Nothing came of this wish of his, to be sure; but the intention is everything. Unlucky circumstances denied him the power; but he had the will.

Well, beyond this disappointment, the Prince de Joinville had nothing to complain of during the voyage, which terminated happily by the arrival of the *Belle Poule* at Cherbourg, on the 30th of November, at five o'clock in the morning. A telegraph made the glad news known at Paris, where the Minister of the Interior, Tannéguay-Duchâtel (you will read the name, Madam, in the old Anglo-French wars), had already made 'immense preparations' for receiving the body of Napoleon.

The entry was fixed for the 15th of December.

On the 8th of December, at Cherbourg, the body was trans-

ferred from the *Belle Poule* frigate to the *Normandie* steamer; on which occasion, the Mayor of Cherbourg deposited, in the name of his town, a gold laurel branch upon the coffin, which was saluted by the forts and dikes of the place with ONE THOUSAND GUNS!—there was a treat for the inhabitants!

There was on board the steamer a splendid receptacle for the coffin. ‘A temple with twelve pillars, and a dome to cover it from the wet and moisture, surrounded with velvet hangings and silver fringes. At the head was a gold cross, at the foot a gold lamp; other lamps were kept constantly burning within, and vases of burning incense were hung around. An altar hung with velvet and silver was at the mizen-mast of the vessel, and four silver eagles at each corner of the altar.’ It was a compliment at once to Napoleon and—excuse me for saying so, but so the facts are—to Napoleon and to God Almighty.

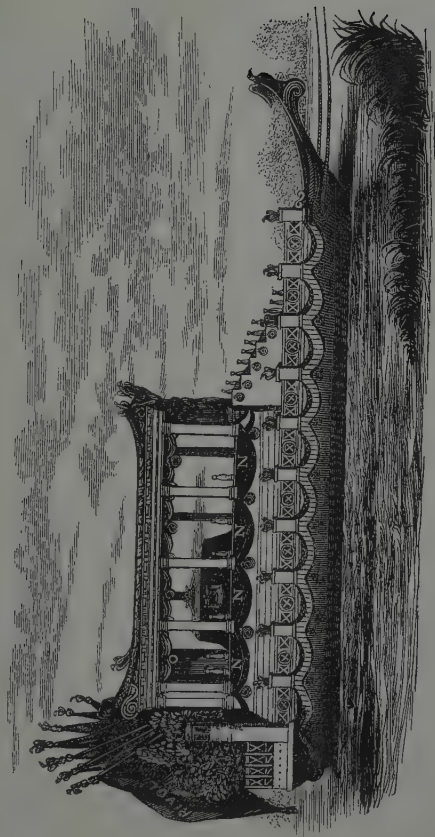
Three steamers, the *Normandie*, the *Vélocé*, and the *Courrier*, formed the expedition from Cherbourg to Hâvre; at which place they arrived on the evening of the 9th of December, and where the *Vélocé* was replaced by the Seine steamer, having in tow one of the state coasters, which was to fire the salute at the moment when the body was transferred into one of the vessels belonging to the Seine.

The expedition passed Hâvre the same night, and came to anchor at Val de la Haye on the Seine, three leagues below Rouen.

Here the next morning (10th) it was met by the flotilla of steamboats of the Upper Seine, consisting of the three *Dorades*, the three *Etoiles*, the *Elbeuvien*, the *Parisien*, the *Parisienne*, and the *Zampa*. The Prince de Joinville, and the persons of the expedition embarked immediately in the flotilla, which arrived the same day at Rouen.

At Rouen salutes were fired, the National Guard on both sides of the river paid military honours to the body, and over the middle of the suspension-bridge a magnificent cenotaph was erected, decorated with flags, fasces, violet hangings, and the imperial arms. Before the cenotaph the expedition stopped, and the absolution was given by the Archbishop and the clergy. After a couple of hours’ stay, the expedition proceeded to Pont de l’Arche. On the 11th it reached Vernon; on the 12th, Mantes; on the 13th, Maisons-sur-Seine.

‘Everywhere,’ says the official account from which the above particulars are borrowed, ‘the authorities, the National Guard, and the people flocked to the passage of the flotilla, desirous to render the honours due to his glory, which is the glory of France. In



THE FUNERAL BARGE.

seeing its hero return, the nation seemed to have found its palladium again,—the sainted relics of victory.’

At length, on the 14th, the coffin was transferred from the *Dorade* steamer on board the imperial vessel arrived from Paris. In the evening the imperial vessel arrived at Courbevoie, which was the last stage of the journey.

Here it was that M. Guizot went to examine the vessel, and was very nearly flung into the Seine, as report goes, by the patriots assembled there. It is now lying on the river, near the Invalides, amidst the drifting ice, whither the people of Paris are flocking out to see it.

The vessel is of a very elegant antique form, and I can give you on the Thames no better idea of it than by requesting you to fancy an immense wherry of which the stern has been cut straight off, and on which a temple on steps has been elevated. At the figure-head is an immense gold eagle, and at the stern is a little terrace, filled with evergreens, and a profusion of banners upon pedestals. Along the sides of the vessel are tripods, in which incense was burned, and underneath them are garlands of flowers, called here ‘immortals.’ Four eagles surmount the temple, and a great scroll or garland, held in their beaks, surrounds it. It is hung with velvet and gold; four gold caryatides support the entry of it, and in the midst, upon a large platform, hung with velvet, and bearing the imperial arms, stood the coffin.

A steam-boat, carrying two hundred musicians playing funereal marches and military symphonies, preceded this magnificent vessel to Courbevoie, where a funereal temple was erected, and ‘a statue of Nôtre Dame de Grâce, before which the seamen of the *Belle Poule* inclined themselves, in order to thank her for having granted them a noble and glorious voyage.’

Early on the morning of the 15th December, amidst clouds of incense and thunder of cannon, and innumerable shouts of people, the coffin was transferred from the barge, and carried by the seamen of the *Belle Poule* to the imperial car.

And now having conducted our hero almost to the gates of Paris, I must tell you what preparations were made in the capital to receive him.

Ten days before the arrival of the body, as you walked across the Deputies’ Bridge, or over the Esplanade of the Invalides, you saw on the bridge eight, on the esplanade thirty-two mysterious boxes erected, wherein a couple of score of sculptors were at work night and day.

In the middle of the Invalides Avenue, there used to stand on a

kind of shabby fountain or pump a bust of Lafayette, crowned with some dirty wreaths of immortals, and looking down at the little streamlet which occasionally dribbled below him. The spot of ground was now clear, and Lafayette and the pump had been consigned to some cellar, to make way for the mighty procession that was to pass over the place of their habitation.

Strange coincidence! If I had been Mr. Victor Hugo, my dear, or a poet of any note, I would, in a few hours, have made an impromptu concerning that Lafayette-crowned pump; and compared its lot now to the fortune of its patron some fifty years back. From him then issued, as from his fountain now, a feeble dribble of pure words; then, as now, some faint circle of disciples were willing to admire him. Calmly, in the midst of the war and storm without, this pure fount of eloquence went dribbling, dribbling on till of a sudden the revolutionary workmen knocked down statue and fountain, and the gorgeous imperial cavalcade trampled over the spot where they stood.

As for the Champs Elysées, there was no end to the preparations. The first day, you saw a couple of hundred scaffoldings erected at intervals between the handsome gilded gas-lamps that at present ornament that avenue; next day, all these scaffoldings were filled with brick and mortar; presently, over the bricks and mortar rose pediments of statues, legs of urns, legs of goddesses,—legs and bodies of goddesses,—legs, bodies and busts of goddesses,—finally, on the 13th of December, goddesses complete; on the 14th they were painted marble colour, and the basements of wood and canvas on which they stood were made to resemble the same costly material. The funereal urns were ready to receive the frankincense and precious odours which were to burn in them. A vast number of white columns stretched down the avenue, each bearing a bronze buckler, on which was written in gold letters one of the victories of the Emperor, and each decorated with enormous imperial flags. On these columns golden eagles were placed, and the newspapers did not fail to remark the ingenious position in which the royal birds had been set; for while those on the right-hand side of the way had their heads turned *towards* the procession, as if to watch its coming, those on the left were looking exactly the other way, as if to regard its progress. Do not fancy I am joking, this point was gravely and emphatically urged in many newspapers, and I do believe no mortal Frenchman ever thought it anything but sublime.

Do not interrupt me, sweet Miss Smith. I feel that you are angry. I can see from here the pouting of your lips, and know what you are going to say. You are going to say, 'I will read no

more of this Mr. Titmarsh ; there is no subject, however solemn, but he treats it with flippant irreverence, and no character, however great, at whom he does not sneer.'

Ah, my dear ! you are young now, and enthusiastic ; and your Titmarsh is old, very old, sad, and grey-headed. I have seen a poor mother buy a halfpenny wreath at the gate of Montmartre burying-ground, and go with it to her little child's grave, and hang it there over the little humble stone ; and if ever you saw me scorn the mean offering of the poor shabby creature, I will give you leave to be as angry as you will. They say that on the passage of Napoleon's coffin down the Seine, old soldiers and country people walked miles from their villages just to catch a sight of the boat which carried his body, and to kneel down on the shore and pray for him. God forbid that we should quarrel with such prayers and sorrow, or question their sincerity. Something great and good must have been in this man, something loving and kindly, that has kept his name so cherished in the popular memory, and gained him such lasting reverence and affection.

But, Madam, one may respect the dead without feeling awe-stricken at the plumes of the hearse ; and I see no reason why one should sympathise with the train of mutes and undertakers, however deep may be their mourning. Look, I pray you, at the manner in which the French nation has performed Napoleon's funeral. Time out of mind, nations have raised in memory of their heroes august mausoleums, grand pyramids, splendid statues of gold or marble, sacrificing whatever they had that was most costly and rare, or that was most beautiful in art, as tokens of their respect and love for the dead person. What a fine example of this sort of sacrifice is that (recorded in a book of which simplicity is the great characteristic) of the poor woman who brought her pot of precious ointment, her all, and laid it at the feet of the object which upon earth she most loved and respected. 'Economists and calculators' there were even in those days who quarrelled with the manner in which the poor woman lavished so much 'capital' ; but you will remember how nobly and generously the sacrifice was appreciated, and how the economists were put to shame.

With regard to the funeral ceremony that has just been performed here, it is said that a famous public personage and statesman, Monsieur Thiers indeed, spoke with the bitterest indignation of the general style of the preparations, and of their mean and tawdry character. He would have had a pomp as magnificent, he said, as that of Rome at the triumph of Aurelian ; he would have decorated the bridges and avenues through which

the procession was to pass with the costliest marbles and the finest works of art, and have had them to remain there for ever, as monuments of the great funeral.

The economists and calculators might here interpose, with a great deal of reason (for indeed there was no reason why a nation should impoverish itself to do honour to the memory of an individual for whom, after all, it can feel but a qualified enthusiasm); but it surely might have employed the large sum voted for the purpose more wisely and generously, and recorded its respect for Napoleon by some worthy and lasting memorial, rather than have erected yonder thousand vain heaps of tinsel, paint, and plaster, that are already cracking and crumbling in the frost, at three days old.

Scarcely one of the statues, indeed, deserves to last a month; some are odious distortions and caricatures, which never should have been allowed to stand for a moment. On the very day of the fête, the wind was shaking the canvas, pedestals, and the flimsy wood-work had begun to gape and give way. At a little distance, to be sure, you could not see the cracks, and pedestals and statues *looked* like marble. At some distance you could not tell but that the wreaths and eagles were gold embroidery, and not gilt-paper; the great tricolour flags damask, and not striped calico. One would think that these sham splendours betokened sham respect, if one had not known that the name of Napoleon is held in real reverence, and observed somewhat of the character of the nation. Real feelings they have, but they distort them by exaggeration; real courage, which they render ludicrous by intolerable braggadocio; and I think the above official account of the Prince de Joinville's proceedings, of the manner in which the Emperor's remains have been treated in their voyage to the capital, and of the preparations made to receive him in it, will give my dear Miss Smith some means of understanding the social and moral condition of this worthy people of France.

LETTER III.

THE FUNERAL CEREMONY.

SHALL I tell you, my dear, that when Françoise woke me, at a very early hour on this eventful morning, while the keen stars were still glittering overhead, a half-moon as sharp as a razor beaming in the frosty sky, and a wicked north wind blowing, that blew the

blood out of one's fingers, and froze your leg as you put it out of bed;—shall I tell you, my dear, that when Françoise called me, and said, '*V'là vot' café, Monsieur Titemasse; buvez-le, tiens, il est tout chaud,*' I felt myself, after imbibing the hot breakfast, so comfortable under three blankets and a mackintosh, that for at least a quarter of an hour no man in Europe could say whether Titmarsh would or would not be present at the burial of the Emperor Napoleon.

Besides, my dear, the cold, there was another reason for doubting. Did the French nation, or did they not, intend to offer up some of us English over the imperial grave; and were the games to be concluded by a massacre? It was said in the newspapers that Lord Granville had despatched circulars to all the English residents in Paris, begging them to keep their houses. The French journals announced this news, and warned us charitably of the fate intended for us. Had Lord Granville written?—certainly not to me: or had he written to all *except me*? and was I *the victim*?—the doomed one?—to be seized directly I showed my face in the Champs Elysées, and torn in pieces by French patriotism, to the frantic chorus of the '*Marseillaise*'? Depend on it, Madam, that high and low in this city on Tuesday were not altogether at their ease, and that the bravest felt no small tremor; and be sure of this, that as his Majesty Louis Philippe took his nightcap off his royal head that morning, he prayed heartily that he might at night put it on in safety.

Well, as my companion and I came out of doors, being bound for the church of the Invalides, for which a deputy had kindly furnished us with tickets, we saw the very prettiest sight of the whole day, and I can't refrain from mentioning it to my dear, tender-hearted Miss Smith.

In the same house where I live (but about five stories nearer the ground) lodges an English family, consisting of—1. a great-grandmother, a hale, handsome old lady of seventy, the very best dressed and neatest old lady in Paris; 2. a grandfather and grandmother, tolerably young to bear that title; 3. a daughter; and 4. two little great-grand, or grandchildren, that may be of the age of three and one, that belong to a son and daughter who are in India.

The grandfather, who is as proud of his wife as he was thirty years ago when he married, and pays her compliments still twice or thrice in a day, and when he leads her into a room, looks round at the persons assembled, and says in his heart, '*Here, gentlemen, here is my wife; show me such another woman in England!*' this gentleman had hired a room on the Champs Elysées, for he would

not have his wife catch cold by exposing her to the balconies in the open air.

When I came to the street I found the family assembled in the following order of march :—

No. 1. The great-grandmother, walking daintily along, supported by No. 3, her granddaughter.

A nurse carrying No. 4, junior, who was sound asleep ; and a huge basket, containing saucepans, bottles of milk, parcels of infant's food, certain dimity napkins, etc., a child's coral, and a little horse belonging to No. 4, senior.

A servant, bearing a basket of condiments.

No. 2. Grandfather, spick and span, clean shaved, hat brushed, white-buckskin gloves, bamboo cane, brown greatcoat, walking as upright and solemn as may be, having his lady on his arm.

No. 4, senior, with mottled legs and a tartan costume, who was frisking about between his grandfather's legs, who heartily wished him at home.

'My dear,' his face seemed to say to his lady, 'I think you might have left the little things in the nursery, for we shall have to squeeze through a terrible crowd in the Champs Elysées.'

The lady was going out for a day's pleasure, and her face was full of care : she had to look first after her old mother, who was walking ahead, then after No. 4, junior, with his nurse,—he might fall into all sorts of danger, wake up, cry, catch cold, nurse might slip down, or Heaven knows what ; then she had to look her husband in the face, who had gone to such expense and been so kind for her sake, and make that gentleman believe she was thoroughly happy ; and finally, she had to keep an eye upon No. 4, senior, who, as she was perfectly certain, was about in two minutes to be lost for ever, or trampled to pieces in the crowd.

These events took place in a quiet little street leading into the Champs Elysées, the entry of which we had almost reached by this time. The four detachments above described, which had been straggling a little in their passage down the street, closed up at the end of it, and stood for a moment huddled together. No. 3, Miss X——, began speaking to her companion the great-grandmother.

'Hush, my dear,' said that old lady, looking round alarmed at her daughter ; '*speak French !*'—and she straightway began nervously to make a speech which she supposed to be in that language, but which was as much like French as Iroquois. The whole secret was out ; you could read it in the grandmother's face, who was doing all she could to keep from crying, and looked as

frightened as she dared to look. The two elder ladies had settled between them that there was going to be a general English slaughter that day, and had brought the children with them, so that they might all be murdered in company.

God bless you, O women, moist-eyed and tender-hearted ! In those gentle, silly tears of yours there is something touches one, be they never so foolish. I don't think there were many such natural drops shed that day as those which just made their appearance in the grandmother's eyes, and then went back again as if they had been ashamed of themselves, while the good lady and her little troop walked across the road. Think how happy she will be when night comes, and there has been no murder of English, and the brood is all nestled under her wings sound asleep, and she is lying awake, thanking God that the day and its pleasures and pains are over. Whilst we were considering these things, the grandfather had suddenly elevated No. 4, senior, upon his left shoulder, and I saw the tartan hat of that young gentleman and the bamboo cane which had been transferred to him, high over the heads of the crowd on the opposite side, through which the party moved.

After this little procession had passed away,—you may laugh at it, but upon my word and conscience, Miss Smith, I saw nothing in the course of the day which affected me more,—after this little procession had passed away, the other came, accompanied by gun-banging, flag-waving, incense-burning, trumpets pealing, drums rolling, and at the close, received by the voice of six hundred choristers, sweetly modulated to the tones of fifteen score of fiddlers. Then you saw horse and foot, jack-boots and bear-skin, cuirass and bayonet, national guards and line, marshals and generals all over gold, smart *aides-de-camp* galloping about like mad, and high in the midst of all, riding on his golden buckler, Solomon in all his glory, forsooth—Imperial Caesar, with his crown over his head, laurels and standards waving about his gorgeous chariot, and a million of people looking on in wonder and awe.

His Majesty, the Emperor and King, reclined on his shield, with his head a little elevated. His Majesty's skull is voluminous,¹

¹ La tête, un peu élevée, reposait sur un coussin : le crâne volumineux, le front haut et large, se présentaient couverts de téguments jaunâtres, durs et très adhérents. Tel paraissait aussi le contour des orbites, dont le bord supérieur était garni de sourcils. Sous les paupières se dessinaient les globes oculaires, qui avaient perdu peu de chose de leur volume et de leur forme. Ces paupières, complètement fermées, adhéraient aux parties sousjacentes, et se présentaient dures sous la pression des doigts ; quelques cils se voyaient encore à leur bord libre. Les os propres du nez et les téguments qui les couvrent étaient bien conservés, le tube et les ailes seuls avaient souffert. Les joues étaient bouffies ; les téguments de cette partie de la face se faisaient

his forehead broad and large. We remarked that his Imperial Majesty's brow was of a yellowish colour, which appearance was also visible about the orbits of the eyes. He kept his eyelids constantly closed, by which we had the opportunity of observing that the upper lids were garnished with eyelashes. Years and climate have effected upon the face of this great monarch only a trifling alteration,—we may say, indeed, that time has touched his Imperial and Royal Majesty with the lightest feather in his wing. In the nose of the Conqueror of Austerlitz we remarked very little alteration,—it is of the beautiful shape which we remember it possessed five-and-twenty years since, ere unfortunate circumstances induced him to leave us for a while. The nostril and the tube of the nose appears to have undergone some slight alteration ; but in examining a beloved object, the eye of affection is perhaps too critical. *Vive l'Empereur !* the soldier of Marengo is among us again. His lips are thinner perhaps than they were before ;—how white his teeth are !—you can just see three of them pressing his under lip, and pray remark the fulness of his cheeks, and the round contour of his chin. Oh, those beautiful white hands ! Many a time have they patted the cheek of poor Josephine, and played with the black ringlets of her hair. She is dead now, and cold, poor creature ; and so are Hortense and bold Eugène—‘than whom the world ne’er saw a curtier knight,’ as was said of

remarquer par leur toucher doux, souple, et leur couleur blanche ; ceux du menton étaient légèrement bleuâtres : ils empruntaient cette teinte à la barbe qui semblait avoir poussé après la mort. Quant au menton lui-même, il n’offrait point d’altération et conservait encore ce type propre à la figure de Napoléon. Les lèvres amincies étaient écartées ; trois dents incisives extrêmement blanches se voyaient sous la lèvre supérieure, qui était un peu relevée à gauche. Les mains ne laissaient rien à désirer ; nulle part la plus légère altération. Si les articulations avaient perdu leurs mouvements, la peau semblait avoir conservé cette couleur particulière qui n’appartient qu’à ce qui a vie. Les doigts portaient des ongles longs, adhérents et très blancs. Les jambes étaient renfermées dans les bottes, mais, par suite de la rupture des fils, les quatre derniers orteils dépassaient de chaque côté. La peau de ces orteils était d’un blanc mat et garnie d’ongles. La région antérieure du thorax était fortement déprimée dans la partie moyenne, les parois du ventre dures et affaissées. Les membres paraissaient avoir conservé leurs formes sous les vêtements, qui les couvraient ; j’ai pressé le bras gauche, il était dur et avait diminué de volume. Quant aux vêtements, ils se présentaient avec leurs couleurs : ainsi on reconnaissait parfaitement l’uniforme des chasseurs à cheval de la vieille garde au vert foncé de l’habit, au rouge vif des parements ; le grand cordon de la Légion d’honneur se dessinant sur le gilet, et la culotte blanche cachée en partie par le petit chapeau qui reposait sur les cuisses. Les épaulettes, la plaque et les deux décorations attachées sur la poitrine, n’avaient plus leur brillant : elles étaient noircies ; la couronne d’or de la croix d’officier de la Légion d’honneur seule avait conservé son éclat.—*Doctor Guillard's Account of the Exhumation.*

King Arthur's Sir Lancelot. What a day would it have been for those three, could they but have lived until now, and seen their hero returning! Where's Ney? His wife sits looking out from M. Flahaut's window yonder, but the bravest of the brave is not with her. Murat, too, is absent: honest Joachim loves the Emperor at heart, and repents that he was not at Waterloo. Who knows but that at the sight of the handsome swordsman those stubborn English '*canaille*' would have given way?—a king, Sire, is, you know, the greatest of slaves—state affairs of consequence—his Majesty the King of Naples is detained, no doubt. When we last saw the king, however, and his Highness the Prince of Elchingen, they looked to have as good health as ever they had in their lives; and we heard each of them calmly calling out '*Fire!*' as they have done in numberless battles before.

Is it possible? Can the Emperor forget? We don't like to break it to him; but has he forgotten all about the farm at Pizzo, and the garden of the Observatory? Yes, truly; there he lies on his golden shield, never stirring, never so much as lifting his eyelids, or opening his lips any wider.

O vanitas vanitatum! Here is our sovereign in all his glory; and they fired a thousand guns at Cherbourg, and never woke him!

However, we are advancing matters by several hours, and you must give just as much credence as you please to the subjoined remarks concerning the procession,—seeing that your humble servant could not possibly be present at it, being bound for the church elsewhere.

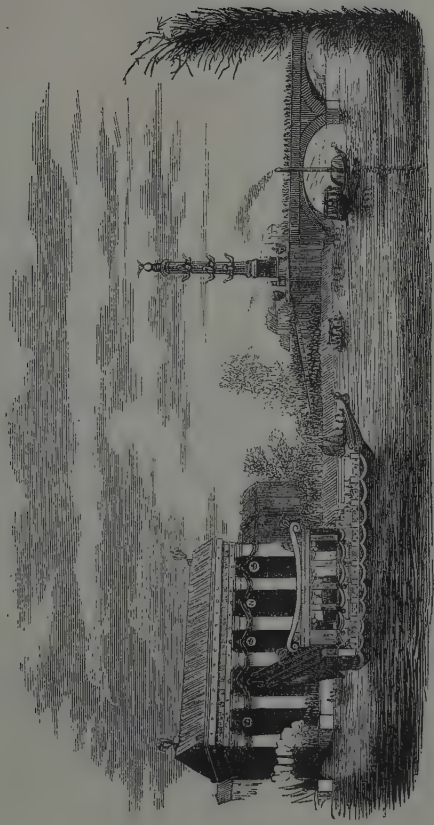
Programmes, however, have been published of the affair; and your vivid fancy will not fail to give life to them, and the whole magnificent train will pass before you.

Fancy, then, that the guns are fired at Neuilly, the body landed at daybreak from the funereal barge, and transferred to the car; and fancy the car, a huge Juggernaut of a machine, rolling on four wheels of an antique shape, which supported a basement adorned with golden eagles, banners, laurels, and velvet hangings; above the hangings stand twelve golden statues, with raised arms supporting a huge shield on which the coffin lay. On the coffin was the imperial crown, covered with violet velvet crape; and the whole vast machine was drawn by horses in superb housings, led by valets in the imperial livery.

Fancy, at the head of the procession, first of all,

The *Gendarmerie* of the Seine, with their trumpets and colonel.

The Municipal Guard (horse), with their trumpets, standard, and colonel.



GRECIAN TEMPLE AND BRIDGE OF NEUILLY.

Two squadrons of the 7th Lancers, with colonel, standard, and music.

The Commandant of Paris and his staff.

A battalion of infantry of the line, with their flag, sappers, drums, music, and colonel.

The Municipal Guard (foot), with flag, drums, and colonel.

The Sapper-pumpers, with ditto.

Then picture to yourself more squadrons of lancers and cuirassiers.

The General of the Division and his staff, all officers of all arms employed at Paris, and unattached, the Military School of St. Cyr, the Polytechnic School, the School of the Etat-Major, and the professors and staff of each. Go on imagining more battalions of infantry, of artillery, companies of engineers, squadrons of cuirassiers, ditto of the cavalry of the National Guard, and the first and second legions of ditto.

Fancy a carriage containing the chaplain of the St. Helena Expedition—the only clerical gentleman that formed a part of the procession.

Fancy you hear the funereal music, and then figure in your mind's eye—

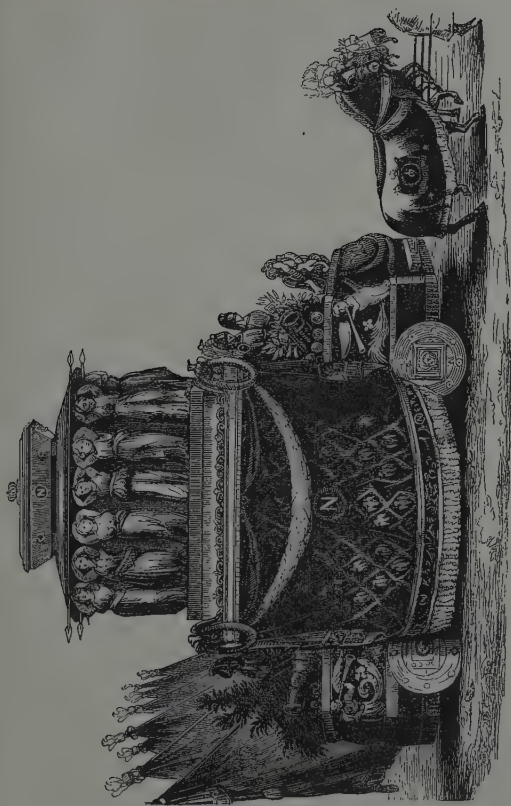
THE EMPEROR'S CHARGER,

that is, Napoleon's own saddle and bridle (when first consul) upon a white horse. The saddle (which has been kept ever since in the Garde Meuble of the Crown) is of amaranth velvet, embroidered in gold; the holsters and housings are of the same rich material. On them you remark the attributes of war, commerce, science, and art. The bit and stirrups are silver-gilt chased; over the stirrups two eagles were placed at the time of the empire. The horse was covered with a violet crape, embroidered with golden bees.

After this came more soldiers, general officers, sub-officers, marshals, and, what was said to be the prettiest sight almost of the whole, the banners of the eighty-six departments of France. These are due to the invention of M. Thiers, and were to have been accompanied by federates from each department. But the government very wisely mistrusted this and some other projects of Monsieur Thiers; and as for a federation, my dear, *it has been tried*. Next comes,

His Royal Highness the Prince de Joinville.

The 500 sailors of the *Belle Poule* marching in double file on each side of



THE FUNERAL CAR.

THE CAR.

Hush ! the enormous crowd thrills as it passes, and only some few voices
 cry '*Vive l'Empereur !*' Shining golden in the frosty sun, with
 hundreds of thousands of eyes upon it, from houses and house-
 tops, from balconies black, purple, and tricolour, from tops
 of leafless trees, from behind long lines of glittering
 bayonets, under schakos and bear-skin caps, from
 behind the line of the National Guards again,
 pushing, struggling, heaving, panting,
 eager, the heads of an enormous
 multitude stretching out to
 meet and follow it,

Amidst long avenues of columns and statues gleaming white, of
 standards rainbow-coloured, of golden eagles, of pale funereal
 urns, of discharging odours, amidst huge
 volumes of pitch-black smoke,

THE GREAT IMPERIAL CHARIOT

rolls majestically on.

The cords of the pall are held by two Marshals,
 an Admiral, and General Bertrand,
 who are followed by

The Prefects of the Seine and Police, etc.

The Mayors of Paris, etc.

The Members of the Old Guard, etc.

A Squadron of Light Dragoons, etc.

Lieutenant-General Schneider, etc.

More cavalry, more infantry, more artillery, more everybody ; and as the
 procession passes, the Line and the National Guard, forming
 line on each side of the road, fall in and follow it,
 until it arrives at the Church of the Invalides,
 where the last honours are to
 be paid to it.

Among the company assembled under the dome of that edifice,
 the casual observer would not, perhaps, have remarked a gentleman
 of the name of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, who nevertheless was
 there. But as, my dear Miss Smith, the descriptions in this letter,
 from the words in page 298, line 20, '*After this little procession
 had passed away,*' up to the words '*paid to it,*' in the last period,
 have purely emanated from your obedient servant's fancy, and not
 from his personal observation (for no being on earth, except a

newspaper reporter can be in two places at once), permit me now to communicate to you what little circumstances fell under my own particular view on the day of the 15th of December.

As we came out, the air and the buildings round about were tinged with purple, and the clear sharp half-moon before mentioned was still in the sky, where it seemed to be lingering as if it would catch a peep of the commencement of the famous procession. The Arc de Triomphe was shining in a keen frosty sunshine, and looking as clean and rosy as if it had just made its toilette; the canvas or pasteboard image of Napoleon, of which only the gilded legs had been ended the night previous, was now visible, body, head, crown, sceptre, and all, and made an imposing show. Long gilt banners were flaunting about with the imperial ciphers and eagle, and the names of the battles and victories glittering in gold. The long avenues of the Champs Elysées had been covered with sand, for the convenience of the great procession that was to tramp across it that day. Hundreds of people were marching to and fro, laughing, chattering, singing, gesticulating, as happy Frenchmen do—there is no pleasanter sight than a French crowd on the alert for a festival, and nothing more catching than their good-humour. As for the notion which has been put forward by some of the opposition newspapers, that the populace were on this occasion unusually solemn or sentimental, it would be paying a bad compliment to the natural gaiety of the nation to say that it was, on the morning, at least, of the 15th of December, affected in any such absurd way. Itinerant merchants were shouting out lustily their commodities of cigars and brandy, and the weather was so bitter cold that they could not fail to find plenty of customers. Carpenters and workmen were still making a huge banging and clattering among the sheds which were built for the accommodation of the visitors; some of these sheds were hung with black, such as one sees before churches in funerals; some were robed in violet, in compliment to the Emperor, whose mourning they put on; most of them had fine tricolour hangings, with appropriate inscriptions to the glory of the French arms.

All along the Champs Elysées were urns of plaster-of-Paris, destined to contain funeral incense and flames; columns decorated with huge flags of blue, red, and white, embroidered with shining crowns, eagles, and N's in gilt paper; and statues of plaster representing nymphs, triumphs, victories, and other female personages painted in oil so as to represent marble; real marble could have had no better effect, and the appearance of the whole was lively and picturesque in the extreme. On each pillar was a buckler of the colour of bronze, bearing the name and date of a battle in gilt

letters; you had to walk through a mile-long avenue of these glorious reminiscences, telling of spots where, in the great imperial days, throats had been victoriously cut.

As we passed down the avenue, several troops of soldiers met us,—the *garde-municipale à cheval*, in brass helmets and shining jack-boots, noble-looking men, large, on large horses, the pick of the whole army, as I have heard, and armed for the special occupation of peace-keeping,—not the most glorious, but the best part of the soldier's duty, as I fancy. Then came a regiment of carabineers, one of infantry—little, alert, brown-faced, good-humoured men, their band at their head playing sounding marches; these were followed by a regiment, a detachment of the municipals, on foot, two or three inches taller than the men of the line, and conspicuous for their neatness and discipline. By and by came a squadron or so of dragoons of the national guards; they are covered with straps, buckles, *aiguillettes*, and cartouche-boxes, and made, under their tricolour cock's-plumes, a show sufficiently warlike. The point which chiefly struck me on beholding these military men of the national guard and the line was, the admirable manner in which they bore a cold that seemed to me as sharp as the weather in the Russian retreat, through which cold the troops were trotting without trembling, and in the utmost cheerfulness and good-humour. An aide-de-camp galloped past in white pantaloons,—by heavens, it made me shudder to look at him!

With this profound reflection, we turned away to the right, across the hanging-bridge (where we met a detachment of young men of the *Ecole de l'Etat Major*, fine-looking lads, but sadly disfigured by the wearing of stays or belts, that make the waists of the French dandies of a most absurd tenuity), and speedily passed into the avenue of statues leading up to the Invalides. All these were statues of warriors from Ney to Charlemagne, modelled in clay for the nonce, and placed here to meet the corpse of the greatest warrior of all. Passing these, we had to walk to a little door at the back of the Invalides, where was a crowd of persons plunged in the deepest mourning, and pushing for places in the chapel within.

The chapel is spacious, and of no great architectural pretensions, but was, on this occasion, gorgeously decorated in honour of the great person to whose body it was about to give shelter.

We had arrived at nine; the ceremony was not to begin, they said, till two; we had five hours before us to see all that from our places could be seen.

We saw that the roof, up to the first lines of architecture, was hung with violet; beyond this with black. We saw N's, eagles,

bees, laurel wreaths, and other such imperial emblems, adorning every nook and corner of the edifice. Between the arches on each side of the aisle were painted trophies, on which were written the names of some of Napoleon's Generals, and of their principal deeds of arms,—and not their deeds of arms alone, *pardi*, but their coats-of-arms too. O, stars and garters, but this is too much! what was Ney's paternal coat, prithee? or honest Junot's quarterings, or the venerable escutcheon of King Joachim's father, the innkeeper?

You and I, dear Miss Smith, know the exact value of heraldic bearings,—we know that, though the greatest pleasure of all is to *act* like a gentleman, it is a pleasure, nay, a merit, to *be* one; to come of an old stock, to have an honourable pedigree, to be able to say that centuries back our fathers had gentle blood, and to us transmitted the same. There is a good in gentility; the man who questions it is envious, or a coarse dullard not able to perceive the difference between high breeding and low; one has in the same way heard a man brag that he did not know the difference between wines, not he,—give him a good glass of port, and he would pitch all your claret to the deuce. My love, men often brag about their own dulness in this way.

In the matter of gentlemen, democrats cry, 'Pshaw! Give us one of Nature's gentlemen, and hang your aristocrats.' And so, indeed, Nature does make *some* gentlemen—a few here and there. But Art makes most. Good birth, that is, good, handsome, well-formed fathers and mothers, nice cleanly nursery maids, good meals, good physicians, good education, few cares, pleasant easy habits of life, and luxuries not too great or enervating, but only refining,—a course of these going on for a few generations are the best gentleman-makers in the world, and beat Nature hollow.

If, respected Madam, you say that there is something *better* than gentility in this wicked world, and that honesty and personal worth are more valuable than all the politeness and high-breeding that ever wore red-heeled pumps, knights' spurs, or Hoby's boots, Titmarsh, for one, is never going to say you nay. If you even go so far as to say that the very existence of this super-genteel society among us, from the slavish respect that we pay to it, from the dastardly manner in which we attempt to imitate its airs and ape its vices, goes far to destroy honesty of intercourse, to make us meanly ashamed of our natural affections and honest harmless usages, and so does a great deal more harm than it can possibly do good by its example,—perhaps, Madam, you speak with some sort of reason. Potato myself, I can't help seeing that the tulip yonder has the best place in the garden, and the most sunshine, and the most water, and (not liking him over well) the best

tending; but I can't help acknowledging that Nature has given him a much finer dress than ever I can hope to have, and of this, at least, must give him the benefit.

Or say, we are so many cocks and hens, my dear, (*sans arrière pensée*,) with our crops pretty full, our plumes pretty sleek, decent picking here and there in the straw-yard, and tolerable snug roosting in the barn. Yonder, on the terrace, in the sun, walks peacock, stretching his proud neck, squealing every now and then in the most pert, fashionable voice, and flaunting his great, supercilious, dandified tail. Don't let us be too angry, my dear, with the useless, haughty, insolent creature because he despises us. *Something* is there about peacock that we don't possess. Strain your neck ever so, you can't make it as long or as blue as his; cock your tail as much as you please, and it will never be half so fine to look at. But the most absurd, disgusting, contemptible sight in the world would you and I be, leaving the barn-door for my lady's flower-garden, forsaking our natural sturdy walk for the peacock's genteel rickety stride, and adopting the squeak of his voice in the place of our gallant, lusty cock-a-doodle-dooing.

Do you take the allegory? I love to speak in such; and the above types have been presented to my mind while sitting opposite a gimcrack coat-of-arms and coronet that are painted in the Invalides church, and assigned to one of the Emperor's generals.

Ventrebleu, Madam! what need have *they* of coats-of-arms and coronets, and wretched imitations of old, exploded, aristocratic gewgaws, that they had flung out of the country, with the heads of the owners in them sometimes,—for, indeed, they were not particular,—a score of years before? What business, forsooth, had they to be meddling with gentility, and aping its ways, who had courage, merit, daring, genius sometimes, and a pride of their own to support, if proud they were inclined to be? A clever young man (who was not of a high family himself, but had been bred up genteelly at Eton and the university), young Mr. George Canning, at the commencement of the French revolution, sneered at 'Roland the Just, with ribbons in his shoes;' and the dandies, who then wore buckles, voted the sarcasm monstrous killing. It was a joke, my dear, worthy of a lackey, or of a silly, smart *parvenu*, not knowing the society into which his luck had cast him (God bless him! in later years they taught him what they were!), and fancying in his silly intoxication that simplicity was ludicrous, and fashion respectable. See, now, fifty years are gone, and where are shoe-buckles? Extinct, defunct, kicked into the irrevocable past off the toes of all Europe!

How fatal to the *parvenu* throughout history has been this

respect for shoe-buckles. Where, for instance, would the empire of Napoleon have been, if Ney and Lannes had never sported such a thing as a coat-of-arms, and had only written their simple names on their shields, after the fashion of Desaix's scutcheon yonder?—the bold republican who led the crowning charge at Marengo, and sent the best blood of the Holy Roman Empire to the right-about, before the wretched, misbegotten, imperial heraldry was born that was to prove so fatal to the father of it. It has always been so; they won't amalgamate. A country must be governed by the one principle or the other; but give in a republic an aristocracy ever so little chance, and it works, and plots, and sneaks, and bullies, and sneers itself into place, and you find democracy out of doors. Is it good that the aristocracy should so triumph? That is a question that you may settle according to your own notions and taste; and, permit me to say, I do not care twopence how you settle it. Large books have been written upon the subject in a variety of languages, and coming to a variety of conclusions. Great statesmen are there in our country, from Lord Londonderry down to Mr. Vincent, each in his degree maintaining his different opinion. But here, in the matter of Napoleon, is a simple fact: he founded a great, glorious, strong, potent republic, able to cope with the best aristocracies in the world, and perhaps to beat them all; he converts his republic into a monarchy, and surrounds his monarchy with what he calls aristocratic institutions,—and you know what becomes of him. The people estranged, the aristocracy faithless (when did they ever pardon one who was not of themselves?)—the imperial fabric tumbles to the ground. If it teaches nothing else, my dear, it teaches one a great point of policy,—namely, to stick by one's party.

While these thoughts (and sundry others relative to the horrible cold of the place, the intense dulness of delay, the stupidity of leaving a warm bed and a breakfast in order to witness a procession that is much better performed at a theatre)—while these thoughts were passing in the mind, the church began to fill apace, and you saw that the hour of the ceremony was drawing near.

Imprimis, came men with lighted staves, and set fire to at least ten thousand of wax-candles that were hanging in brilliant chandeliers in various parts of the chapel. Curtains were dropped over the upper windows as these illuminations were effected, and the church was left only to the funereal light of the spermaceti. To the right was the dome, round the cavity of which sparkling lamps were set that designed the shape of it brilliantly against the darkness. In the midst, and where the altar used to stand, rose the catafalque. And why not? Who is God here but Napoleon?

and in him the sceptics have already ceased to believe, but the people does still somewhat. He and Louis XIV. divide the worship of the place between them.

As for the catafalque, the best that I can say for it is that it is really a noble and imposing-looking edifice, with tall pillars supporting a grand dome, with innumerable escutcheons, standards, and allusions, military and funereal; a great eagle, of course, tops the whole; tripods burning spirits of wine stand round this kind of dead-man's throne, and, as we saw it (by peering over the heads of our neighbours in the front rank), it looked, in the midst of the black concave, and under the effect of half-a-thousand flashing cross-lights, properly grand and tall. The effect of the whole chapel, however (to speak the jargon of the painting-room) was spoiled by being *cut up*; there were too many objects for the eye to rest upon. The ten thousand wax-candles, for instance, in their numberless twinkling chandeliers, the raw *tranchant* colours of the new banners, wreaths, bees, N's, and other emblems, dotting the place all over, and incessantly puzzling, or rather *bothering*, the beholder.

High overhead, in a sort of mist, with the glare of their original colours worn down by dust and time, hung long rows of dim, ghostly-looking standards captured in old days from the enemy. They were, I thought, the best and most solemn part of the show.

To suppose that the people were bound to be solemn during this ceremony is to exact from them something quite needless and unnatural. The very fact of a squeeze dissipates all solemnity. One great crowd is always, as I imagine, pretty much like another: in the course of the last few years I have seen three; that attending the coronation of our present sovereign, that which went to see Courvoisier hanged, and this which witnessed the Napoleon ceremony. The people so assembled for hours together are jocular rather than solemn, seeking to pass away the weary time with the best amusements that will offer. There was, to be sure, in all the scenes above alluded to, just one moment—one particular moment—when the universal people feels a shock, and is for that second serious.

But except for that second of time, I declare I saw no seriousness here beyond that of *ennui*. The church began to fill with personages of all ranks and conditions. First, opposite our seats, came a company of fat grenadiers of the National Guard, who presently, at the word of command, put their muskets down against benches and wainscots, until the arrival of the procession.

For seven hours these men formed the object of the most

anxious solicitude of all the ladies and gentlemen seated on our benches. They began to stamp their feet, for the cold was atrocious, and we were frozen where we sat. Some of them fell to blowing their fingers, one executed a kind of dance, such as one sees often here in cold weather: the individual jumps repeatedly upon one leg and kicks out the other violently, meanwhile his hands are flapping across his chest. Some fellows opened their cartouche-boxes, and from them drew eatables of various kinds. You can't think how curious we were to know the qualities of the same. '*Tiens, ce gros qui mange une cuisse de volaille!*'—'*Il a du jambon, celui-là.*' 'I should like some too,' growls an Englishman, 'for I hadn't a morsel of breakfast,' and so on. This is the way, my dear, that we see Napoleon buried.

Did you ever see a chicken escape from clown, in a pantomime, and hop over into the pit, or amongst the fiddlers? and have you not heard the shrieks of enthusiastic laughter that the wondrous incident occasions? We had our chicken, of course; there never was a public crowd without one. A poor unhappy woman, in a greasy plaid-cloak, with a battered, rose-coloured plush bonnet, was seen taking her place among the stalls allotted to the *grandees*. '*Voyez donc l'Anglaise,*' said everybody, and it was too true. You could swear that the wretch was an Englishwoman,—a bonnet was never made or worn so in any other country. Half-an-hour's delightful amusement did this lady give us all: she was whisked from seat to seat by the *huissiers*, and at every change of place woke a peal of laughter. I was glad, however, at the end of the day, to see the old pink bonnet over a very comfortable seat, which somebody had not claimed, and she had kept.

Are not these remarkable incidents? The next wonder we saw was the arrival of a set of tottering old invalids, who took their places under us, with drawn sabres. Then came a superb drum-major, a handsome, smiling, good-humoured giant of a man, his breeches astonishingly embroidered with silver lace. Him a dozen little drummer-boys followed. 'The little darlings!' all the ladies cried out in a breath: they were, indeed, pretty little fellows, and came and stood close under us; the huge drum-major smiled over his little red-capped flock, and for many hours, in the most perfect contentment, twiddled his moustachios and played with the tassels of his cane.

Now the company began to arrive thicker and thicker. A whole covey of *conseillers d'état* came in, in blue coats, embroidered with blue silk; then came a crowd of lawyers, in *toques* and caps, among whom were sundry venerable judges, in scarlet, purple velvet, and ermine—a kind of Bajazet costume. Look there!

there is the Turkish ambassador, in his red cap, turning his solemn brown face about, and looking preternaturally wise. The Deputies walk in in a body. Guizot is not there; he passed by just now, in full ministerial costume. Presently, little Thiers saunters back. What a clear, broad, sharp-eyed face the fellow has, with his grey hair cut down so demure! A servant passes, pushing through the crowd a shabby wheel-chair. It has just brought old Mongey, the Governor of the Invalides, the honest old man who defended Paris so stoutly in 1814. He has been very ill, and is worn down almost by infirmities; but in his illness he was perpetually asking—'Doctor, shall I live till the 15th? Give me till then, and I die contented.' One can't help believing that the old man's wish is honest, however one may doubt the piety of another illustrious marshal, who once carried a candle before Charles X. in a procession, and has been this morning to Neuilly to kneel and pray at the foot of Napoleon's coffin. He might have said his prayers at home, to be sure; but don't let us ask too much; that kind of reserve is not a Frenchman's characteristic.

Bang—bang! At about half-past two a dull sound of cannonading was heard without the church, and signals took place between the commandant of the Invalids, of the National Guards, and the big drum-major. Looking to their troop (the fat Nationals were shuffling into line again), the two commandants uttered, as nearly as I could catch them, the following words:—

'Harrum—Hump!'

At once all the national bayonets were on the present, and the sabres of the old invalids up. The big drum-major looked round at the children, who began very slowly and solemnly on their drums, rub-dub-dub—rub-dub-dub—(count two between each)—rub-dub-dub, and a great procession of priests came down from the altar.

First, there was a tall, handsome cross-bearer, bearing a long gold cross, of which the front was turned towards his grace the archbishop. Then came a double row of about sixteen incense-boys, dressed in white surplices: the first boy about six years old, the last with whiskers and of the height of man. Then followed a regiment of priests, in black tippets and white gowns; they had black hoods, like the moon when she is at her third quarter, wherewith those who were bald (many were, and fat too) covered themselves. All the reverend men held their heads meekly down, and affected to be reading in their breviaries.

After the priests came some bishops of the neighbouring districts, in purple, with crosses sparkling on their episcopal bosoms.

Then came, after more priests, a set of men whom I have never

seen before—a kind of ghostly heralds, young and handsome men some of them, in stiff tabards of black and silver, their eyes to the ground, their hands placed at right angles with their chests.

Then came two gentlemen bearing remarkably tall candlesticks, with candles of corresponding size. One was burning brightly, but the wind (that chartered libertine) had blown out the other, which nevertheless kept its place in the procession. I wondered to myself whether the rev. gent. who carried the extinguished candle felt disgusted, humiliated, mortified; perfectly conscious that the eyes of many thousands of people were bent upon that bit of refractory wax. We all of us looked at it with intense interest.

Another cross-bearer, behind whom came a gentleman carrying an instrument like a bedroom candlestick.

His Grandeur Monseigneur Affre, Archbishop of Paris—he was in black and white, his eyes were cast to the earth, his hands were together at right angles on his chest, on his hands were black gloves, on the black gloves sparkled the sacred episcopal—what do I say?—archiepiscopal ring. On his head was the mitre. It is unlike the godly coronet that figures upon the coach-panels of our own right reverend bench. The archbishop's mitre may be about a yard high; formed within probably of consecrated pasteboard, it is without covered by a sort of watered silk of white and silver. On the two peaks at the top of the mitre are two very little spangled tassels, that frisk and twinkle about in a very agreeable manner.

Monseigneur stood opposite to us for some time, when I had the opportunity to note the above remarkable phenomena. He stood opposite me for some time, keeping his eyes steadily on the ground, his hands before him, a small clerical train following after. Why didn't they move? There was the National Guard keeping on presenting arms, the little drummers going on rub-dub-dub—rub-dub-dub—in the same steady slow way, and the procession never moved an inch—there was evidently, to use an elegant phrase, a hitch somewhere.

(Enter a fat priest, who bustles up to the drum-major.)

FAT PRIEST.—*Taisez-vous.*

LITTLE DRUMMERS.—Rub-dub-dub—rub-dub-dub—rub-dub-dub, etc.

DRUM-MAJOR.—*Qu'est-ce donc ?*

FAT PRIEST.—*Taisez-vous, vous dis-je, ce n'est pas le corps. Il n'arrivera pas pour une heure.*

The little drums were instantly hushed, the procession turned

to the right about, and walked back to the altar again, the blown-out candle that had been on the near side of us before was now on the off side, the National Guards set down their muskets and began at the sandwiches again. We had to wait an hour and a half at least before the great procession arrived. The guns without went on booming all the while at intervals; and as we heard each, the audience gave a kind of 'ah-ah-ah!' such as you hear when the rockets go up at Vauxhall.

At last the real procession came.

Then the drums began to beat as formerly, the Nationals to get under arms, the clergymen were sent for, and went, and presently—yes, there was the tall cross-bearer at the head of the procession, and they came *back*!

They chanted something in a weak, snuffling, lugubrious manner, to the melancholy bray of a serpent.

Crash! however, Mr. Habeneck and the fiddlers in the organ-loft pealed out a wild shrill march, which stopped the reverend gentlemen; and in the midst of this music,

And of a great trampling of feet and clattering,

And of a great crowd of generals and officers in fine clothes,

With the Prince de Joinville marching quickly at the head of the procession,

And while everybody's heart was thumping as hard as possible, Napoleon's coffin passed.

It was done in an instant. A box, covered with a great red cross—a dingy-looking crown lying on the top of it—seamen on one side, and invalids on the other; they had passed in an instant and were up the aisle.

A faint snuffling sound as before was heard from the officiating priests, but we knew of nothing more. It is said that old Louis Philippe was standing at the catafalque, whither the Prince de Joinville advanced, and said, 'Sire, I bring you the body of the Emperor Napoleon.'

Louis Philippe answered, 'I receive it in the name of France.' Bertrand put on the body the most glorious, victorious sword that ever has been forged since the apt descendants of the first murderer learned how to hammer steel, and the coffin was placed in the temple prepared for it.

The six hundred singers and the fiddlers now commenced the playing and singing of a piece of music; and a part of the crew of the *Belle Poule* skipped into the places that had been kept for them under us, and listened to the music, chewing tobacco. While the actors and fiddlers were going on, most of the spirits-of-wine lamps on altars went out.



TOMB IN THE CHAPEL OF THE INVALIDES

When we arrived in the open air, we passed through the court of the Invalides, where thousands of people had been assembled, but where the benches were now quite bare. Then we came on to the terrace before the place: the old soldiers were firing off the great guns, which made a dreadful stunning noise, and frightened some of us, who did not care to pass before the cannon and be knocked down even by the wadding. The guns were fired in honour of the king, who was going home by a back door. All the forty thousand people who covered the great stands before the Hotel had gone away too. The imperial barge had been dragged up the river, and was lying lonely along the quay, examined by some few shivering people on the shore.

It was five o'clock when we reached home; the stars were shining keenly out of the frosty sky, and Francoise told me that dinner was just ready.

In this manner, my dear Miss Smith, the great Napoleon was buried. Farewell.

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS.

MORE ASPECTS OF PARIS LIFE.¹

LETTERS FROM LONDON, PARIS, PEKIN, PETERSBURGH, ETC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE YELLOWPLUSH CORRESPONDENCE,'
THE 'MEMOIRS OF MAJOR GAHAGAN,' ETC

A LADY who takes lessons of the famous Italian singing-master, Monsieur M——, invited us to be present at a concert or oratorio given by a hundred of his pupils, whom he has instructed for the last three months, and who live together at a place where I fancy pious hymns have not been often sung since the monks inhabited it—the woman's prison of Saint Lazare, in the Rue de Faubourg Saint Denis. Mass is performed here at eight o'clock in the morning, and we found the clock striking, and the *Maitre de Chapelle* at the gate just as we for a wonder reached it. 'This is one of my *bonnes œuvres*,' said Monsieur M—— (who does not receive precisely a Napoleonic lesson from each of his *élèves* in this establishment), a *bonne œuvre* which very few were willing to imitate, or even to come and see; for our guide told us that he had expected *une société*, of which, however, none made their appearance but ourselves. We may set it down as a rule that good works in Paris do not begin at seven o'clock in the morning and before breakfast.

We went through three or four little quadrangles, clean, dismal and deserted, with a very bright sky lighting them up, and making the thousand little ghastly barred windows look only more dark; and, passing through an anteroom, where, on a great board of five feet by seven, was chalked the music which Monsieur M——'s poor scholars had been practising, and were about to sing, went into the gallery of the chapel, and took our places alongside a number of the inhabitants of the place. The service had begun; the candles were lighted over the shabby little altar, and shone upon a few pictures which were hung about it—a crucifix, two

¹ [*The Corsair* (New York), October 26, 1839.]

Magdalens, and an odious head of Saint Vincent de Paul, before which an old priest was quavering out the service, followed hither and thither by a little boy dressed in white, walking up the altar-steps, and down again, and round about them ; and kneeling down, and bobbing his little shorn head, and swinging to and fro a clattering gilt incense-pot, as his Church ordains. An old, shrivelled, bustling lady, with a bunch of proper prison-like keys at her waist, made way for us, and gave us seats, and robbing another I suppose inferior turnkey of a wicker chair at which she was kneeling, handed it over to one of the ladies of our party, who was very much puzzled to know what to do with more than one ; so, as soon as the head-gaoleress had retreated to her seat, we gave back the chair to its former possessor, who did not seem to know how to pursue her devotions without it.

It was the first time that I had ever been in such distinguished female society, and I looked at the faces of the poor girls about me with no ordinary curiosity. On a former occasion at Bicetre, I saw the mad hospital *there*,¹ and marvelled how sober all the people looked, and visiting afterwards the convicts' prison (which then formed part of the establishment), I thought that the men who came out to undergo the now abolished operation of the *ferrement* seemed an honest, hearty, jovial-looking set ; but at Saint Lazare the ladies looked certainly as wretched as you could expect or desire ;—among the two or three hundred whom I could see, there were not above four that were tolerably good-looking. One was regularly beautiful, with a tremendous development of the back head, which would frighten a phrenologist ; some were so characteristically hideous that Hogarth or Cruikshank could wish no better model ; and whether by mere chance I know not, but I remarked that a very small portion of the women—not half a dozen, perhaps—were *fair-haired*. I do not recollect to have seen in the common population of the town and streets this vast majority of the dark over the fair, and must leave to physiologists to determine if there be not any special virtue in the skin.

Monsieur M—— declared that his pupils were among the best subjects of the prison, and as far as outward appearance went, his words were certainly borne out ; there was a decided superiority in the looks and expression of the women and children gathered round his instrument to those who were seated near us. As the music went on (a smart young lady from the town, in white and red ribands, singing much out of tune, sang the solo), we observed a little girl close to us, who seemed affected by it, and began to weep.

Her two companions would not allow her to remain in any

¹ It is now transferred to Rue de la Roquette.

such fit of repentance, and speedily sneered her out of it. The mirth of these women was not a little curious to behold; they were perpetually nodding, smiling, winking to other comrades in distant parts of the chapel—you saw all sorts of wild signs going on amongst them, and mysterious communications made with the finger, and hurried off as one has seen the deaf and dumb pupils perform them.

What a strange activity is this of a prison! what a dreadful merriment! what a wild, reckless, glancing, uneasy spirit seems to urge them on—a perpetual gnawing of the chain and dashing against the bars! The musicians, however, appeared to be pretty tranquil—they pursue their study with vast industry, we were told, and give up the two hours of sunshine and exercise allotted to them in order to practise these hymns and choruses. I think the prettiest sight I saw in the place was a pair of prisoners, a grown woman with a placid face, who had her arm round the neck of a young girl; they were both singing together off the same music-book, and in the intervals seemed to be fond and affectionate towards each other. Poor things, poor things! What was their history? I wonder whether you or I, Madam, are a whit better than this couple of choristers in their dingy prison-dresses; or whether, when we, at church, out of gilt prayer-books with gold clasps, follow the clerk and sing the Old Hundredth very gingerly and genteelly—I wonder, I say, whose music is, in reality, the best? But the music has stopped: hark! there is a great jangling of a bell, and straightway all the prisoners fall on their knees, and you see of a sudden five hundred heads bow down, and as many hands make the sign of the cross,—presently afterwards the old priest, followed by the dapper little boy in white, ascends the stairs—the boy swings about the shabby incense-pot,—his Reverence marches in front, holding, and waving, right and left, a very old brush that seems worn down to the stumps—seeing us in purple and fine linen, he makes for us and offers the brush, from which, being Protestants, and dreadfully frightened at being obliged to show that we don't know what to do with the brush when we get it, we shrinkingly withdraw—some of the prisoners begin to giggle, the old woman who yielded up her praying-chair reaches forward and clutches hold, for an instant, at the blessed brush—down below at the altar you see a dirty extinguisher on a pole, rising, quivering for a moment over each of the lights, and popping them out one by one; his Reverence gives his blessings, the active old turnkeys bustle about, and mustering their bands of prisoners into squads, march with them out of the building—the smart little incense-boy has put away his white surplice and pot, and comes out of the

chapel pulling up his shirt collar ; he has brushed some hair over the little bald place on his head, and tries to look like a man of the world. We pass through the quadrangles again :—all the prisoners have been consigned to their respective quarters by this time, and the courts are as deserted as before.

Half an hour spent in this prison has made us weary of it ; and the motion and gaiety of the street strikes one most welcome, as the porter closes the *guichet* behind us, and shuts in the five hundred poor women whom we have just seen, to work out their term of slavery, and fulfil their bargain with the state. A short time afterwards, and at the proper orthodox hour, we went to an exhibition somewhat different in its details, but similar in its purpose, and took our places along with a crowd of fashionable miserable sinners at the Episcopal Church, near the British Embassy, where we had no mummerly of clanking incense-pots, and meagre consumption of wax-candles ; but a bishop with a plenty of white sleeves, and a portly beadle with a silver-knobbed stick, as the Christian religion ordains. We all agreed in pitying the poor benighted Catholic creatures, whose strange rites we had just witnessed—and as for the organ, it beat Monsieur M——’s cracked harmonicon, or whatever the instrument may be called (it sounds like the music which we perform in childhood by the aid of a piece of paper and a comb) ; as for the organ, I say, it beat Monsieur M——’s harmonicon out of the field ; and as for the company, it was the very pink of the fashion in Paris, I can assure you.

Well, let us be thankful that we have been brought up not as our neighbours are ; miserable sinners we are, it is true, but then there are sinners and sinners, degrees, look you, and differences. I wonder what the differences are, and whether, with her ease, her comforts, her education, such as it is, her freedom from temptation, her ladyship in satin will weigh much lighter than yonder poor girl, whose birthright has been want and crime ; and who, as far as regards the breakage of the eighth and one or two other commandments, has never known the meaning of repentance. There are those poor devils—the grown sinner and the little one—embracing each other, smiling on each other, and singing hymns out of the same book. I don’t know where I have seen anything more touching or beautiful ; there is a sort of homely sublimity about them ; it is more beautiful, yea, than my Lady Ambassadress in her pew surrounded by a whole body of diplomatists ; more sublime than the bishop himself and the beadle stalking before him.

I have been to Paris once a year for these last ten years, but

was never inveigled into sight-seeing until the other day, with a party of newly-arrived English, who issued out of Maurice's into a glass coach, and took several hours of intolerable pleasure. We went to the Madeleine (the walk round it under the magnificent Corinthian columns is one of the noblest things possible) and entered the gorgeous hall of white marble and gold, with its inner roof of three circular domes ranging the length of the building, with a semi-dome covering the northern end over the altar, and a circular vault covering the vestibule. Galignani's guide-book (one of the best, most learned, and most amusing books of the kind that have been published) will give you full account of the place, as of all others that sight-seers frequent. It is as fine, certainly, as fine can be, in its details, and vast and liberal in its proportions. Well! fancy a beautiful, gorgeous, elegant, Brobdignag *café*, or banqueting room, and the Madeleine will answer completely. It does not seem to contain a single spark of religion—no edifice built in the Greek fashion ever did. Why should we be prejudiced in favour of the Gothic? Why should pointed arches, and tall steeples, and grey-buttressed walls built cross-wise, seem to express—to be, as it were, the *translation into architecture* of our religion? Is it true, or is it only an association of ideas? You, in America, who have been born since Gothic architecture was dead, can best answer the query. I suspect the voluntary system would be puzzled to redeem itself into a regular formula of brick and mortar, as the Catholic Church did of old.

From the Madeleine we were carried to the Bibliothèque du Roi, where it was a show-day, and where we saw long tables, with gentlemen reading at them; some very fine prints in a little print room, if one had but the time to examine them; and some extraordinary knick-knacks in the shape of canoes, guns, and medals.

There was Clovis's arm-chair, and one of the chessmen sent by Haroun Alraschid to Charlemagne! What a relic! It is about the size of half a tea-caddy—a royal chessman truly: think of Charlemagne solemnly lifting it and crying check! to Orlando—think of the Palace of Pictures—Zobeide has just been making a sherbet—Haroun and the Grand Vizier are at tables there by the fountain—the Commander of the Faithful looks thoughtful, and shakes his mighty beard—Giaffir looks pleased although he is losing. 'Your Majesty *always* wins,' says he, as he allows his last piece to be taken; and lo; yonder comes Mesnour, chief of the Eunuchs; he has a bundle under his arm; 'Sire,' pipes he, in a cracked voice, 'it is sunset, here are the disguises, your Majesty is to go to the rope-maker's to-night,—if Sindbad should

call, I will get him a jar of wine, and place him in the pavilion yonder by 'the Tigris.'

Of the rest of the collection it is best to say nothing; there is a most beautiful, tender, innocent-looking head of young—*Nero*!—a pretty parcel of trinkets that belonged to Louis XV.'s Sultanas (they may have been wicked, but they were mighty agreeable surely)—a picture of Louis Quatorze, all wig and red-heeled pumps—another of Louis XVIII., who, in the midst of his fat, looks like a gentleman and a man of sense, and that odious, inevitable, sickening, smirking countenance of Louis Philippe, which stares at you wherever you turn. At Bicetre, for instance, there was a bust of the king, with an inscription AU ROI LES DETENUS RECONNOISSANS—'to the King the rogues' remembrance.' At Versailles, in the picture gallery, there is King Charles reviewing his troops, near the King a stout dragoon in white looks over his shoulder, and grins at the spectator; it is Louis Philippe; there again is King Charles crowned at Rheims—by his side stands the first prince of the blood, looking over his shoulder, and smirking as ever—Louis Philippe of course—I wonder the man, considering the circumstances, has let these pictures remain.

Talking of Versailles and the King, let me tell you a story. Last year was published a book on Versailles with numerous engravings in the Keepsake fashion. Mr. Leitch did the book in English, a very clever writer as you know, and an admirer, it appears, of the French, whom in his work he took occasion to compliment warmly. The French version, or rather the French original, was by Mr. Hippolite Fortoul, who had no such admiration for the King, and scarcely mentions his existence. Well, Fortoul was this year to write a description of Fontainebleau as he had done of Versailles; the King on hearing this actually sent down to the bookseller and offered him a book *gratis* if he would give up Fortoul. Is not this a fine homage to the Press, and is it not a fine action for a King?

From the Bibliothèque we rattled off to the Gobelins, at which the ladies were highly amused. You have seen ladies at work at a frame in the midst of a great skurry and labyrinth of worsted balls, making slipper-tops, kettle-holders, footstool covers, wall-carpets and other nonsense. Fancy one of these frames six feet high by seven, and when you have fancied this, fancy several long rooms full of them, and fancy the stitches infinitely smaller and neater, the needles, shuttles, worsteds, and other traps more curiously arranged, men with whiskers and moustachios seated behind the frames, instead of idle ladies in caps and morning

dresses, and you have a pretty good idea of the Gobelins. It is all very pretty, but tailoring is a far more noble, useful, ornamental, and agreeable profession, to my mind.

Hence with inconceivable swiftness we were transported to the Musée d'Artillerie, and for a description of this again you must be referred to your guide-book,—what can one say of the immense figure of Francis the First, but wonder that a man six feet six inches in height should have such spindle-shanks? They are a miracle of thinness. What can one say of Joan of Arc's armour but that it is an evident imposture? There is Ravellais' dagger, and yonder Henry IV.'s embossed and ornamented suit of steel. There is Francis' sword which he lost (with everything except honour) at the fight of Pavia. Yonder are a couple of the absurd, hideous, useless weapons, covered with red baize and ornamented with paltry tin, which David the painter invented at the time of the classical rage, and on the Roman model. If you choose to examine further, every variety of weapon, from to-day to the time of the Crusades, is exhibited for your notice.—There are models of all sorts of guns, possible and impossible; and the impression of the whole upon the ignorant spectator who has been to this and the other half-dozen sights above named, and has come home after walking over some miles of wooden planks—the impression, I think, is rather a humiliating one. You have spent a guinea in coach hire; you did not have your breakfast comfortably; you have been whirling from gallery to gallery, your eyes weak, your brain is mystified, your back and limbs ache, and you are *thoroughly bored*. No reasonable man should see more than one or two sights in a month—the digestion won't stand it; and to have the *mens sana* you know the *corpus sanum* is absolutely requisite. My dear sir, I once went up the Drakenfels before breakfast, and descended a wiser and a better man. I arrived at the top and could only see clouds; I came down and brought back with me a headache and a fever, and I vowed never to go up a mountain again, of my own free will, that is. In like manner with sights: to be a well-regulated, easy-going, comfort-loving man, what sight after all is equal to a pretty white table-cloth, in a cabinet at the Trois-Frères, or the Rocher—a bottle of champagne (*vides ut altâ stet nive candidum*!) is on the side-table, and yonder comes François the waiter with two plates containing just four dozen Ostenders, to give an appetite for dinner! Cry out as you will, and swear that such vulgar tastes degrade humanity—fiddlestick!

I say that Shakespeare or Raphael never invented anything that on a hot day at half-past five o'clock is equal to Ay and oysters; to enjoy *them* you can't enjoy many other sights in the

day, and must come to them as you would to every other sensual enjoyment (*all* enjoyments are sensual enjoyments, the Pons Asinorum, the Greek Masters, Dr. Snorter's Sermon, Taglioni dancing the Mazurka—K. T. Q.),—you must come to them as to every other sensual enjoyment, calm, cool, quiet, the mind at ease. Now I will give you a proof of this:—After I had gone to see all these sights, I went to Very's to dine; there appeared, as if dropped from the clouds, that celebrated wandering philosopher Father Prout. We dined; he had been quiet all day, and what was the consequence? *he beat your humble servant by twelve oysters and a beefsteak, au beurre d'anchois.* This remarkable fact (connected with the literature of our country) will show you what it is to hurry too much over sight-seeing, and to disturb the powers of that *Magistro artis ingenique largitor*, which in American Society I fancy is never mentioned.

I am keeping a little note of dinners, which when they are swelled out to a sufficient length, shall be sent to you. Of theatres the same thing.—There are no actors of very particular note now in Paris, except Mademoiselle Rachel, whom it is almost impossible to see, so much do the people flock after her. There is a charming Englishwoman, Madame Thillon, singing at the Renaissance, the best actress and the best educated English singer now on the stage; but the comedians are absent, chiefly the immortal Arnal, that sublime buffoon, Bouffé, that wonderful actor, Vernet, Lepeintre, impudent little Défazel and the rest, who make a French farce the most sparkling, joyous, delightful thing in the world. How I love the old airs with the new jokes to them, and the fat old *propriétaires*, who marry the young people at the end, and the saucy *soubrettes*, and the *niais*, on whom all the tricks are played, and the heroine, and the little insignificant hero himself—a lad of eighteen generally, with a pinched waist and budding moustaches, who has his hair curled at the expense of the theatre, and a salary of thirty pounds a year may be. All these one must love, with their merriment, and their wit, and their follies, and their delightful absurd affectation; whereas, Bejazet is only a bawling bore (let it be said in confidence), Athalia a great imperious spouting Mademoiselle Georges of a woman,—the Cid himself, the largest and noblest figure of French tragedy, would talk more nobly still, if he would but talk in prose, and get rid of that odious jingling rhyme.

T. T.

A ST. PHILIP'S DAY AT PARIS.¹

WHEN the Champs Elysées were last decorated, it was for that grand serio-comic melodramatic spectacle of December 15th, in the midst of which the bones of Napoleon were restored to us.² Here is May, and the men are again busy with shows, and lamps, and trophies. To-day, we are hailing the birthday of the King; to-morrow, we rejoice at the christening of a young prince, whom three cardinals attended to the font, and for whom has been provided a certain quantity of fluid from the river of Jordan. Upon King Louis Philippe—upon St. Philippe, his patron (the elder branch have monopolised *St. Louis*)—upon the Count of Paris—upon the city of the same name, and the fools dwelling in it who have gratified the young pap-devourer with the present of a fine sword that, pray Heaven, he may never use—upon the French custom of giving *fêtes*; viz., upon the *fête* at the entry of the Queen of Louis XIV., whom he treated so well, upon the *fêtes* of Louis XV., upon the grand *fêtes* of Louis XVI., of the federation, of Robespierre and the Supreme Being, of Buonaparte, Napoleon, Louis XVIII., Napoleon again, and the Champ de Mai, then Louis XVIII. once more, of Charles's *fêtes*, of Louis Philippe's *fêtes*—of all these it would be pretty easy to make jokes, and speak wholesome moralities: but what is the use? Come what will, these people will have their poles, their drums, their squibs and fireworks, and their other means of sunshiny recreation.

And quite right too. If men are to be amused, they may just as well take a bad reason for amusing themselves as a good one: nay, a bad one *is* a good one. If I say to you, 'I feel myself excessively happy, because it is the King's birthday; and, because I am happy, I intend to climb up a pole, to eat a certain quantity of gingerbread, to play at pitch-and-toss for macaroons, or at jack-in-the-box for a given period,'—you have no right to ask me either—

1. Why I am happy on account of the King?

¹ [*The Britannia*, May 15, 22, 1841.]

² [*The Second Funeral of Napoleon*.]

2. Or, why I am happier on his *pseudo* birthday than on any other day in the year?

3. Or, why, because I am happy, it is necessary that fellow-creatures should get up greased poles?

4. Or, why, as I can fill my belly with gingerbread every day of the week, it is necessary that, on this particular day, I should eat that condiment, play at pitch-and-toss, jack-in-the-box, etc.?

All these are points wholly impertinent, and I should consider a man grossly flippant and conceited who proved them. If men are happy, why the deuce need we inquire why or how? Nature has supplied them with a variety of mysterious ways for being happy; they extract pleasure from substances where one would never have thought that it lurked—viz., some men from reading Parliamentary debates; some from swinging on gates, or butterfly chasing; some, on the contrary, from political economy, from the study of the law, from the leading articles of *The Times* newspaper; or from many other things equally strange. Newton, lying under a tree, had his nose tickled by an apple—Bottom, sprawling on Titania's lap, had his deliciously excited by a straw; and the spirit of each, inspired by the circumstance, went off straight to his own heaven, soaring into a height of blissful considerations, which it never could have reached but for the aid of the pippin or the straw. Give a man, then, his pleasure where he finds it. A million bushels of Ribstons might have tumbled from trees and smashed my nose to a jelly, without my discovering the doctrine of gravitation; and the fairies have scratched and tickled me all Midsummer through, without causing the ravishing delight felt by the honest weaver. There are secrets in every man's pleasure: let us respect them even without knowing them. I saw a man to-day, in the Champs Elysées—a large, fat man, with ear-rings and immense shirt-collar—a grandfather at least—walking placidly in the sunshine sucking a stick of barley-sugar. He had sucked it in a beautiful conical way, and was examining its amber apex, glistening between his eye and the orb of day. He was showing his loyalty, in a word, to his King, and manifesting his joy, his reverential joy, at the christening of the Count de Paris. And why not?

That same day other men were showing their loyal hilariousness in other ways, viz. :—

All the dignitaries of the state, the church, law, etc., made speeches in their best clothes, according to their several degrees.

All the ambassadors put on their *cordons*, *plaques*, *crachats*, and white breeches; and one of their body, in the name of this sympathising society, made an oration. At night their hotels

covered themselves over with pieces of cork and fat, in which wicks joyfully blazed.

Five hundred soldiers scaled the summit of the Arc of the Etoile, and fired a shot of squibs out of their guns. Artillerymen stood at the foot of the arch, and their pieces propelled many roaring rounds of gunpowder and wadding to hail the happy anniversary.

Perhaps I thought the fat, silent, sunshiny man, calmly sucking his sugar-stick, the most sincerely happy and loyal of them all; for as for the guns and the ambassadors, it is their business to shout, and they are loaded, wadded, greased, and polished for the purpose. But let us take things as we find them: let us, contented with effects, not be too squeamish and curious about the causes. Here is the sun shining, the heaven faultlessly blue, the leaves bright, the fountains playing, and five hundred thousand people happy. What can one want more? If people had but the means, it would be a blessing to have eighteen-score-and-five kings' birth-days in the year.

I have always had an objection to guns in theatrical pieces, for they make a sad noise and roaring, cause the eyes to wink, and the head to ache, among men not nurtured in the uncomfortable lap of Bellona. And as at theatres, where the heroes are supposed to drink champagne, they are provided with a cool and wholesome bottle of soda-water, that all the pit takes to be real Moët; so it has long been my wish that some mild kind of guns should be invented, going off with a pop, just for ceremony's sake, but never roaring out a great fierce bang, as they will do in stage pieces, whether performed at St. Stephen's theatre, the Cobourg, or elsewhere.

Bang, bung, bom, boom! there they go, and all the breakfast things begin to clatter. I don't care to own that I feel nervous at hearing them; each roar gives one a slight epigastric thump; one affects to be at his ease, but waits all the time most anxiously for the succeeding boom; you play with your egg during the time, and make believe to read the newspaper, but in reality you enjoy neither. While the guns were at their work this morning, I pretended to read Sir Robert Peel's and Lord John's speeches, but declare, at the end of the time, I did not understand or remember a single word of them. There it is! those two matchless pieces of eloquence lost to a man, because the guns must, forsooth, celebrate the birthday of Louis Philippe. *Inter arma silent*, etc. O, brazen-throated war! shut those brazen yelling jaws of thine, and let honest politicians talk in quiet. But what is the use of wishing and ejaculating? Wherever we go,

Miles takes the wall of us ; and, accordingly, the first thing we heard of the *fête* this morning was the guns ; and the first thing we saw of it, the great, stalwart, jack-booted, brazen-helmeted gendarme, trotting his heavy Mecklenbourg horse down the avenues of the Champs Elysées, and standing at every corner of every street leading thither.

Having passed the gendarmes (and may the time come when the Parisians, like ourselves, may find one in every street, not to watch their politicians, but their pockets !), we come immediately upon the Champs Elysées, where the *fête* is in the very act of going on. The trees are lined with beggars of various queer descriptions ; old men with wonderful beards, and looking old enough to have seen Louis XIV. pass down the road on his way to Versailles. A great wanderer about the town knows most of the beggars who exercise their trade in it ; but these mysterious men come from their dens and haunts in the provinces—perhaps from foreign lands, across Alp or Pyrenee, attracted hither by the news of the great festival. The tales of beggars in story-books are always marvellous and pleasant in the romances of chivalry. In the Spanish novels, in the old English comedies, what a jolly, easy life do they lead !—what good scraps of songs do they sing !—how full are they of bitter Diogenic jokes, and moral comparisons of their state and that of kings, great personages, etc. ! I saw the other day a hump-backed beggar boy lying in the sun, and counting his day's gains ; he had, for a certainty, forty penny-pieces in his hand—but, whenever any one passed, interrupted his arithmetic to ask, in a whining voice, for some more coppers. Yonder is an old, wooden-legged Orpheus, reclining against a tree and singing a most doleful ditty about a poor blind man who lost his dog. He sings so atrociously, that it is your bounden duty to give him a penny. He has at his feet, or foot, a little carpet, covered all over, *pardi*, with larger and smaller copper coins. Ah ! why are not princes christened every day ? That honest wooden-legged man would make a fortune in that case, and nobody be the poorer. Who is ever the poorer for giving away pence to beggars ?

Yonder is the very finest of the mendicant order I ever saw. His face is faultlessly beautiful ; he has old bland, blind venerable eyes ; a little green velvet skull-cap covers a part of his head, under which fall thick flakes of snow-white hair ; upon his old bosom reposes a beard—the wool of the Cashmere goat is not whiter or finer. He has a little bird-organ—a little old bird-organ, that pipes feeble tunes. That organ must be many, many centuries old ; mayhap invented in those very days when fair Cecilia took her patent out, and angels hushed the flutter of their wings, and

listened to her piping. Say, old man—sightless old man! thine eyes are calm and bright,—blue limpid lakes which do reflect the sun, and yet are cool! O, ancient organ-man, when were thine eyes lit up with natural fires? Perhaps the blazing sand of Damiet—fire against fire, did scorch their lustre out, where good Saint Louis led his red-cross knights, and being conquered, led them back again. Perhaps fierce Bajazet, dread Ilderim (what time the rash Burgundian Nevers, with Eu, de Bar, Trimouille, and de la Marche, Coucy, and Boucicault, the pride of France, laid down their arms before the conquering Turk, upon the meadows of Nicopolis), put out the beacons of this old man's eyes. A gallant warrior then, and blithe and young, with pennoned lance, shouting his battle-cry, and ever foremost in the press of war.

This would make our old man, at least, five hundred and seventy years old; perhaps he is not so much—perhaps he is only Louis XIX. in disguise, come from Prague to visit his capital. We have in history hundreds of such examples. In *The History of Beggar's Bush*, who, I pray you, is the old bearded beggar Claus, but a rightful Duke of Gueldres? In the still more authentic story of *The Duchess Penelope and her Suitors*, who was the beggar that came and saw the knights carousing, but Duke Ulysses, forsooth? Psha!—a fig for such rambling nonsense; drop a penny into the old man's tray, and pass on. Very likely, if he get enough of them, he will fuddle himself to-night; and so he, too, will rejoice, after his fashion, on the King's birthday.

A point that must strike an Englishman naturally is this. Under the trees there are many scores of comfortable booths—barrels of wine advantageously placed, legs of mutton, and sausages gazing upon the passer-by with friendly eyes;¹ and yet, though it is three o'clock, nobody eats. The French are not a gormandising nation; at this hour, and with such a sun over our heads, in an English fair, many thousand dozens of bottled porter would have frothed down British throats, and cart-loads of beef, separated into the most attenuated slices, have disappeared for ever? But here, nobody eats. I had the curiosity to count in a dozen booths;—in one there was an elderly lady with three boys, in a school uniform; in others, a few fellows in blouses—a few couples of soldiers, with a little small beer before them. But it is, evidently, sad work for the boothmen, and let us hope the Government gives the honest people some subvention, to make them amends for the painful sobriety of the nation.

On the other hand, gambling goes on at a frightful rate. Look, there is the celebrated Polish game, with the hooks;—there is a

¹ Everybody knows the eye of a leg of mutton.

table with fifty hooks, all numbered, and a ring, swinging by a cord, at a short distance. It is a penny a throw. He who places the ring on the hook marked 50, thrice running, wins a watch; but this was never known since the memory of man. If you hit number 20, you have twenty macaroons; if 3, three macaroons, and so on. Will it be believed, that sometimes one does not hit any hook at all? I had six pennyworth of throws, and came off with nine macaroons—and very nasty macaroons too! Now, if I had laid out a penny in the regular way of barter, I might have had twelve macaroons, with a good profit to the vendor, too. Such is chance;—O, cursed lust of gain! But if I lose, somebody wins; let us console ourselves, therefore, and be happy, for is it not St. Philip's day?

Besides the hooks, there was the old *roulette* table, in which skill goes for naught; and here the high prizes were not merely macaroon cakes, but pictures, neatly framed; representing '*le bonheur conjugal*,' or '*la bonne mère*,' or the Prince de Joinville in jack-boots, superintending the exhumation of Napoleon, or other subjects connected with the life or burial of the great hero of the people. There is something affecting about these rude pictures. The people always have a kind, hearty taste. *They* don't care for ogling nudities, such as excite the eyes of their betters. Their simple faith is raised by homely parables; and no doubt the reader remembers the time when, as a little child, he placed implicit reliance in all the pictures of his spelling-book. The picture of Doctor Dilworth in the beginning, and the allegory underneath; the picture of Masters Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson; that of the three tradesmen disputing about fortifying the city; that of the dog going across the water with the beef in his mouth; of the envious brute in the manger,—and so on. In all the ways of children there is something sacred;—and yonder wondering peasants in sabots and high caps, those grave, brown-faced simple soldiers taking shots with the pop-gun, are children in their way. There are many pop-gun establishments about the Champs Elysées: one has for target, a great Turk; if you hit him straight in the middle, the monster fires off a pistol. Another is a Scotchman, who salutes you in a similar fashion. By the way, this is the only time in France that I have seen a Scotch Highlander represented in a grotesque fashion; whether it is because their costume is becoming and *bizarre*, or because the Scots in old days were allied with our neighbours, or because the French love Walter Scott's novels, certain it is, they never make jokes at the expense of the Caledonians, but content themselves with hating and girding at us English. I saw a soldier as brown as a halfpenny take a vast number of shots at

one of these targets ; and at last he hit the bull's-eye ; down came a Cupid, and crowned the fellow with calico roses, by which wreath he was made as happy as if he had knocked down Abd-el-Kader himself.

Numbers of people were riding with perfect contentment in the merry-go-rounds ; many an Englishman might like to do this, but for his stupid shame. Indeed, when I saw the man sucking the barley-sugar, I felt as if I should like a piece, but dared not get one. Ah, lollypops, hardbake, alicampane, brandy-balls ! how good you were forty years ago ; though we don't meet or see each other now, yet we are attached, and I never, never shall forget you. Turtle-soup is good ; but is it as good as open tarts ? A cool glass of claret is not bad ; but is it as pleasant as a halfpenny-worth of liquorice, and brown sugar to the same amount, mixed with water in a twopenny vial, and kept hot in your pocket in the warm summer days ? When you take it, or give it to a friend, you give the liquor a shake to make it froth, and take out the cork with your teeth, and bid your friend drink only to a certain place which you mark with your finger.

I have not tasted a drop for forty-three years—but what then ? There are things *qui ne s'oublient pas*. 'Fresh is the picture of one's prime, the later trace is dim.' A few days ago I met a gentleman of sixty-five years old, who had been at Charterhouse-school, and who said that he dreamed the night before of having been flogged by Doctor Beardmore. Five-and-fifty years, in a night, the spirit whisks backward ! Napoleon has risen and died in the meanwhile ; kingdoms have changed hands ; cares, gout, grandchildren have seized upon the old man ; what a number of kind eyes have looked on him that are shut now ! how many kind hearts have beat for him, that have been loved and passionately deplored, and forgotten by him ! what insurmountable woes has he climbed over ! what treacheries and basenesses has he, by the slow discoveries of friendship, laid bare ! what a stir and turmoil of fifty years has he gone through ! one care pushing down another, one all-absorbing wish or interest giving place as another came on ;—and, see here, he falls asleep, and straightway, through the immense labyrinth of a life's recollection, his spirit finds its way back to the flogging-block, and he wistfully fumbles at his breeches, and looks up at great Beardmore with the rod ! Be gentle with the little ones, ye schoolmasters ! Love them, but strike them not. How are the cherubim represented ? They are the children of the skies, and so conformed that if you were to catch a stray one, you could not flog him if you would.

I always think the invention of toys and toy-shops a very

beautiful and creditable part of human nature. And it is pleasant to see in all fairs and public *fêtes*, in all watering-places whither people flock for pleasure, how many simple inventions are gathered together for the mere amusements of children—innumerable varieties of gingerbread, drums, go-carts, rocking-horses, by the sale of which honest people make their livelihood! The French are essentially a child-loving race, much more kindly and simple in their domestic ways than are we with our absurd, cold, dignified airs (the men, I mean, for the mothers are the same all over God's world); and it gives a man with the philoprogenitive bump great pleasure to walk into the *fête*, and see the worthy fathers walking with their children, or dragging them in little carriages, or holding them on patient shoulders to see the shows of the place.

Round the open square of the Champs Elysées are a vast number of booths and exhibitions; all Napoleon's battles, of course; no less than four companies of strong men; 'Les Hercules des Hercules;' 'the Indian strong men;' 'the strong men with the fairy pony,' etc. The drums and trumpets make an awful banging and braying; Socrisse stands in front, in his jacket and tow-wig, and makes melancholy jokes. When the ladies with short petticoats have done dancing on the ropes within, they come out solemnly, and range their bandy legs, and dirty pink cotton pantaloons before the eyes of the vulgar, to tempt them to go into the booth. But this is a great mistake; I, for my part, was just on the point of entering the booth of the Indian athletes, upon the faith of a picture in which these personages were represented—the men of swarthy hue, in incredible postures of strength, the women of ravishing beauty—when on a sudden a company of these Indians came forward to the outer stage, and a homelier, uglier race of Frenchmen I never saw. So it is with other shows. There is the Belgian fat woman, only sixteen, and four-and-twenty stone; though so young she possesses, it is said, every accomplishment; can talk a dozen languages, play upon innumerable instruments, and dance with grace and lightness. But the Indian jugglers made us incredulous, and our party determined not to visit the fat young Belgian lady.

We had, however, an excellent view of the gentlemen climbing the immense *mât de cocagne* for the prizes dangling at the top. There was a gold watch, two silver ditto, silver mugs, forks and spoons of the same precious metal to reward the enterprising men who ascended to the summit of the pole. But even this institution, simple and praiseworthy as it seems, is not altogether pure. It appears that there is a society of climbers in Paris, fellows who can walk up a greased pole as easily as common mortals up a

staircase, and these individuals come early round the mast, seize upon the principal prizes, and, selling them, divide the profits among their corporation. The age of maypoles is extinct when you see them delivered over to this unhallowed commerce. For my part, too, I very much doubt the sincerity of a person who accosted us, having in his possession some gold rings, a pair of razors, and other articles, all of which he said he had *found*, and offered to sell at a great loss. In the first place, a man can't find so many gold rings in the course of the day ; and as for the razors, who the deuce would bring his case into such a place as this ?

We now saw a play at a very cheap rate, in one of the theatres erected in the square. There was a gentleman in a Spanish costume taken prisoner by some Turks ; how his faithful squire wept at his own cowardice, which made him forsake his master at such a pass ! But so it is, my good squire ! men of your profession are always cowardly ; read all the plays and novels ever written—always gluttonous, always talkative : here, however, you could not be, because the play was a pantomime, and so, luckily, you were freed from one of the vices inherent to your profession.

When the news of her lover's capture was brought to the Lady Ismena, far from being down-hearted and dismayed, as other ladies would, after the first burst of natural emotion, what did she do ? Why, she dressed herself in a light blue velvet page's costume, to be sure, slung a guitar across her shoulders, summoned the squire and a battalion of Austrian grenadiers, and followed the captors of her lord.

When the scene changed, and showed us the Moorish castle in which that nobleman was to be confined, we saw a Turkish sentinel pacing the battlements.

'*Tiens, c'est le Turc en faction,*' said one of two soldiers behind us, who had just come from Africa. But the sentinel paced up and down without taking the least notice of anything but his duty.

In immediately came the captive nobleman with the Turkish soldiers ; how he threatened and resisted, how he writhed and how he twisted ! he thrust his fist in the captain's face, in the lieutenant's : strove to break away from his guard, though weighed down by immense chains ; and though, for a short time, he became quiescent, yet when the governor of the fortress . . .

'*C'est Sidi Abdalla,*' said one soldier.

'*C'est Mahomet,*' cried another, '*le v'la qui sort de l'église.*'

'*Ca s'appelle une mosquée,*' said the first soldier ; and a mosque it was, sure enough, with an immense crescent on the top.

When the governor of the fortress, a most venerable Mahometan,

with a silver beard, came out, and all the officers and privates of the guard fell to salaaming him, the captive knight burst out into a fury again, shook his fist in the governor's face, kicked and plunged like a madman, and we all thought would escape. But no; numbers prevailed—he was carried into the fort with the most horrible contortions, the portcullis was drawn up, and the silent sentinel resumed his walk.

At that instant the Lady Ismena arrived in her light blue dress, and we, knowing well enough that the grenadiers were behind her, expected that they would instantly fall to and fight. But no; unslinging her guitar, she struck a few wild notes on it, and a number of Turkish peasants in the neighbourhood flocked in to dance.

Expecting a fight, as I said, I never was more grossly disappointed than at the sight of these ugly heathens dancing gracefully, and, having moved off immediately, can't tell what took place afterwards. But it is very probable that the castle *was* stormed finally, and the knight rescued, and poor old Sidi Mahomet put to an ignominious death by Ismena herself, with her natty little sword.

All persons who frequent these public spectacles should take the writer's advice, and have a cigar to smoke. It is much more efficacious than scent-bottles of any sort.

As for the evening amusements, knowing that, however brilliant a man's style may be, it is quite impossible to describe rockets and Bengal lights properly, and having seen a number of these fireworks, viz., at Rome, at Easter—at the Feast of Lanterns, at Canton—at the peace, in Hyde Park, in 1814—our society determined to quit the town altogether for the evening, and to partake of a rustic dinner in the pretty village of Ville d'Avray. It is half an hour's walk from Saint Cloud, through the park, and you travel in the same time by the railroad from Paris.

Here, at the park-gates, is a pretty little restaurant, with a garden, where there are balls sometimes and dinner always, which latter we preferred. We had beefsteaks for four in a snug sort of hermitage, and very good wine, and quiet, and a calm sky, and numberless green trees round about. The waiter's name is Amelia. She whispered to us knowingly that, in the hermitage above ours, a couple of couples were *en partie fine*; and so, sure enough, after these ladies and gentlemen had taken their little sober modicum of wine, their hearts rose, and their tongues wagged, and they sang songs; the men, in parts, very prettily, the ladies sang solos atrociously out of tune. Presently came a fellow with an organ,

and our jovial neighbours instantly got up and danced, in the midst of a great shrieking and laughter.

When the organ-man had done with the *partie-fine*, he came down to us and struck up two beautiful melodies, viz., 'Getting up Stairs,' and 'Jim Crow.' He had never been in England, he said, but his organ had, and there, no doubt, learned that delicious music.

By this time the *partie-fine* had grown quite uproarious; they were talking English to one another for our benefit—crying 'Yase,' 'Godem,' 'How you do, mister,' and so on. The clocks tolled eight, and Amelia's uncle, a *maréchal des logés gendarmes* at Saint Cloud, who had come down to see his niece, because the poor girl had cut her two thumbs the day before, conducted us through the silent grey park of Saint Cloud, across the palace, and so to the railroad station.

Of course, the train had just set off; and there was no cuckoo or other vehicle, though there would be hundreds for the *grandes eaux* the next day; wherefore Todd, Higgins, Blatherwick, and your humble servant walked through the Bois de Boulogne, and so home.

There was a second day of *fêtes*, and in respect of popular amusements, the morning and evening of the second day were like the morning and evening of the first. The maypoles were furnished with a second supply of watches and silver spoons. The Don was again taken prisoner, and rescued by his Elvira in her light blue dress; the untiring strong men, and Herculesees of the booths, performed their prodigious labours, and the indefatigable female Falstaff of Belgium was quite as fat on Sunday as on Saturday. More squibs and crackers blazed in the evening, and many more hundreds of pounds of macaroons were gambled for and devoured by the happy population.

The second day was appropriated to the christening of the Count of Paris, as the first to the birthday of the King; and the papers are filled with long accounts of the former ceremony; how the cardinals attended; how the young prince about to be christened gave his own names in an audible voice to his Grandeur the Archbishop; how his Grandeur made an harangue to the King, and was, after the ceremony, rewarded by a very handsome diamond cross and ring, on his Majesty's part, and complimented with a most elegant mitre from the Duke of Orleans.

Money was distributed largely to all the churches for the poor in Paris. The bounty of this royal family is untiring, extraordinary. No disaster occurs, but they come forward to soothe it; wherever

they move, they scatter presents and kindness ; to all sorts of poor and wretched the Queen seems to act as the gentle protectress and mother. They say that the family loves to publish its acts of charity ; and the frequent appearance of their names in all subscription lists would indeed appear like ostentation, did one not know that it is the duty of persons so high placed to make some of their kindnesses public, to induce others to be generous who might not be so but for their example. One reads in novels of people who give pharisaically in public, that in private keep their purse-strings close ; but I am inclined not to believe that there are many such. Men are ostentatious, but charitable, too. The very fact of giving away large sums even for ostentation's sake, must generate a feeling of kindness.

As for the Orleans family, some of their good deeds they publish, and they are right. But how much do they do, of which the world never hears, or only a small portion of it, from the grateful lips of the persons obliged ! I have heard of three instances myself lately, of simple, judicious, delicate generosity on the part of the King and his family. How many thousand more such must there be which are never blazoned in newspapers ! O glorious godlike privilege of wealth to make the wretched happy !

There was a great concert and illumination to conclude the day's festival ; and if my dear Smith would know how much of them the humblest of her servants personally witnessed, indeed he must confess that he only saw the heavens lighted up by the fire of the rockets, and heard the banging of the guns, and such stray gusts of the concert as the wind chose to bring to a certain balcony in a street leading off the Rue Rivoli, where several personages were seated, enjoying a calm and philosophical summer's evening conversation.

We heard the 'Marseillaise' pretty distinctly ; it was the opening of the concert, and the audience of course encored their fiery national anthem. It is a noble strain, indeed ; but a war-song, breathing blood and vengeance, is a bad subject for everyday enthusiasm ; and one had better, perhaps, for a continuance, recreate oneself with some more peaceful musical diet. Even the fit of war is bad enough ; but war every day, murder and blood on week-days as well as on Sundays—*Entendez vous dans nos campagnes mugir ces féroces soldats ?—égorger vos fils, vos compagnes*—I forget how the song runs. *Mon Dieu !* the ferocious soldiery is not in the country ; French women and children are perfectly safe from Cossack or Prussian ; the story is now fifty years old, and still Frenchmen lash themselves into a fury of conceit and blood-thirstiness whenever they hear it, and fancy their brutality patriotism.

Napoleon established a Valhalla idea of a Frenchman's paradise—it was conquest and murder all day.

Just before this bloody chorus was set up, the King showed himself at the balcony of the palace, and was received, it is said, with a dead silence ;—then he went and fetched out the little boy who had just been christened, but the audience received him, too, coldly, and so the royal pair went back again, and gave place to the more popular concert.

To such as are inclined to moralise, is there not here matter enough? Think of this old man and his condition. He is the wisest, the greatest—the most miserable man in Europe. His bounty makes thousands happy,—it shines on all, like the sun ; but the sun, they say, is cold itself, and in the midst of its splendours, lonely. Think of this man, how prudent and wise he is ; through what dangers and crooked paths he has managed to conduct the fiercest, most obstinate team that ever was reined by imperial hand. Napoleon let them run ahead at mad gallop—this man has been keeping them at a decent pace ; by what extraordinary exertion of wisdom and stratagem, coaxing and firmness, has he achieved this eleven years' miracle? O, Polumetis! I wonder whether you ever sleep?—if you, with your staunch spirit, can bear to look at the sword hanging over you? There is a poor woman at your side who has no such courage, and never sees the door shut upon you without shuddering—nor open, without receiving you as if you were come out of the jaws of death. Go where you will, calumny follows you like your shadow ;—do your best in the brightest lights, it only turns the blacker. Sullen conspiracy is always dogging at your heels, growling curses at you, until it can have its way, and make its spring. You have suffered much, but were always kind and simple in humour, and mercifully bent ;—you never signed away a man's life without feeling a pang : more than one wretch have you pardoned—only gently putting away his knife from your throat! But what boots your benevolence? A day does not pass without its conspiracy ; and men lust for your blood, and are ready to lie in God's face, and to call your murder virtue. See what it is to be so wise, O King ; not one single man trusts you. To be so great, no person loves you ; except, perhaps, a few women and children whom you have bred. There is scarcely a beggar or outcast in the country, but has as large a circle of friends who trust him, and whom he can trust : no thief that deems each bush an officer, but can take almost as quiet a sleep as you.

And when day comes, and you have your many labours to go through—you, who are so wise, know that not one single man you meet trusts you ;—you hear speeches from old peers and chancellors

who have sworn and flattered for a dozen men who stood in your shoes :—you know that no man, be he ever so candid, can speak to you the whole truth ; and to public and private lies, you have to reply properly—lying gravely in your task. My Lord Archbishop stalks in and addresses you in a grave compliment, in which he includes yourself, Saint Louis, and God Almighty ? My Lord Ambassador comes bowing, and congratulates you on your birthday. Sweet innocent !—what a touching testimonial of family love ! It isn't your birthday ; and the ambassador does not care one fig ; but both of you pretend he does, and bow and cringe to each other gravely, and waggle your old wigs solemnly, and turn up to heaven the white of your old eyes. . . .

But stop—it is time we withdraw the old King from the balcony. Ah ! but it must be a sad life to stifle all day through, under this sickly mask of ceremony ; to be lonely, and yet never alone ; to labour, and never look for either rest or sympathy ; to wear a crown, and have outlived royalty ; to bear all the burthens of royalty, without any of the old magnificent privileges of it ; to have toiled, and striven for, and won this wretched solitary eminence, and feel it crumbling ; and to look down from it and see the great popular deluge rising which shall swallow it under its level.

While the bonfires and music were roaring in the terraces and garden hard by, we were rather amused to see a philosophical artist in his garret opposite, who was seated near his open window, and had lighted his lamp, and was smoking his pipe, and very calmly copying a portrait of Madame de la Vallière. Here was food for new moralities for those who were inclined for such meat.

SHROVE TUESDAY IN PARIS.¹

THE particulars of this *fête* need not be described at present, as many hundred English writers have, no doubt, given an account of it, and everybody knows very well that on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, *des Cendres*, the annual fat ox of the Carnival is made to take sundry walks through Paris, a little chubby butcher's boy, seated behind his gilded horns with pink breeches on, in the guise of a Cupid, and a number of grown-up butchers and butcher-lings habited as Spanish grandees, Turkish agas, Roman senators, and what not, following the animal, and causing the air to resound with a most infernal music of horns and instruments of brass. Triumphal cars, adorned with tinsel and filled with musicians—troops of actors from Franconi's, mounted on the steeds of that establishment, and decorated in its finest costumes, join in the august ceremonial, and crowds of masks which cover the faces of many idle, merry young people of both sexes, and of an infinite number of the blackguards of the capital, wander up and down the Boulevards on foot, on horseback, in carriages, and jingling *cabriolets de place*, and have done so from time immemorial.

At three o'clock, as the papers say ominously, the ox's promenade *is concluded*;—at about four, very likely, that enormous quadruped receives a blow from a hammer betwixt his gilded horns, and has been served out to-day in steaks and collops to the beef amateurs who frequent Mr. Roland's shop. And a curious thing it is that the wondrous animal has the faculty of indefinite multiplication; there is not an eating-house in Paris but can give you a slice of him—a real authentic *bondâ fide* fillet or *entrecôte*. Half-a-dozen hecatombs of oxen must be slaughtered if the facts were known; but each man is fain to believe that his particular portion is genuine—as they show you in convents five hundred undoubted skulls of St. This or St. That, and bits of the true cross, that, added together, would be enough to furnish all the wood-work for Oxford Street.

¹ [*The Britannia*, June 5, 1841.]

For more than a month previous, the town has been running madly to masquerades at the theatres, and every young man and maiden (the latter word is used from pure politeness) who had a few franc pieces in their pockets, saved against the happy period, or a coat or a shawl which would produce a little money *chez ma tante*—‘my uncle’ is the affectionate term applied to the same personage in England—had been intriguing here, and dancing to his mad heart’s content. You see a tolerable number of great raw young English lads joining clumsily in the festivities of the masquerades; but on this point I can only speak from hearsay, not having seen one of these balls for more than ten years, when I was so frightened and wonder-stricken by the demoniacal frantic yells and antics of the frequenters of the place, as to slink home perfectly dumb and miserable, not without some misgivings lest some real demons from below, with real pitchforks and tails, should spring out of the trap-doors of the play-house, as the sham-fiends do in *Don Juan*, and drive the dancers and musicians headlong down, sending the theatre itself down after them, and leaving only behind them a smoky warning smell of sulphur. However, the next day there was the theatre in its place, having a dismal, rakish appearance (with dead lamps over the doors, and pale, bleared transparencies that looked as if they had been up all night); and it is probable that the three thousand mad people of the night before were pretty well restored to their sober senses and back to their counters and their work again.

The only acquaintance I had in the place upon the awful night of the masked ball was a lady who tapped me on my shoulder, saluted me by my name, and was good enough to put her arm into mine quite uninvited, and to walk once or twice with me up and down the room. This lovely creature appeared to be about five-and-thirty years of age;—she was dressed like a man, in a blouse and pair of very dirty-white trousers—had an oilskin hat, ornamented with a huge quantity of various-coloured ribbons, and under it an enormous wig with three tails, that dangled down the lady’s back; it was of the fashion of the time of Louis XV., and so old and dirty that I have no doubt it had been worn at Carnivals any time since the death of that monarch.—‘Don’t you know me?’ said she, after a moment, seeing my wonder, and as confessing my forgetfulness, she told me who she was.

Indeed, I recollect her a governess in a very sober, worthy family in England, where she brought up the daughters, and had been selected especially because she was a *Protestant*. I believe the woman did her duty perfectly well in her station, but, upon my word, she told me she had pawned her gown to get this dis-

gusting old dress, and dance at this disgusting masquerade. She was not very young, as has been seen, and had never been pretty. Squalid poverty had not increased her charms; but here she was as mad after the Carnival as the rest, and enjoying herself along with the other mad men and women. In her private capacity she was a workwoman; she lived in the Rue Neuve St. Augustin, and I found her a few days afterwards eating garlic soup in a foul porter's lodge, from which she conducted me up a damp, mouldy staircase to her own apartment, on the seventh floor, with the air and politeness of a duchess.

If a wicked world is anxious to know what took a married man into such a quarter, let it be honestly confessed that the visit arose upon the subject of a half-dozen of shirts which the lady made for me. She did not cheat her customer out of a sixpence-worth of cloth, and finished the collars and wristbands to admiration. An honest *lingère* of the Rue Vivienne asked double the sum for a similar article.

Madame or Mademoiselle Pauline must be now five-and-forty years old, and I wonder whether she still goes to the Carnival balls? If she is alive, and has a gown to pawn, or a shilling to buy a ticket, or a friend to give her one, or is not in the hospital, no doubt she was dancing away last night to the sound of Monsieur Dufresne's trumpets, and finished the morning at the Courtille.

Que voulez-vous? it is her nature. Before she turned Protestant, and instructed that respectable English family in whose bosom she found a home, where she became acquainted with all the elegancies of life, and habituated to the luxuries of refinement, where she had a comfortable hot joint every day with the children, in the nursery, at one, and passed the evening deliciously in the drawing-room, listening to the conversation of the ladies, making tea, mayhap, for the gentlemen as they came up from their wine, or playing quadrilles and waltzes when her lady desired her to do so—before this period of her genteel existence, it is probable that Mademoiselle Pauline was a *grisette*. When she quitted Sir John's family she had his recommendation, and an offer of another place equally eligible; more children to bring up, more walks in the park or the square, more legs of mutton at one. She might have laid by a competence if she had been thrifty, or have seized upon a promise of marriage from young Master Tom, at College, if she had been artful; or, better still, from a respectable governess have become a respectable step-mother, as many women with half her good looks have done. But no. A *grisette* she was, and a *grisette* she would be; and left the milords and miladies, and *cette triste ville de Londres où l'on ne danse pas seulement le*

Dimanche, for her old quarters, habits, and companions, and that dear old gutter in the Rue du Bac, which Madame de Staël has spoken of so fondly.

A fierce, honest moralist might, to be sure, find a good deal to blame in Madame Pauline's conduct and life; and I should probably offend the reader if I imparted to him secrets which the lady told me with the utmost simplicity, and without the slightest appearance of confusion. But to rightly judge the woman's character, we must take the good and the bad together. It would have been easy for us to coin a romantic, harrowing story of some monstrous seducer, in three volumes, who by his superior blackness of character, should make Madame Pauline appear beside him as white as snow; but I want to make no heroine of her. Let us neither abuse her or pity her too much, but look at the woman such as we find her, if we look at her at all. Her type is quite unknown in England; it tells a whole social history, and speaks of manners and morals widely different from those which obtain in our own country. There are a hundred thousand Paulines in Paris, cheerful in poverty, careless and prodigal in good fortune, but dreadfully lax in some points of morals in which our own females are praiseworthily severe.

No more, however, of the *Grisette*, the jovial devil-may-care patroness of the masked ball. Béranger has immortalised her and her companion; and the reader has but to examine his song of the *Bonne Vielle*, for instance, by the side of Burns's *John Anderson*, to see the different feelings of the two countries upon the above point of morals. Thank God! the Scotchman's is a purer and heartier theory than that of the Frenchman; both express the habits of the people amongst whom they live.

In respect of the *Griset*, if one may coin such a word to denote the male companion of the *grisette*, almost all the youth of Paris (and youth extends to a very good old age in that city) may be ranked. What sets all these men so mad for dancing at a certain age, they lead a life of immorality so extraordinary that an Englishman cannot even comprehend, much more share it. And while we reproach them, and justly, for their immorality, they are, on their part, quite as justly indignant with ours. A Frenchman hardly ever commits an excess of the table;—what Englishman has not in his time? A French gentleman would be disgraced, were he deeply in debt to his tradesman;—is an Englishman disgraced on any such account? Far from it. Debt is a staple joke with our young men. 'Who suffers for your coat?' is or used to be a cant-phrase: comedies upon comedies are written, where the creditor is the universal butt;—the butt of French

comedy is the husband. The same personage and the complication of wrongs which, in his marital quality, he may suffer, forms almost the sole theme of graver French romance. With this means of exciting interest, the usages of our country forbid the English romancer to deal, and he is obliged to resort to murder, robbery, excessive low life, wherewith to tickle his reader. I have never met a Frenchman who could relish the works of our two modern most popular writers, Mr. Dickens and Mr. Ainsworth; Mr. Weller and Dick Turpin are to them immoral and indecent. The French writer, whose works are best known in England, is Monsieur Paul de Kock. Talk to a French educated gentleman about this author, and he shrugs his shoulders, and says it is '*pitoyable*.'

This disquisition is a great deal more *à propos* of the Carnival than, perhaps, the reader thinks for. It does not seem to enter into our neighbours' heads that gallantry is immoral. When they grow old, perhaps, they leave off gallantry and carnivalising; but then it is because they are tired of it, or because they have the rheumatism, and are better at home in bed; or because they prefer a quiet rubber of whist, and so they leave carnivalising to the *jeunesse*; and the *jeunesse* of to-day will probably hand over the same principles and practice to their sons, thinking their *frédaines* as harmless matters of course, and on the score of morality quite easy. There was a time in our country when the process of what was called sowing a man's wild oats was regarded by his elders with great good-humour; but with regard to certain wild oats, our society luckily is growing a great deal more rigid and sensible. There was a time, too, in France, when *roueries* were the fashion, and it was permitted to young gentlemen of condition to intoxicate themselves *au cabaret*, and beat the watch, like my Lord W—— in England; but such *roueries* are immoral now in France, and would cause a man to be degraded and scorned; our public has not gone quite so far, and such conduct, as far as I can judge, is not supposed to affect a man's honour. Thus, on one side and the other, some vices we have abolished and some we have compounded for.

À propos of the Carnival; I have just been to visit a man who has sinned most cruelly against one of the severest laws of French society. He is only five-and-twenty, has not a shilling in the world but what he earns, and has actually committed the most unheard-of crime of *marrying*. Had he made a *ménage* with some young lady of Mademoiselle Pauline's stamp, nobody would have blamed him. His parents, sisters, and friends would have considered and spoken of the thing as a matter of course, and as

one quite compatible with prudence and morality. Louis, however, has married, and is now paying the price of his crime.

He is an engraver and artist by trade; and if he gains a hundred and fifty pounds a year by his labour, it is all that he does. Out of this he has to support a wife, a child, and a *bonne* to cook for him; and to lay by money, if he can, for a rainy day. He works twelve hours at least every day of his life. He can't go into society of evenings, but must toil over his steel-plates all night; he is forced to breakfast off a lump of bread and cheese and a glass of water, in his *atelier*; very often he cannot even find time to dine with his family, but his little wife brings him his soup, and a morsel of beef, of which he snatches a bit as he best may, but can never hope for anything like decent comfort. Fancy how his worthy parents must be *désolés*, at this dreadful position of their son. *Régardez donc Louis*, say his friends, *et puis faites la bêtise de vous marier!*

Well, this monster who has so outraged all the laws of decency, who does not even smoke his pipe at the café, and play his *partie* at dominoes as every honest reputable man should, is somehow or the other, and in the teeth of all reason, the most outrageously absurdly happy man I ever saw. His wife works almost as hard at her needle as he does at his engraving. They live in a garret in the Rue Cadet, and have got a little child, forsooth (as if the pair of them were not enough!), a little rogue that is always trotting from her mother's room to her father's, and is disturbing one or the other with her nonsensical prattle. Their lodging is like a cage of canary birds; there is nothing but singing in it from morning till night. You hear Louis beginning in a bass voice, Tra-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-la, and as sure as fate from Madame Louis's room comes Tra-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-la, in a treble. Little Louise, who is only two years old, must sing too, the absurd little wretch!—and half-a-dozen times in the day, Madame Louis peeps into the *atelier*, and looks over her husband's work, and calls him *lolo*, or *mon bon*, or *mon gros*, or some such coarse name, and once, in my presence, although I was a perfect stranger, actually kissed the man.

Did mortal ever hear of such horrid vulgarity? What earthly right have these people to be happy? And if you would know what Monsieur Louis had to do, *à propos* of the Carnival, all I can say is, that I went to see him on that day, and found him at work as usual, working and singing in his obtuse, unreasonable way, when every person else who had a shade of common sense was abroad on the Boulevards, seeing the *Bœuf Gras* make his usual promenade! Louis, though he looks upon the matter now

with great philosophy, told me, with a rakish air, that there *was* a time when he was mad after masked balls like the rest, and would not have lost his Carnival for the world.

And not only in Paris does the *Bœuf Gras* make his walk. Beeves, more or less fat, promenade in the villages, too; and, having occasion to go to a miserable, mouldy, deserted, straggling place in the environs of Paris, where there are two shops, and two wretched inns or taverns, with faded pictures of billiard-balls and dishes of poultry painted on the damp walls, and a long, straggling street, with almost every tottering tenement in it to let, I saw that the two shops had their windows filled with cheap masks, and met one or two little blackguards of the place disguised, and making their Carnival. In one of the houses of this delectable place a sick friend was lying, and, from his room, we heard a great braying of horns coming from the market-place, where the village fat ox was promenading. A donkey was roaring in concert with the horns, and you heard one or two voices of yelling children that were taking their part in the *fête*.

One other instance, *à propos* of the Carnival, may as well be mentioned. A young lad of fifteen, who is at a school in Paris, has just been giving an account of his share of the festivities. The three last days of the Carnival are holidays for all the schoolboys of the metropolis, and my young informer had his full share of the pleasure. '*Ah! Monsieur Titmarsh,*' said he, '*comme je me suis amusé! J'ai dansé toute la soirée de Dimanche chez Madame—(il y avoient des demoiselles charmantes!) et puis j'ai dansé Lundi, et puis Mardi. Dieu comme c'étoit amusant!*'

With this the little fellow went off perfectly contented to his school, to get up at five o'clock the next morning and continue his studies. And, if the reader wishes to know how the foregoing essay upon Carnivals and English and French usages of society came about, let him be informed that it arose from considering the way in which Monsieur Ernest said he had 'amused' himself.

Was there ever an English boy of fifteen heard of who could amuse himself with dancing for three nights running? What could bring the inhabitants of London to troop like madmen after a fat ox? What power on earth could set a couple of hundred thousand of them dancing and tramping, merely because it was the last day before Lent?

To us, considering these things, and the wonderful difference that a score of miles of salt water can make in the ways and morals of people, it appeared that the little personages above drawn, though very common in France, would be to England

perfectly strange, and might, therefore, be appropriately placed in THE BRITANNIA. And if it be in writing, as in drawing, that a sketch taken from nature of a place never so humble or unpicturesque, has always a certain good in it that is not to be found in fanciful works of far greater pretension—in this manner poor Pauline's rude portrait may find a little favour in the eyes of the public. There are certain little features in the countenance which might, to be sure, be much prettier than they are; but it is best, after all, to take such things as we find them, nor, be they ever so ugly, has nature made them in vain.

LITTLE TRAVELS AND ROAD-SIDE SKETCHES.¹

BY TITMARSH.

I

FROM RICHMOND IN SURREY TO BRUSSELS IN BELGIUM.

. . . I QUITTED the Rose Cottage Hotel at Richmond, one of the comfortablest, quietest, cheapest, neatest little inns in England, and a thousand times preferable, in my opinion, to the Star and Garter, whither, if you go alone, a sneering waiter, with his hair curled, frightens you off the premises; and where, if you are bold enough to brave the sneering waiter, you have to pay ten shillings for a bottle of claret; and whence, if you look out of the window, you gaze on a view which is so rich that it seems to knock you down with its splendour—a view that has its hair curled like the swaggering waiter: I say, I quitted the Rose Cottage Hotel with deep regret, believing that I should see nothing so pleasant as its gardens, and its veal cutlets, and its dear little bowling green elsewhere. But the time comes when people must go out of town, and so I got on the top of the omnibus, and the carpet-bag was put inside.

If I were a great prince and rode outside of coaches (as I should if I were a great prince), I would, whether I smoked or not, have a case of the best Havannahs in my pocket—not for my own smoking, but to give them to the snobs on the coach, who smoke the vilest cheroots. They poison the air with the odour of their filthy weeds. A man at all easy in his circumstances would spare himself much annoyance by taking the above simple precaution.

A gentleman sitting behind me tapped me on the back and asked for a light. He was a footman, or rather valet. He had no livery, but the three friends who accompanied him were tall men in pepper-and-salt undress jackets with a duke's coronet on their buttons.

After tapping me on the back, and when he had finished his

¹ [*Fraser's Magazine*, May, October, 1844; January, 1845.]

cheroot, the gentleman produced another wind-instrument, which he called a 'kinopium,' a sort of trumpet, on which he showed a great inclination to play. He began puffing out of the 'kinopium' a most abominable air, which he said was the 'Duke's March.' It was played by particular request of one of the pepper-and-salt gentry.

The noise was so abominable that even the coachman objected (although my friend's brother footmen were ravished with it) and said that it was not allowed to play toons on *his* bus. 'Very well,' said the valet, '*we're only of the Duke of B——'s establishment, THAT'S ALL.*' The coachman could not resist that appeal to his fashionable feelings. The valet was allowed to play his infernal kinopium, and the poor fellow (the coachman), who had lived in some private families, was quite anxious to conciliate the footmen of the Duke of Buccleuch's establishment, that's all, and told several stories of his having been groom in Captain Hoskins's family, *nephew of Governor Hoskins*, which stories the footmen received with great contempt.

The footmen were like the rest of the fashionable world in this respect. I felt for my part that I respected them. They were in daily communication with a duke! They were not the rose, but they had lived beside it. There is an odour in the English aristocracy which intoxicates plebeians. I am sure that any commoner in England, though he would die rather than confess it, would have a respect for those great, big, hulking duke's footmen.

The day before, her grace the duchess had passed us alone in a chariot-and-four with two outriders. What better mark of innate superiority could man want? Here was a slim lady who required four—six horses to herself, and four servants (kinopium was, no doubt, one of the number) to guard her.

We were sixteen inside and out, and had consequently an eighth of a horse apiece.

A duchess = 6, a commoner = $\frac{1}{8}$; that is to say,

1 duchess = 48 commoners.

If I were a duchess of the present day, I would say to the duke, my noble husband, 'My dearest grace, I think, when I travel alone in my chariot from Hammersmith to London, I will not care for the outriders. In these days, when there is so much poverty and so much disaffection in the country, we should not *éclabousser* the *canaille* with the sight of our preposterous prosperity.'

But this is very likely only plebeian envy, and I daresay, if I were a lovely duchess of the realm, I would ride in a coach and

six, with a coronet on the top of my bonnet and a robe of velvet and ermine even in the dog-days.

Alas! these are the dog-days. Many dogs are abroad, snarling dogs, biting dogs, envious dogs, mad dogs; beware of exciting the fury of such with your flaming red velvet and dazzling ermine. It makes ragged Lazarus doubly hungry to see Dives feasting in cloth of gold; and so if I were a beauteous duchess. . . . Silence, vain man, can the queen herself make you a duchess? Be content, then, nor gibe at thy betters of 'the Duke of B——'s establishment—that's all.'

*On board the 'Antwerpen,'
off everywhere.*

We have bidden adieu to Billingsgate, we have passed the Thames Tunnel; it is one o'clock, and of course people are thinking of being hungry. What a merry place a steamer is on a calm sunny summer forenoon, and what an appetite every one seems to have! We are, I assure you, no less than 170 noblemen and gentlemen together pacing up and down under the awning or lolling on the sofas in the cabin, and hardly have we passed Greenwich when the feeding begins. The company was at the brandy and soda-water in an instant (there is a sort of legend that the beverage is a preservative against sea-sickness), and I admired the penetration of gentlemen who partook of the drink. In the first place, the steward *will* put so much brandy into the tumbler that it is fit to choke you; and secondly, the soda-water, being kept as near as possible to the boiler of the engine, is of a fine wholesome heat when presented to the hot and thirsty traveller. Thus he is prevented from catching any sudden cold which might be dangerous to him.

The forepart of the vessel is crowded to the full as much as the genteeler quarter. There are four carriages, each with piles of imperials and aristocratic gimcracks of travel, under the wheels of which those personages have to clamber who have a mind to look at the bowsprit, and perhaps to smoke a cigar at ease. The carriages overcome, you find yourself confronted by a huge penful of Durham oxen, lying on hay and surrounded by a barricade of oars. Fifteen of these horned monsters maintain an incessant mooing and bellowing. Beyond the cows come a heap of cotton bags, beyond the cotton bags more carriage, more pyramids of travelling trunks, and valets and couriers bustling and swearing round about them. And already, and in various corners and niches, lying on coils of rope, black tar cloths, ragged

cloaks, or hay, you see a score of those dubious fore-cabin passengers, who are never shaved, who always look unhappy, and appear getting ready to be sick.

At one, dinner begins in the after-cabin—boiled salmon, boiled beef, boiled mutton, boiled cabbage, boiled potatoes, and parboiled wine for any gentlemen who like it, and two roast ducks between seventy. After this, knobs of cheese are handed round on a plate, and there is a talk of a tart somewhere at some end of the table. All this I saw peeping through a sort of meat-safe which ventilates the top of the cabin, and very happy and hot did the people seem below.

‘How the deuce *can* people dine at such an hour?’ say several genteel fellows who are watching the manœuvres. ‘I can’t touch a morsel before seven.’

But somehow at half-past three o’clock we had dropped a long way down the river. The air was delightfully fresh, the sky of a faultless cobalt, the river shining and flashing like quicksilver, and at this period steward runs against me bearing two great smoking dishes covered by two great glistening hemispheres of tin. ‘Fellow,’ says I, ‘what’s that?’

He lifted up the cover; it was ducks and green peas, by jingo!

‘What, haven’t they done *yet*, the greedy creatures?’ I asked. ‘Have the people been feeding for three hours?’

‘Law bless you, sir, it’s the second dinner. Make haste, or you won’t get a place,’ at which words a genteel party, with whom I had been conversing, instantly tumbled down the hatchway, and I find myself one of the second relay of seventy who are attacking the boiled salmon, boiled beef, boiled cabbage, etc. As for the ducks, I certainly had some peas, very fine yellow stiff peas that ought to have been split before they were boiled; but with regard to the ducks, I saw the animals gobbled up before my eyes by an old widow lady and her party just as I was shrieking to the steward to bring a knife and fork to carve them. The fellow (I mean the widow lady’s whiskered companion)! I saw him eat peas with the very knife with which he had dissected the duck!

After dinner (as I need not tell the keen observer of human nature who peruses this) the human mind, if the body be in a decent state, expands into gaiety and benevolence, and the intellect longs to measure itself in friendly converse with the divers intelligences around it. We ascend upon deck, and after eyeing each other for a brief space and with a friendly, modest hesitation, we begin anon to converse about the weather and other profound and delightful themes of English discourse. We confide to each other

our respective opinions of the ladies round about us. Look at that charming creature in a pink bonnet and a dress of the pattern of a Kilmarnock snuff-box; a stalwart Irish gentleman in a green coat and bushy red whiskers is whispering something very agreeable into her ear, as is the wont of a gentleman of his nation; for her dark eyes kindle, her red lips open and give an opportunity to a dozen beautiful pearly teeth to display themselves, and glance brightly in the sun, while round the teeth and the lips a number of lovely dimples make their appearance, and her whole countenance assumes a look of perfect health and happiness. See her companion in shot silk and a dove-coloured parasol; in what a graceful Watteau-like attitude she reclines. The tall courier who has been bouncing about the deck in attendance upon these ladies (it is his first day of service, and he is eager to make a favourable impression on them and the ladies'-maids too) has just brought them from the carriage a small paper of sweet cakes (nothing is prettier than to see a pretty woman eating sweet biscuits) and a bottle that evidently contains Malmsey madeira. How daintily they sip it; how happy they seem, how that lucky rogue of an Irishman prattles away! Yonder is a noble group indeed; an English gentleman and his family. Children, mother, grandmother, grown-up daughters, father, and domestics, twenty-two in all. They have a table to themselves on the deck, and the consumption of eatables among them is really endless. The nurses have been bustling to and fro and bringing first, slices of cake; then dinner; then tea with huge family jugs of milk; and the little people have been playing hide-and-seek round the deck, coquetting with the other children, and making friends of every soul on board. I love to see the kind eyes of women fondly watching them as they gambol about; a female face, be it ever so plain, when occupied in regarding children becomes celestial almost, and a man can hardly fail to be good and happy while he is looking on at such sights. 'Ah, sir!' says a great big man, whom you would not accuse of sentiment, 'I have a couple of those little things at home;' and he stops and heaves a great big sigh and swallows down a half-tumbler of cold something and water. We know what the honest fellow means well enough. He is saying to himself 'God bless my girls and their mother!' but, being a Briton, is too manly to speak out in a more intelligible way. Perhaps it is as well for him to be quiet, and not chatter and gesticulate like those Frenchmen a few yards from him, who are chirping over a bottle of champagne.

There is, as you may fancy, a number of such groups on the deck, and a pleasant occupation it is for a lonely man to watch

them and build theories upon them and examine those two personages seated cheek by jowl. One is an English youth, travelling for the first time, who has been hard at his Guide-book during the whole journey. He has a *Manuel du Voyageur* in his pocket; a very pretty, amusing little oblong work it is too, and might be very useful, if the foreign people in three languages, among whom you travel, would but give the answers set down in the book, or understand the questions you put to them out of it. The other honest gentleman in the fur cap, what can his occupation be? We know him at once for what he is. 'Sir,' says he, in a fine German accent, 'I am a brofessor of languages, and will gif you lessons in Danish, Swedish, English, Bortuguese, Spanish and Bersian.' Thus occupied in meditations, the rapid hours and the rapid steamer pass quickly on. The sun is sinking, and as he drops, the ingenious luminary sets the Thames on fire: several worthy gentlemen, watch in hand, are eagerly examining the phenomena attending his disappearance,—rich clouds of purple and gold, that form the curtains of his bed,—little barks that pass black across his disk, his disk every instant dropping nearer and nearer the water. 'There he goes!' says one sagacious observer. 'No, he doesn't,' cries another. Now he is gone, and the steward is already threading the deck, asking the passengers, right and left, if they will take a little supper. What a grand object is a sunset, and what a wonder is an appetite at sea! Lo! the horned moon shines pale over Margate, and the red beacon is gleaming from distant Ramsgate pier.

A great rush is speedily made for the mattresses that lie in the boat at the ship's side; and, as the night is delightfully calm, many fair ladies and worthy men determine to couch on deck for the night. The proceedings of the former, especially if they be young and pretty, the philosopher watches with indescribable emotion and interest. What a number of pretty coquetries do the ladies perform, and into what pretty attitudes do they take care to fall. All the little children have been gathered up by the nursery-maids, and are taken down to roost below. Balmy sleep seals the eyes of many tired wayfarers, as you see in the case of the Russian nobleman asleep among the portmanteaus; and Titmarsh, who has been walking the deck for some time with a great mattress on his shoulders, knowing full well, that were he to relinquish it for an instant, some other person would seize on it, now stretches his bed upon the deck, wraps his cloak about his knees, draws his white cotton nightcap tight over his head and ears; and, as the smoke of his cigar rises calmly upwards to the deep sky and the

cheerful twinkling stars, he feels himself exquisitely happy, and thinks of thee, my Juliana!

Why people, because they are in a steam-boat, should get up so deucedly early, I cannot understand. Gentlemen have been walking over my legs ever since three o'clock this morning, and, no doubt, have been indulging in personalities (which I hate) regarding my appearance and manner of sleeping, lying, snoring. Let the wags laugh on; but a far pleasanter occupation is to sleep until breakfast-time or near it.

The tea, and ham and eggs, which, with a beef-steak or two, and three or four rounds of toast, form the component parts of the above-named elegant meal, are taken in the river Scheldt. Little, neat, plump-looking churches and villages are rising here and there among tufts of trees and pastures that are wonderfully green. To the right, as the Guide-book says, is Walcheren; and on the left Cadsand, memorable for the English expedition of 1809, when Lord Chatham, Sir Walter Manny, and Henry, Earl of Derby, at the head of the English, gained a great victory over the Flemish mercenaries in the pay of Philippe of Valois. The cloth-yard shafts of the English archer did great execution. Flushing was taken, and Lord Chatham returned to England, where he distinguished himself greatly in the debates on the American war, which he called the brightest jewel of the British crown. You see, my love, that, though an artist by profession, my education has by no means been neglected; and what, indeed, would be the pleasure of travel, unless these charming, historical recollections were brought to bear upon it?

Antwerp.

As many hundreds of thousands of English visit this city (I have met at least a hundred of them in this half-hour walking the streets, Guide-book in hand), and as the ubiquitous Murray has already depicted the place, there is no need to enter into a long description of it, its neatness, its beauty, and its stiff antique splendour. The tall, pale houses have many of them crumpled gables, that look like Queen Elizabeth's ruffs. There are as many people in the streets as in London at three o'clock in the morning; the market-women wear bonnets of a flower-pot shape, and have shining brazen milk-pots, which are delightful to the eyes of a painter. Along the quays of the last Scheldt are innumerable good-natured groups of beer-drinkers (small beer is the most good-natured drink in the world); along the barriers outside of the

town, and by the glistening canals, are more beer-shops and more beer-drinkers. The city is defended by the queerest fat military. The chief traffic is between the hotels and the railroad. The hotels give wonderful good dinners, and especially at the Grand Laboureur may be mentioned a peculiar tart, which is the best of all tarts that ever a man ate since he was ten years old. A moonlight walk is delightful. At ten o'clock the whole city is quiet; and so little changed does it seem to be, that you may walk back three hundred years into time, and fancy yourself a majestical Spaniard, or an oppressed and patriotic Dutchman at your leisure. You enter the inn, and the old Quentin Durward courtyard, on which the old towers look down. There is a sound of singing—singing at midnight. Is it Don Sombrero, who is singing an Andalusian seguidilla under the window of the Flemish burgomaster's daughter? Ah, no! it is a fat Englishman in a zephyr coat; he is drinking cold gin and water in the moonlight, and warbling softly,

Nix my dolly, pals, fake away,
N-ix my dolly, pals, fake a-a-way.

I wish the good people would knock off the top part of Antwerp Cathedral spire. Nothing can be more gracious and elegant than the lines of the first two compartments; but near the top there bulges out a little round, ugly, vulgar, Dutch monstrosity (for which the architects have, no doubt, a name) which offends the eye cruelly. Take the Apollo, and set upon him a bob-wig and a little cocked hat; imagine 'God save the King' ending with a jig; fancy a polonaise, or procession of slim, stately, elegant court beauties headed by a buffoon dancing a hornpipe. Marshal Gérard should have discharged a bomb-shell at that abomination, and have given the noble steeple a chance to be finished in the grand style of the early fifteenth century, in which it was begun.

This style of criticism is base and mean, and quite contrary to the orders of the immortal Goethe, who was only for allowing the eye to recognise the beauties of a great work, but would have its defects passed over. It is an unhappy, luckless organisation which will be perpetually fault-finding, and in the midst of a grand concert of music will persist only in hearing that unfortunate fiddle out of tune.

Within—except where the rococo architects have introduced their ornaments (here is the fiddle out of tune again)—the cathedral is noble. A rich, tender sunshine is streaming in through the windows, and gilding the stately edifice with the purest light. The admirable stained-glass windows are not too brilliant in their

colours. The organ is playing a rich, solemn music; some two hundred of people are listening to the service; and there is scarce one of the women kneeling on her chair, enveloped in her full, majestic, black drapery, but is not a fine study for a painter. These large black mantles of heavy silk brought over the heads of the women, and covering their persons, fall into such fine folds of drapery, that they cannot help being picturesque and noble. See, kneeling by the side of two of those fine devout-looking figures, is a lady in a little twiddling Parisian hat and feather, in a little lace mantelet, in a tight gown and a bustle. She is almost as monstrous as yonder figure of the Virgin, in a hoop, and with a huge crown and a ball and sceptre; and a bambino dressed in a little hoop, and in a little crown, round which are clustered flowers and pots of orange-trees, and before which many of the faithful are at prayer. Gentle clouds of incense come wafting through the vast edifice; and in the hulls of the music you hear the faint chant of the priest, and the silver tinkle of the bell.

Six Englishmen, with the commissionaires and the Murray's Guide-books in their hands, are looking at the 'Descent from the Cross.' Of this picture the Guide-book gives you orders how to judge. If it is the end of religious painting to express the religious sentiment, a hundred of inferior pictures must rank before Rubens. Who was ever piously affected by any picture of the master? He can depict a livid thief writhing upon the cross, sometimes a blonde Magdalen weeping below it; but it is a Magdalen a very short time indeed after her repentance; her yellow brocades and flaring satins are still those which she wore when she was of the world; her body has not yet lost the marks of the feasting and voluptuousness in which she used to indulge, according to the legend. Not one of the Rubens' pictures, among all the scores that decorate chapels and churches here, has the least tendency to purify, to touch the affections, or to awaken the feelings of religious respect and wonder. The 'Descent from the Cross' is vast, gloomy, and awful; but the awe inspired by it is, as I take it, altogether material. He might have painted a picture of any criminal broken on the wheel, and the sensation inspired by it would have been precisely similar. Nor in a religious picture do you want the *savoir-faire* of the master to be always protruding itself; it detracts from the feeling of reverence just as the thumping of cushion and the spouting of tawdry oratory does from a sermon. Meek religion disappears, shouldered out of the desk by the pompous, stalwart, big-chested, fresh-coloured, bushy-whiskered pulpiteer. Rubens' piety has always struck us as of this sort. If he takes a pious subject, it is to show you in what a

fine way he, Peter Paul Rubens, can treat it. He never seems to doubt but that he is doing it a great honour. His 'Descent from the Cross,' and its accompanying wings and cover, are a set of puns upon the word Christopher, of which the taste is more odious than that of the hooped-petticoated Virgin yonder, with her artificial flowers, and her rings and brooches. The people who made an offering of that hooped-petticoat did their best, at any rate; they knew no better. There is humility in that simple, quaint present; trustfulness and kind intention. Looking about at other altars, you see (much to the horror of our pious) all sorts of queer little emblems hanging up under little pyramids of penny candles that are sputtering and flaring there. Here you have a silver arm, or a little gold toe, or a wax leg, or a gilt eye, signifying and commemorating cures that have been performed by the supposed intercession of the saint over whose chapel they hang. Well, although they are abominable superstitions, yet these queer little offerings seem to me to be a great deal more pious than Rubens' big pictures; just as is the widow with her poor little mite compared to the swelling Pharisee who flings his purse of gold into the plate.

A couple of days of Rubens and his church pictures makes one thoroughly and entirely sick of him. His very genius and splendour palls upon one, even taking the pictures as worldly pictures. One grows weary of being perpetually feasted with this rich, coarse, steaming food. Considering them as church pictures, I don't want to go to church to hear, however splendid, an organ play the 'British Grenadiers.'

The Antwerprians have set up a clumsy bronze statue of their divinity in a square of the town; and those who have not enough of Rubens in the churches may study him, and indeed to much greater advantage, in a good, well-lighted museum. Here there is one picture, a dying saint taking the communion, a large piece ten or eleven feet high, and painted in an incredibly short space of time, which is extremely curious indeed for the painter's study. The picture is scarcely more than an immense magnificent sketch; but it tells the secret of the artist's manner, which, in the midst of its dash and splendour, is curiously methodical. Where the shadows are warm the lights are cold, and *vice versa*; and the picture has been so rapidly painted, that the tints lie raw by the side of one another, the artist not having taken the trouble to blend them.

There are two exquisite Vandykes (whatever Sir Joshua may say of them), and in which the very management of the grey

tones which the President abuses forms the principal excellence and charm. Why, after all, are we not to have our opinion? Sir Joshua is not the Pope. The colour of one of those Vandykes is as fine as *fine* Paul Veronese, and the sentiment beautifully tender and graceful.

I saw, too, an exhibition of the modern Belgian artists (1843), the remembrance of whose pictures after a month's absence has almost entirely vanished. Wappers' hand, as I thought, seemed to have grown old and feeble. Verboeckhoven's cattle-pieces are almost as good as Paul Potter's, and Keyser has dwindled down into namby-pamby prettiness, pitiful to see in the gallant young painter who astonished the Louvre artists ten years ago by a hand almost as dashing and ready as that of Rubens himself. There were besides many caricatures of the new German school, which are in themselves caricatures of the masters before Raphael.

An instance of honesty may be mentioned here with applause. The writer lost a pocket-book containing a passport and a couple of modest ten-pound notes. The person who found the portfolio ingeniously put it into the box of the post-office, and it was faithfully restored to the owner; but somehow the two ten-pound notes were absent. It was, however, a great comfort to get the passport, and the pocket-book, which must be worth about ninepence.

Brussels.

It was night when we arrived by the railroad from Antwerp at Brussels; the route is very pretty and interesting, and the flat countries through which the road passes in the highest state of peaceful, smiling cultivation. The fields by the road-side are inclosed by hedges as in England, the harvest was in part down, and an English country gentleman who was of our party pronounced the crops to be as fine as any he had ever seen. Of this matter a Cockney cannot judge accurately, but any man can see with what extraordinary neatness and care all these little plots of ground are tilled, and admire the richness and brilliancy of the vegetation. Outside of the moat of Antwerp, and at every village by which we passed, it was pleasant to see the happy congregations of well-clad people that basked in the evening sunshine, and soberly smoked their pipes and drank their Flemish beer. Men who love this drink must, as I fancy, have something essentially peaceful in their composition, and must be more easily satisfied than folks on our side of the water. The excitement of Flemish beer is, indeed, not great. I have tried both the white beer and the brown;

they are both of the kind which schoolboys denominate 'swipes,' very sour and thin to the taste, but served, to be sure, in quaint Flemish jugs that do not seem to have changed their form since the days of Rubens, and must please the lovers of antiquarian knick-knacks. Numbers of comfortable-looking women and children sat beside the head of the family upon the tavern benches, and it was amusing to see one little fellow of eight years old smoking, with much gravity, his father's cigar. How the worship of the sacred plant of tobacco has spread through all Europe! I am sure that the persons who cry out against the use of it are guilty of superstition and unreason, and that it would be a proper and easy task for scientific persons to write an encomium upon the weed. In solitude it is the pleasantest companion possible, and in company never *de trop*. To a student it suggests all sorts of agreeable thoughts; it refreshes the brain when weary, and every sedentary cigar-smoker will tell you how much good he has had from it, and how he has been able to return to his labour, after a quarter of an hour's mild interval of the delightful leaf of Havannah. Drinking has gone from among us since smoking came in. It is a wicked error to say that smokers are drunkards; drink they do, but of gentle diluents mostly, for fierce stimulants of wine or strong liquors are abhorrent to the real lover of the Indian weed. Ah! my Juliana, join not in the vulgar cry that is raised against us. Cigars and cool drinks beget quiet conversations, good-humour, meditation; not hot blood such as mounts into the head of drinkers of apoplectic port or dangerous claret. Are we not more moral and reasonable than our forefathers? Indeed I think so somewhat; and many improvements of social life and converse must date with the introduction of the pipe.

We were a dozen tobacco-consumers in the wagon of the train that brought us from Antwerp; nor did the women of the party (sensible women!) make a single objection to the fumigation. But enough of this; only let me add, in conclusion, that an excellent Israelitish gentleman, Mr. Hartog of Antwerp, supplies cigars for a penny apiece, such as are not to be procured in London for four times the sum.

Through smiling corn-fields, then, and by little woods, from which rose here and there the quaint peaked towers of some old-fashioned *châteaux*, our train went smoking along at thirty miles an hour. We caught a glimpse of Mechlin steeple, at first dark against the sunset, and afterwards bright as we came to the other side of it, and admired long glistening canals or moats that surrounded the queer old town, and were lighted up in that wonderful way which the sun only understands, and not even Mr. Turner,

with all his vermilion and gamboge, can put down on canvas. The verdure was everywhere astonishing, and we fancied we saw many golden Cuyps as we passed by these quiet pastures.

Steam-engines and their accompaniments, blazing forges, gaunt manufactories, with numberless windows and long black chimneys, of course take away from the romance of the place; but, as we whirled into Brussels, even these engines had a fine appearance. Three or four of the snorting, galloping monsters had just finished their journey, and there was a quantity of flaming ashes lying under the brazen bellies of each that looked properly lurid and demoniacal. The men at the station came out with flaming torches—awful-looking fellows, indeed! Presently the different baggage was handed out, and in the very worst vehicle I ever entered, and at the very slowest pace, we were borne to the Hôtel de Suède, from which house of entertainment this letter is written.

We strolled into the town, but though the night was excessively fine and it was not yet eleven o'clock, the streets of the little capital were deserted, and the handsome blazing *cafés* round about the theatres contained no inmates. Ah, what a pretty sight is the Parisian Boulevard on a night like this! how many pleasant hours has one passed in watching the lights, and the hum, and the stir, and the laughter of those happy, idle people! There was none of this gaiety here; nor was there a person to be found, except a skulking commissioner or two (whose real name in French is that of a fish that is eaten with fennel-sauce), and who offered to conduct us to certain curiosities in the town. What must we English not have done, that in every town in Europe we are to be fixed upon by scoundrels of this sort; and what a pretty reflection it is on our country that such rascals find the means of living on us!

Early the next morning we walked through a number of streets in the place, and saw certain sights. The Park is very pretty, and all the buildings round about it have an air of neatness—almost of stateliness. The houses are tall, the streets spacious, and the roads extremely clean. In the Park is a little theatre, a café, somewhat ruinous, a little palace for the king of this little kingdom, some smart public buildings (with S.P.Q.B emblazoned on them, at which pompous inscription one cannot help laughing), and other rows of houses somewhat resembling a little Rue de Rivoli. Whether from my own natural greatness and magnanimity, or from that handsome share of national conceit that every Englishman possesses, my impressions of this city are certainly anything but respectful. It has an absurd kind of Lilliput look with

it. There are soldiers, just as in Paris, better dressed, and doing a vast deal of drumming and bustle ; and yet, somehow, far from being frightened at them, I feel inclined to laugh in their faces. There are little ministers, who work at their little bureaux, and to read the journals, how fierce they are ! A great thundering *Times* could hardly talk more big. One reads about the rascally ministers, the miserable opposition, the designs of tyrants, the eyes of Europe, etc., just as one would in real journals. *The Moniteur* of Ghent belabours *The Independent* of Brussels ; *The Independent* falls foul of *The Lynx* ; and really it is difficult not to suppose sometimes that these worthy people are in earnest. And yet how happy were they *sua si bona norint* ! Think what a comfort it would be to belong to a little state like this ; not to abuse their privilege, but philosophically to use it. If I were a Belgian, I would not care one single fig about politics. I would not read thundering leading articles. I would not have an opinion. What's the use of an opinion here ? Happy fellows ! do not the French, the English, and the Prussians spare them the trouble of thinking, and make all their opinions for them ? Think of living in a country free, easy, respectable, wealthy, and with the nuisance of talking politics removed from out of it. All this might the Belgians have, and a part do they enjoy, but not the best part ; no, these people will be brawling and by the ears, and parties run as high here as at Stoke Pogis or Little Pedlington.

These sentiments were elicited by the reading of a paper at the *café* in the Park, where we sat under the trees for a while and sipped our cool lemonade. Numbers of statues decorate the place, the very worst I ever saw. These Cupids must have been erected in the time of the Dutch dynasty, as I judge from the immense posterior developments. Indeed the arts of the country are very low. The statues here, and the lions before the Prince of Orange's palace, would disgrace almost the figure-head of a ship.

Of course we paid our visit to this little lion of Brussels (the prince's palace, I mean). The architecture of the building is admirably simple and firm ; and you remark about it, and all other works here, a high finish in doors, wood-work, paintings, etc., that one does not see in France, where the buildings are often rather sketched than completed, and the artist seems to neglect the limbs, as it were, and extremities of his figures.

The finish of this little place is exquisite. We went through some dozen of state rooms, paddling along over the slippery floors of inlaid woods in great slippers, without which we must have come to the ground. How did his Royal Highness the Prince of Orange manage when he lived here, and her Imperial Highness the Princess,

and their excellencies the chamberlains, and the footmen? They must have been on their tails many times a-day, that's certain, and must have cut queer figures.

The ball-room is beautiful—all marble, and yet with a comfortable, cheerful look; the other apartments are not less agreeable, and the people looked with intense satisfaction at some great lapis-lazuli tables, which the guide informed us were worth four millions, more or less; adding, with a very knowing look, that they were *un peu plus cher que l'or*. This speech has a tremendous effect on visitors, and when we met some of our steam-boat companions in the Park or elsewhere—in so small a place as this one falls in with them a dozen times a day—'Have you seen the tables?' was the general question. Prodigious tables are they, indeed! Fancy a table, my dear—a table four feet wide—a table with legs. Ye heavens! the mind can hardly picture to itself anything so beautiful and so tremendous!

There are some good pictures in the palace, too, but not so extraordinarily good as the guide-books and the guide would have us to think. The latter, like most men of his class, is an ignoramus, who showed us an Andrea del Sarto (copy or original) and called it a Correggio, and made other blunders of a like nature. As is the case in England, you are hurried through the rooms without being allowed time to look at the pictures, and, consequently, to pronounce a satisfactory judgment on them.

In the museum more time was granted me, and I spent some hours with pleasure there. It is an absurd little gallery, absurdly imitating the Louvre, with just such compartments and pillars as you see in the noble Paris gallery; only here the pillars and capitals are stucco and white in place of marble and gold, and plaster-of-Paris busts of great Belgians are placed between the pillars. An artist of the country has made a portrait containing them, and you will be ashamed of your ignorance when you hear many of their names. Old Tilly of Magdeburg figures in one corner; Rubens, the endless Rubens, stands in the midst. What a noble countenance it is, and what a manly, swaggering consciousness of power!

The picture to see here is a portrait, by the great Peter Paul, of one of the governesses of the Netherlands. It is just the finest portrait that ever was seen. Only a half-length, but such a majesty, such a force, such a splendour, such a simplicity about it! The woman is in a stiff, black dress, with a ruff and a few pearls; a yellow curtain is behind her—the simplest arrangement that can be conceived; but this great man knew how to rise to his occasion; and no better proof can be shown of what a fine gentleman he was

than this his homage to the vice-queen. A common bungler would have painted her in her best clothes, with crown and sceptre, just as our queen has been painted by—but comparisons are odious. Here stands this majestic woman in her every-day working-dress of black satin, *looking your hat off*, as it were. Another portrait of the same personage hangs elsewhere in the gallery, and it is curious to observe the difference between the two, and see how a man of genius paints a portrait, and how a common limner executes it.

Many more pictures are there here by Rubens, or rather from Rubens' manufactory—odious and vulgar most of them are; fat Magdalens, coarse Saints, vulgar Virgins, with the scene-painter's tricks far too evident upon the canvas. By the side of one of the most astonishing colour-pieces in the world, the 'Worshipping of the Magi,' is a famous picture of Paul Veronese that cannot be too much admired. As Rubens sought in the first picture to dazzle and astonish by gorgeous variety, Paul in his seems to wish to get his effect by simplicity, and has produced the most noble harmony that can be conceived. Many more works are there that merit notice—a singularly clever, brilliant, and odious Jordaens, for example; some curious costume-pieces; one or two works by the Belgian Raphael, who was a very Belgian Raphael indeed; and a long gallery of pictures of the very oldest school, that, doubtless, affords much pleasure to the amateurs of ancient art. I confess that I am inclined to believe in very little that existed before the time of Raphael. There is, for instance, the Prince of Orange's picture by Perugino, very pretty, indeed, up to a certain point, but all the heads are repeated, all the drawing is bad and affected; and this very badness and affectation is what the so-called Catholic school is always anxious to imitate. Nothing can be more juvenile or paltry than the works of the native Belgians here exhibited. Tin crowns are suspended over many of them, showing that the pictures are prize compositions, and pretty things, indeed, they are! Have you ever read an Oxford prize-poem? Well, these pictures are worse even than the Oxford poems—an awful assertion to make.

In the matter of eating, dear sir, which is the next subject of the fine arts, a subject that, after many hours' walking, attracts a gentleman very much, let me attempt to recall the transactions of this very day at the *table-d'hôte*: 1, green pea-soup; 2, boiled salmon; 3, mussels; 4, crimped skate; 5, roast meat; 6, patties; 7, melon; 8, carp, stewed with mushrooms and onions; 9, roast turkey; 10, cauliflower and butter; 11, fillets of venison *piqués*, with assafoetida sauce; 12, stewed calf's-ear; 13, roast veal; 14, roast lamb; 15, stewed cherries; 16, rice pudding; 17, Gruyère cheese, and about twenty-four cakes of different kinds.

Except 5, 13, and 14, I give you my word I ate of all written down here, with three rolls of bread, and a score of potatoes. What is the meaning of it? How is the stomach of man brought to desire and to receive all this quantity? Do not gastronomists complain of heaviness in London after eating a couple of mutton chops? Do not respectable gentlemen fall asleep in their arm-chairs? Are they fit for mental labour? Far from it. But look at the difference here; after dinner here one is as light as a gossamer. One walks with pleasure, reads with pleasure, writes with pleasure—nay, there is the supper-bell going at ten o'clock, and plenty of eaters, too. Let lord mayors and aldermen look to it, this fact of the extraordinary increase of appetite in Belgium, and, instead of steaming to Blackwall, come a little farther to Antwerp.

Of ancient architecture in the place, there is a fine old Port de Halle, which has a tall, gloomy, bastille look; a most magnificent town hall, that has been sketched a thousand of times, and, opposite it, a building that I think would be the very model for a Conservative club-house in London. Oh! how charming it would be to be a great painter, and give the character of the building, and the numberless groups round about it. The booths lighted up by the sun, the market-women in their gowns of brilliant hue, each group having a character, and telling its little story, the troops of men lolling in all sorts of admirable attitudes of ease round the great lamp. Half-a-dozen light-blue dragoons are lounging about, and peeping over the artist as the drawing is made, and the sky is more bright and blue than one sees it in a hundred years in London.

The priests of the country are a remarkably well-fed and respectable race, without that scowling, hang-dog look which one has remarked among reverend gentlemen in the neighbouring country of France. Their reverences wear buckles to their shoes, light blue neckcloths, and huge three-cornered hats in good condition. To-day, strolling by the cathedral, I heard the tinkling of a bell in the street, and beheld certain persons, male and female, suddenly plump down on their knees before a little procession that was passing. Two men in black held a tawdry red canopy, a priest walked beneath it holding the sacrament covered with a cloth, and before him marched a couple of little altar-boys in short white surplices, such as you see in Rubens, and holding lacquered lamps. A small train of street-boys followed the procession, cap in hand, and the clergyman finally entered a hospital for old women, near the church, the canopy and the lamp-bearers remaining without.

It was a touching scene, and, as I stayed to watch it, I could not but think of the poor old soul who was dying within, listening to the last words of prayer, led by the hand of the priest to the brink of the black, fathomless grave. How bright the sun was shining without all the time, and how happy and careless everything around us looked !

The Duke d'Arenberg has a picture gallery worthy of his princely house. It does not contain great pieces, but tit-bits of pictures, such as suit an aristocratic epicure. For such persons a great huge canvas is too much, it is like sitting down alone to a roasted ox ; and they do wisely, I think, to patronise small, high-flavoured, delicate *morceaux*, such as the duke has here.

Among them may be mentioned, with special praise, a magnificent small Rembrandt, a Paul Potter of exceeding minuteness and beauty, an Ostade, which reminds one of Wilkie's early performances, and a Dusart quite as good as Ostade. There is a Bergham, much more unaffected than that artist's works generally are ; and, what is more, precious in the eyes of many ladies as an object of art, there is, in one of the grand saloons, some needlework done by the duke's own grandmother, which is looked at with awe by those admitted to see the palace.

The chief curiosity, if not the chief ornament of a very elegant library, filled with vases and bronzes, is a marble head, supposed to be the original head of the Laocoon. It is, unquestionably, a finer head than that which at present figures upon the shoulders of the famous statue. The expression of woe is more manly and intense ; in the group, as we know it, the head of the principal figure has always seemed to me to be a grimace of grief, as are the two accompanying young gentlemen, with their pretty attitudes and their little, silly, open-mouthed despondency. It has always had upon me the effect of a trick, that statue, and not of a piece of true art. It would look well in the vista of a garden ; it is not august enough for a temple, with all its jerks, and twirls, and polite convulsions. But who knows what susceptibilities such a confession may offend ? Let us say no more about the Laocoon, nor its head, nor its tail. The duke was offered its weight in gold, they say, for this head, and refused. It would be a shame to speak ill of such a treasure, but I have my opinion of the man who made the offer.

In the matter of sculpture almost all the Brussels churches are decorated with the most laborious wooden pulpits, which may be worth their weight in gold, too, for what I know, including his reverence preaching inside. At St. Gudule the preacher mounts

into no less a place than the garden of Eden, being supported by Adam and Eve, by Sin and Death, and numberless other animals ; he walks up to his desk by a rustic railing of flowers, fruits, and vegetables, with wooden peacocks, paroquets, monkeys biting apples, and many more of the birds and beasts of the field. In another church the clergyman speaks from out a hermitage ; in a third from a carved palm-tree, which supports a set of oak clouds that form the canopy of the pulpit, and are, indeed, not much heavier in appearance than so many huge sponges. A priest, however tall or stout, must be lost in the midst of all these queer gimcracks ; in order to be consistent, they ought to dress him up, too, in some odd fantastical suit. I can fancy the *curé* of Meudon preaching out of such a place, or the Rev. Sydney Smith, or that famous clergyman of the time of the League, who brought all Paris to laugh and listen to him.

But let us not be too supercilious and ready to sneer. It is only bad taste. It may have been very true devotion which erected these strange edifices.

II.

GHEENT—BRUGES.

GHEENT.

THE Beguine college or village is one of the most extraordinary sights that all Europe can show. On the confines of the town of Ghent you come upon an old-fashioned brick gate, that seems as if it were one of the city barriers ; but on passing it, one of the prettiest sights possible meets the eye ; at the porter's lodge you see an old lady, in black and a white hood, occupied over her book ; before you is a red church with a tall roof and fantastical Dutch pinnacles, and all around it rows upon rows of small houses, the queerest, neatest, nicest that ever were seen (a doll's house is hardly smaller or prettier) ; right and left, on each side of little alleys, these little mansions rise ; they have a courtlet before them, in which some green plants or hollyhocks are growing ; and to each house is a gate, that has mostly a picture or queer-carved ornament upon or about it, and bears the name, not of the Beguine who inhabits it, but of the saint to whom she may have devoted it—the house of St. Stephen, the house of St. Donatus, the English or Angel Convent, and so on. Old ladies in black are pacing in the quiet alleys here and there, and drop

the stranger a curtsey as he passes them and takes off his hat. Never were such patterns of neatness seen as these old ladies and their houses. I peeped into one or two of the chambers, of which the windows were open to the pleasant evening sun, and saw beds scrupulously plain, a quaint old chair or two, and little pictures of favourite saints decorating the spotless white walls. The old ladies kept up a quick, cheerful clatter, as they paused to gossip at the gates of their little domiciles; and with a great deal of artifice, and lurking behind walls, and looking at the church as if I intended to design that, I managed to get a sketch of a couple of them.

But what white paper can render the whiteness of their linen? what black ink can do justice to the lustre of their gowns and shoes? Both of the ladies had a neat ankle and a tight stocking; and I fancy that Heaven is quite as well served in this costume as in the dress of a scowling, stockingless friar, whom I had seen passing just before. The look and dress of the man made me shudder; his great red feet were bound up in a shoe open at the toes, a kind of compromise for a sandal. I had just seen him and his brethren at the Dominican Church, where a mass of music was sung, and orange-trees, flags, and banners decked the aisle of the church.

One begins to grow sick of these churches, and the hideous exhibitions of bodily agonies that are depicted on the sides of all the chapels. Into one wherein we went this morning was what they call a Calvary, a horrible, ghastly image of a Christ in a tomb, the figure of the natural size, and of the livid colour of death; gaping red wounds on the body and round the brows; the whole piece enough to turn one sick, and fit only to brutalise the beholder of it. The Virgin is commonly represented with a dozen swords stuck in her heart; bleeding throats of headless John Baptists are perpetually thrust before your eyes. At the cathedral gate was a *papier-mâché* church ornament shop—most of the carvings and reliefs of the same dismal character: one, for instance, represented a heart with a great gash in it, and a double row of large blood-drops dribbling from it; nails and a knife were thrust into the heart; round the whole was a crown of thorns. Such things are dreadful to think of. The same gloomy spirit which made a religion of them, and worked upon the people by the grossest of all means, terror, distracted the natural feelings of man to maintain its power—shut gentle women into lonely, pitiless convents—frightened poor peasants with tales of torment—taught that the end and labour of life was silence, wretchedness, and the scourge—murdered those, by faggot and

prison, who thought otherwise. How has the blind and furious bigotry of man perverted that which God gave us as our greatest boon, and bid us hate where God bade us love! Thank Heaven that monk has gone out of sight! It is pleasant to look at the smiling, cheerful old Beguine, and think no more of yonder livid face.

One of the many convents in this little religious city seems to be the specimen house which is shown to strangers, for all the guides conduct you thither, and I saw in a book kept for the purpose the names of innumerable Smiths and Joneses registered.

A very kind, sweet-voiced, smiling nun (I wonder, do they always choose the most agreeable and best-humoured sister of the house to show it to strangers?) came tripping down the steps and across the flags of the little garden-court, and welcomed us with much courtesy into the neat little old-fashioned, red-bricked, gable-ended, shining windowed Convent of the Angels. First she showed us a whitewashed parlour, decorated with a grim picture or two and some crucifixes and other religious emblems, where, upon stiff old chairs, the sisters sit and work. Three or four of them were still there, pattering over their laces and bobbins; but the chief part of the sisterhood were engaged in an apartment hard by, from which issued a certain odour which I must say resembled onions, and which was in fact the kitchen of the establishment.

Every Beguine cooks her own little dinner in her own little pipkin; and there were half a score of them, sure enough, busy over their pots and crockery, cooking a repast which, when ready, was carried off to a neighbouring room, the refectory, where, at a ledge-table which is drawn out from under her own particular cupboard, each nun sits and eats her meal in silence. More religious emblems ornamented the carved cupboard doors, and within everything was as neat as neat could be: shining pewter ewers and glasses, snug baskets of eggs and pats of butter, and little bowls with about a farthing's worth of green tea in them—for some great day of *fête*, doubtless. The old ladies sat round as we examined these things, each eating soberly at her ledge and never looking round. There was a bell ringing in the chapel hard by. 'Hark!' said our guide, 'that is one of the sisters dying. Will you come up and see the cells?'

The cells, it need not be said, are the snuggest little nests in the world, with serge-curtained beds and snowy linen, and saints and martyrs pinned against the wall. 'We may sit up till twelve o'clock if we like,' said the nun; 'but we have no fire and no candle, and so what's the use of sitting up? When we have said our prayers we are glad enough to go to sleep.'

I forget, although the good soul told us, how many times in the day, in public and in private, these devotions are made, but fancy that the morning service in the chapel takes place at too early an hour for most easy travellers. We did not fail to attend in the evening, when likewise is a general muster of the seven hundred, minus the absent and sick, and the sight is not a little curious and striking to a stranger.

The chapel is a very big whitewashed place of worship, supported by half a dozen columns on either side, over each of which stands the statue of an apostle, with his emblem of martyrdom. Nobody was as yet at the distant altar, which was too far off to see very distinctly; but I could perceive two statues over it, one of which (S. Lawrence, no doubt) was leaning upon a huge gilt gridiron that the sun lighted up in a blaze—a painful but not a romantic instrument of death. A couple of old ladies in white hoods were tugging and swaying about at two bell-ropes that came down into the middle of the church, and at least five hundred others in white veils were seated all round about us in mute contemplation until the service began, looking very solemn and white and ghastly, like an army of tombstones by moonlight.

The service commenced as the clock finished striking seven: the organ pealed out, a very cracked and old one, and presently some weak old voice from the choir overhead quavered out a canticle; which done, a thin old voice of a priest at the altar far off (and which had now become quite gloomy in the sunset) chanted feebly another part of the service; then the nuns warbled once more overhead; and it was curious to hear, in the intervals of the most lugubrious chants, how the organ went off with some extremely cheerful military or profane air. At one time was a march, at another a quick tune; which ceasing, the old nuns began again, and so sung until the service was ended.

In the midst of it, one of the white-veiled sisters approached us with a very mysterious air, and put down her white veil close to our ears and whispered. Were we doing anything wrong, I wondered? Were they come to that part of the service where heretics and infidels ought to quit the church? What have you to ask, O sacred, white-veiled maid?

All she said was '*Deux centimes pour les suisses*,' which sum was paid, and presently the old ladies, rising from their chairs one by one, came in face of the altar, where they knelt down and said a short prayer; then, rising, unpinned their veils, and folded them up all exactly in the same folds, and fashion, and laid them square like napkins on their heads, and tucked up their long black outer dresses, and trudged off to their convents.

The novices wear black veils, under one of which I saw a young, sad, handsome face; it was the only thing in the establishment that was the least romantic or gloomy: and, for the sake of any reader of a sentimental turn, let us hope that the poor soul has been crossed in love, and that over some soul-stirring tragedy that black curtain has fallen.

Ghent has, I believe, been called a vulgar Venice. It contains dirty canals and old houses that must satisfy the most eager antiquary, though the buildings are not quite in so good preservation as some that may be seen in the Netherlands. The commercial bustle of the place seems considerable, and it contains more beer-shops than any city I ever saw.

These beer-shops seem the only amusement of the inhabitants, until, at least, the theatre shall be built, of which the elevation is now complete; a very handsome and extensive pile. There are beer-shops in the cellars of the houses, which are frequented, it is to be presumed, by the lower sort; there are beer-shops at the barriers, where the citizens and their families repair; and beer-shops in the town, glaring with gas, with long gauze blinds, however, to hide what I hear is a rather questionable reputation.

Our inn, the Hotel of the Post, a spacious and comfortable residence, is on a little place planted round with trees, and that seems to be the Palais Royal of the town. Three clubs, which look from without to be very comfortable, ornament this square with their gas-lamps. Here stands, too, the theatre that is to be; there is a *café*, and on evenings a military band plays the very worst music I ever remember to have heard. I went out to-night to take a quiet walk upon this place, and the horrid brazen discord of these trumpeters set me half mad.

I went to the *café* for refuge, passing on the way a subterranean beer-shop, where men and women were drinking to the sweet music of a cracked barrel-organ. They take in a couple of French papers at this *café*, and the same number of Belgian journals. You may imagine how well the latter are informed, when you hear that the battle of Boulogne, fought by the immortal Louis Napoleon, was not known here until some gentlemen out of Norfolk brought the news from London, and until it had travelled to Paris, and from Paris to Brussels. For a whole hour I could not get a newspaper at the *café*; the horrible brass band in the meantime had quitted the place, and now, to amuse the Ghent citizens, a couple of little boys came to the *café* and set up a small concert: one played ill on the guitar, but sang, very sweetly, plaintive French ballads; the other was the comic singer; he carried about with him a queer, long, damp-looking, mouldy white

hat, with no brim. '*Ecoutez*,' said the waiter to me, '*il va faire l'Anglais, c'est tres drole !*' The little rogue mounted his immense brimless hat, and, thrusting his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, began to *faire l'Anglais*, with a song in which swearing was the principal joke. We all laughed at this, and indeed the little rascal seemed to have a good deal of humour.

How they hate us, these foreigners, in Belgium as much as in France! What lies they tell of us, how gladly they would see us humiliated! Honest folks at home over their port wine say, 'Ay, ay (and very good reason they have too), national vanity, sir, wounded—we have beaten them so often.' My dear sir, there is not a greater error in the world than this. They hate you because you are stupid, hard to please, and intolerably insolent and air-giving. I walked with an Englishman yesterday, who asked the way to a street of which he pronounced the name very badly to a little Flemish boy; the Flemish boy did not answer, and there was my Englishman quite in a rage, shrieking in the child's ear as if he must answer. He seemed to think that it was the duty of 'the snob,' as he called him, to obey the gentleman. This is why we are hated—for pride. In our free country a tradesman, a lackey, or a waiter will submit to almost any given insult from a gentleman: in these benighted lands one man is as good as another; and pray God it may soon be so with us! Of all European people, which is the nation that has the most haughtiness, the strongest prejudices, the greatest reserve, the greatest dulness? I say an Englishman of the genteel classes. An honest groom jokes and hobs-and-nobs and makes his way with the kitchen-maids, for there is good social nature in the man; his master dare not unbend. Look at him, how he scowls at you on your entering an inn-room; think how you scowl yourself to meet his scowl. To-day, as we were walking and staring about the place, a worthy old gentleman in a carriage, seeing a pair of strangers, took off his hat, and bowed very gravely with his old powdered head out of the window: I am sorry to say that our first impulse was to burst out laughing—it seemed so supremely ridiculous that a stranger should notice and welcome another.

As for the notion that foreigners hate us because we have beaten them so often, my dear sir, this is the greatest error in the world; well-educated Frenchmen *do not believe that we have beaten them*. A man was once ready to call me out in Paris because I said that we had beaten the French in Spain; and here before me is a French paper, with a London correspondent discoursing about Louis Buonaparte and his jackass expedition to Boulogne. 'He was received at Eglintoun, it is true,' says the correspondent, 'but

what do you think was the reason? Because the English nobility were anxious *to revenge upon his person* (with some *coups de lance*) *the checks which the "grand homme" his uncle had inflicted on us in Spain.*

This opinion is so general among the French, that they would laugh at you with scornful incredulity if you ventured to assert any other. Foy's history of the Spanish War does not, unluckily, go far enough. I have read a French history which hardly mentions the war in Spain, and calls the battle of Salamanca a French victory. You know how the other day, and in the teeth of all evidence, the French swore to their victory of Toulouse; and so it is with the rest; and you may set it down as pretty certain, 1st, That only a few people know the real state of things in France as to the matter in dispute between us; 2nd, That those who do, keep the truth to themselves, and so it is as if it had never been.

These Belgians have caught up, and quite naturally, the French tone. We are *perfidie Albion* with them still. Here is the Ghent paper, which declares that it is beyond a doubt that Louis Napoleon was sent by the English and Lord Palmerston; and though it states in another part of the journal (from English authority) that the Prince had never seen Lord Palmerston, yet the lie will remain uppermost—the people and the editor will believe it to the end of time. . . . See to what a digression yonder little fellow in the tall hat has given rise! Let us make his picture, and have done with him.

I could not understand, in my walks about this place, which is certainly picturesque enough, and contains extraordinary charms in the shape of old gables, quaint spires, and broad shining canals—I could not at first comprehend why, for all this, the town was especially disagreeable to me, and have only just hit on the reason why. Sweetest Juliana, you will never guess it: it is simply this, that I have not seen a single decent-looking woman in the whole place; they look all ugly, with coarse mouths, vulgar figures, mean mercantile faces; and so the traveller walking among them finds the pleasure of his walk excessively damped, and the impressions made upon him disagreeable.

In the Academy there are no pictures of merit; but sometimes a second-rate picture is as pleasing as the best, and one may pass an hour here very pleasantly. There is a room appropriated to Belgian artists, of which I never saw the like; they are, like all the rest of the things in this country, miserable imitations of the French school—great nude Venuses, and Junos *à la David*, with the drawing left out.

BRUGES.

The change from vulgar Ghent, with its ugly women and coarse bustle, to this quiet, old, half-deserted, cleanly Bruges, was very pleasant. I have seen old men at Versailles, with shabby coats and pigtails, sunning themselves on the benches in the walls; they had seen better days, to be sure, but they were gentlemen still; and so we found, this morning, old dowager Bruges basking in the pleasant August sun, and looking, if not prosperous, at least cheerful and well-bred. It is the quaintest and prettiest of all the quaint and pretty towns I have seen. A painter might spend months here, and wander from church to church, and admire old towers and pinnacles, tall gables, bright canals, and pretty little patches of green garden and moss-grown wall, that reflect in the clear quiet water. Before the inn-window is a garden, from which in the early morning issues a most wonderful odour of stocks and wall-flowers; next comes a road with trees of admirable green; numbers of little children are playing in this road (the place is so clean that they may roll in it all day without soiling their pinafores), and on the other side of the trees are little old-fashioned, dumpy, whitewashed, red-tiled houses. A poorer landscape to draw never was known, nor a pleasanter to see—the children especially, who are inordinately fat and rosy. Let it be remembered, too, that here we are out of the country of ugly women: the expression of the face is almost uniformly gentle and pleasing, and the figures of the women, wrapped in long black monk-like cloaks and hoods, very picturesque. No wonder there are so many children: the guide-book (omniscient Mr. Murray!) says there are fifteen thousand paupers in the town, and we know how such multiply. How the deuce do their children look so fat and rosy? By eating dirt-pies, I suppose. I saw a couple making a very nice savoury one, and another employed in gravely sticking strips of stick betwixt the pebbles at the house-door, and so making for herself a stately garden. The men and women don't seem to have much more to do. There are a couple of tall chimneys at either suburb of the town, where no doubt manufactories are at work, but within the walls everybody seems decently idle.

We have been, of course, abroad to visit the lions. The tower in the Grand Place is very fine, and the bricks of which it is built do not yield a whit in colour to the best stone. The great building round this tower is very like the pictures of the Ducal Palace at Venice; and there is a long market area, with columns down the middle, from which hung shreds of rather lean-looking meat, that would do wonders under the hands of Cattermole or Haghe. In

the tower there is a chime of bells that keep ringing perpetually. They not only play tunes of themselves, and every quarter of an hour, but an individual performs selections from popular operas on them at certain periods of the morning, afternoon, and evening. I have heard to-day 'Suoni la Tromba,' 'Son Vergin Vezzosa,' from the *Puritani*, and other airs, and very badly they were played too; for such a great monster as a tower-bell cannot be expected to imitate Madame Grisi or even Signor Lablache. Other churches indulge in the same amusement, so that one may come here and live in melody all day or night, like the young woman in Moore's *Lalla Rookh*.

In the matter of art, the chief attractions of Bruges are the pictures of Hemling, that are to be seen in the churches, the hospital, and the picture-gallery of the place. There are no more pictures of Rubens to be seen, and, indeed, in the course of a fortnight one has had quite enough of the great man and his magnificent, swaggering canvases. What a difference is here with simple Hemling and the extraordinary creations of his pencil! The hospital is particularly rich in them; and the legend there is that the painter, who had served Charles the Bold in his war against the Swiss, and his last battle and defeat, wandered back wounded and penniless to Bruges, and here found cure and shelter.

This hospital is a noble and curious sight. The great hall is almost as it was in the twelfth century; it is spanned by Saxon arches, and lighted by a multiplicity of Gothic windows of all sizes; it is very lofty, clean, and perfectly well ventilated; a screen runs across the middle of the room, to divide the male from the female patients, and we were taken to examine each ward, where the poor people seemed happier than possibly they would have been in health and starvation without it. Great yellow blankets were on the iron beds, the linen was scrupulously clean, glittering pewter jugs and goblets stood by the side of each patient, and they were provided with godly books (to judge from the binding), in which several were reading at leisure. Honest old comfortable nuns, in queer dresses of blue, black, white, and flannel, were bustling through the room, attending to the wants of the sick. I saw about a dozen of these kind women's faces; one was young—all were healthy and cheerful. One came with bare blue arms and a great pile of linen from an outhouse—such a grange as Cedric the Saxon might have given to a guest for the night. A couple were in a laboratory, a tall, bright, clean room, 500 years old at least. 'We saw you were not very religious,' said one of the old ladies, with a red, wrinkled, good-humoured face, 'by your behaviour yesterday in chapel.' And yet we did

not laugh and talk as we used at college, but were profoundly affected by the scene that we saw there. It was a *fête-day*; a mass of Mozart was sung in the evening—not well sung, and yet so exquisitely tender and melodious, that it brought tears into our eyes. There were not above twenty people in the church; all, save three or four, were women in long black cloaks. I took them for nuns at first. They were, however, the common people of the town, very poor indeed, doubtless, for the priest's box that was brought round was not added to by most of them, and their contributions were but two cent pieces,—five of these go to a penny; but we know the value of such, and can tell the exact worth of a poor woman's mite! The box-bearer did not seem at first willing to accept our donation—we were strangers and heretics; however, I held out my hand, and he came perforce, as it were. Indeed it had only a franc in it; but *que voulez-vous?* I had been drinking a bottle of Rhine wine that day, and how was I to afford more? The Rhine wine is dear in this country, and costs four francs a bottle.

Well, the service proceeded. Twenty poor women, two Englishmen, four ragged beggars, cowering on the steps; and there was the priest at the altar, in a great robe of gold and damask, two little boys in white surplices serving him, holding his robe as he rose and bowed, and the money-gatherer swinging his censer, and filling the little chapel with smoke. The music pealed with wonderful sweetness: you could see the prim white heads of the nuns in their gallery. The evening light streamed down upon old statues of saints and carved brown stalls, and lighted up the head of the golden-haired Magdalen in a picture of the entombment of Christ. Over the gallery, and, as it were, a kind protectress to the poor below, stood the statue of the Virgin.

III.

WATERLOO.

It is, my dear, the happy privilege of your sex in England to quit the dinner-table after the wine-bottles have once or twice gone round it, and you are thereby saved (though, to be sure, I can't tell what the ladies do upstairs)—you are saved two or three hours' excessive dulness, which the men are obliged to go through.

I ask any gentleman who reads this—the letters to my Juliana being written with an eye to publication—to remember especially how many times, how many hundred times, how many thousand times, in

his hearing, the battle of Waterloo has been discussed after dinner, and to call to mind how cruelly he has been bored by the discussion. 'Ah, it was lucky for us that the Prussians came up!' says one little gentleman, looking particularly wise and ominous. 'Hang the Prussians!' (or, perhaps, something stronger)—'the Prussians!' says a stout old Major on half-pay; 'we beat the French without them, sir, as beaten them we always have! We were thundering down the hill of Belle Alliance, sir, at the backs of them, and the French were crying "*Sauve qui peut*" long before the Prussians ever touched them!' And so, the battle opens, and for many mortal hours, amid rounds of claret, rages over and over again.

I thought to myself, considering the above things, what a fine thing it will be in after-days to say that I have been to Brussels and never seen the field of Waterloo; indeed, that I am such a philosopher as not to care a fig about the battle, nay, to regret, rather, that when Napoleon came back, the British Government had not spared their men and left him alone.

But this pitch of philosophy was unattainable. This morning, after having seen the Park, the fashionable boulevard, the pictures, the *cafés*—having sipped, I say, the sweets of every flower that grows in this paradise of Brussels, quite weary of the place, we mounted on a Namur diligence and jingled off at four miles an hour for Waterloo.

The road is very neat and agreeable, the forest of Soignies here and there interposes pleasantly, to give your vehicle a shade; the country, as usual, is vastly fertile and well cultivated. A farmer and the *conducteur* were my companions in the imperial, and, could I have understood their conversation, my dear, you should have had certainly a report of it. The jargon which they talked was, indeed, most queer and puzzling—French, I believe, strangely hashed up and pronounced, for here and there one could catch a few words of it. Now and anon, however, they condescended to speak in the purest French they could muster, and, indeed, nothing is more curious than to hear the French of the country. You can't understand why all the people insist upon speaking it so badly. I asked the conductor if he had been at the battle; he burst out laughing like a philosopher, as he was, and said, '*Pas si bête.*' I asked the farmer whether his contributions were lighter now than in King William's time, and lighter than those in the time of the emperor? He vowed that in war-time he had not more to pay than in time of peace (and this strange fact is vouched for by every person of every nation), and, being asked wherefore the King of Holland had been ousted from his throne, replied at once, '*Parce que c'étoit un voleur*'; for which accusation I believe

there is some show of reason, his majesty having laid hands on much Belgian property before the lamented outbreak which cost him his crown. A vast deal of laughing and roaring passed between these two worthy people and the postilion, whom they called 'baron,' and I thought no doubt that this talk was one of the many jokes that my companions were in the habit of making. But not so; the postilion was an actual baron, the bearer of an ancient name, the descendant of gallant gentlemen. Good heavens! what would Mrs. Trollope say to see his lordship here? His father, the old baron, had dissipated the family fortune, and here was this young nobleman, at about five-and-forty, compelled to bestride a clattering Flemish stallion, and bump over dusty pavements at the rate of five miles an hour. But see the beauty of high blood, with what a calm grace the man of family accommodates himself to fortune. Far from being cast down, his lordship met his fate like a man; he swore and laughed the whole of the journey, and, as we changed horses, condescended to partake of half a pint of Louvain beer, to which the farmer treated him—indeed the worthy rustic treated me to a glass too.

Much delight and instruction have I had in the course of the journey from my guide, philosopher, and friend, the author of *Murray's Handbook*. He has gathered together, indeed, a store of information, and must, to make his single volume, have gutted many hundreds of guide-books. How the Continental *ciceroni* must hate him, whoever he is! Every English party I saw had this infallible red book in their hands, and gained a vast deal of historical and general information from it. Thus I heard, in confidence, many remarkable anecdotes of Charles V., the Duke of Alva, Count Egmont, all of which I had before perceived, with much satisfaction, not only in the *Handbook*, but even in other works.

The laureate is among the English poets evidently the great favourite of our guide; the choice does honour to his head and heart. A man must have a very strong bent for poetry, indeed, who carries Southey's works in his portmanteau, and quotes them in proper time and occasion. Of course at Waterloo a spirit like our guide's cannot fail to be deeply moved, and to turn to his favourite poet for sympathy. Hark how the laureated bard sings about the tombstones at Waterloo:—

That temple to our hearts was hallow'd now,
For many a wounded Briton there was laid,
With such for help as time might then allow,
From the fresh carnage of the field convey'd.
And they whom human succour could not save,
Here, in its precincts, found a hasty grave.

And here, on marble tablets, set on high,
In English lines by foreign workmen traced,
The names familiar to an English eye,
Their brethren here the fit memorial placed,
Whose unadorn'd inscriptions briefly tell
Their gallant comrades' rank, and where they fell.
The stateliest monument of human pride,
Enrich'd with all magnificence of art,
To honour chieftains who in victory died,
Would wake no stronger feeling in the heart
Than these plain tablets by the soldier's hand
Raised to his comrades in a foreign land.

There are lines for you! wonderful for justice, rich in thought and novel ideas. The passage concerning their gallant comrades' rank should be specially remarked. There indeed they lie, sure enough: the Honourable Colonel This of the Guards, Captain That of the Hussars, Major So-and-So of the Dragoons, brave men and good, who did their duty by their country on that day, and died in the performance of it.

Amen: but I confess fairly that, in looking at these tablets, I felt very much disappointed at not seeing the names of the *men* as well as the officers. Are they to be counted for nought? A few more inches of marble to each monument would have given space for all the names of the men; and the men of that day were the winners of the battle. We have a right to be as grateful individually to any given private as to any given officer, their duties were very much the same. Why should the country reserve its gratitude for the genteel occupiers of the army-list, and forget the gallant fellows whose humble names were written in the regimental books? In reading of the Wellington wars, and the conduct of the men engaged in them, I don't know whether to respect them or to wonder at them most. They have death, wounds, and poverty in contemplation; in possession, poverty, hard labour, hard fare, and small thanks. If they do wrong, they are handed over to the inevitable provost-marshal; if they are heroes, heroes they may be, but they remain privates still, handling the old Brown Bess, starving on the old twopence a day. They grow grey in battle and victory, and, after thirty years of bloody service, a young gentleman of fifteen, fresh from a preparatory school, who can scarcely read, and came but yesterday with a pinafore in to papa's dessert—such a young gentleman, I say, arrives in a spick and span red coat, and calmly takes the command over our veteran, who obeys him as if God and nature had ordained that so throughout time it should be.

That privates should obey, and that they should be smartly punished if they disobey, this one can understand very well. But to say obey for ever and ever—to say that Private John Styles is, by some physical disproportion, hopelessly inferior to Cornet Snooks—to say that Snooks shall have honours, epaulets, and a marble tablet if he dies, and that Styles shall fight his fight, and have his twopence a day, and when shot down shall be shovelled into a hole with other Styleses, and so forgotten; and to think that we had in the course of the last war some 400,000 of these Styleses, and some 10,000, say, of the Snooks sort—Styles being by nature exactly as honest, clever, and brave as Snooks—and to think that the 400,000 should bear this, is the wonder!

Suppose Snooks makes a speech. Look at these Frenchmen, British soldiers, says he, and remember who they are. Two-and-twenty years since they hurled their king from his throne, and murdered him (groans). They flung out of their country their ancient and famous nobility—they published the audacious doctrine of equality—they made a cadet of artillery, a beggarly lawyer's son, into an emperor, and took ignoramuses from the ranks—drummers and privates, by Jove!—of whom they made kings, generals, and marshals! Is this to be borne? (cries of No! no!) Upon them, my boys! down with these godless revolutionists, and rally round the British lion.

So saying, Ensign Snooks (whose flag, which he can't carry, is held by a huge grizzly colour-sergeant) draws a little sword, and pipes out a feeble huzza. The men of his company, roaring curses at the Frenchmen, prepare to receive and repel a thundering charge of French cuirassiers. The men fight, and Snooks is knighted because the men fought so well.

But live or die, win or lose, what do *they* get? English glory is too genteel to meddle with those humble fellows. She does not condescend to ask the names of the poor devils whom she kills in her service. Why was not every private man's name written upon the stones in Waterloo Church as well as every officer's? Five hundred pounds to the stone-cutters would have served to carve the whole catalogue, and paid the poor compliment of recognition to men who died in doing their duty. If the officers deserved a stone, the men did. But come, let us away and drop a tear over the Marquis of Anglesea's leg!

As for Waterloo, has it not been talked of enough after dinner? Here are some oats that were plucked before Hougoumont, where grow not only oats, but flourishing crops of grape-shot, bayonets, and legion-of-honour crosses, in amazing profusion.

Well, though I made a vow not to talk about Waterloo either

here or after dinner, there is one little secret admission that one must make after seeing it. Let an Englishman go and see that field, and he *never forgets it*. The sight is an event in his life; and, though it has been seen by millions of peaceable *gents*—grocers from Bond Street, meek attorneys from Chancery Lane, and timid tailors from Piccadilly—I will wager that there is not one of them but feels a glow as he looks at the place, and remembers that he, too, is an Englishman.

It is a wrong, egotistical, savage, unchristian feeling, and that's the truth of it. A man of peace has no right to be dazzled by that red-coated glory, and to intoxicate his vanity with those remembrances of carnage and triumph. The same sentence which tells us that on earth there ought to be peace and good-will amongst men, tells us to whom GLORY belongs.

GOING TO SEE A MAN HANGED.¹

July 1840.

X——, who had voted with MR. EWART for the abolition of the punishment of death, was anxious to see the effect on the public mind of an execution, and asked me to accompany him to see COURVOISIER killed. We had not the advantage of a sheriff's order, like the 'six hundred noblemen and gentlemen' who were admitted within the walls of the prison; but determined to mingle with the crowd at the foot of the scaffold, and take up our positions at a very early hour.

As I was to rise at three in the morning, I went to bed at ten, thinking that five hours' sleep would be amply sufficient to brace me against the fatigues of the coming day. But, as might have been expected, the event of the morrow was perpetually before my eyes through the night, and kept them wide open. I heard all the clocks in the neighbourhood chime the hours in succession; a dog from some court hard by kept up a pitiful howling; at one o'clock, a cock set up a feeble, melancholy crowing; shortly after two, the daylight came peeping grey through the window-shutters; and by the time that X—— arrived, in fulfilment of his promise, I had been asleep about half an hour. He, more wise, had not gone to rest at all, but had remained up all night at the Club, along with DASH and two or three more. DASH is one of the most eminent wits in London, and had kept the company merry all night with appropriate jokes about the coming event. It is curious that a murder is a great inspirer of jokes. We all like to laugh and have our fling about it; there is a certain grim pleasure in the circumstance—a perpetual jingling antithesis between life and death, that is sure of its effect.

In mansion or garret, on down or straw, surrounded by weeping friends and solemn oily doctors, or tossing unheeded upon scanty hospital beds, there were many people in this great city to whom that Sunday night was to be the last of any that they should pass on earth here. In the course of half a dozen dark, wakeful hours, one had leisure to think of these (and a little, too, of that certain

¹ [*Fraser's Magazine*, August 1840.]

supreme night, that shall come at one time or other, when he who writes shall be stretched upon the last bed, prostrate in the last struggle, taking the last look of dear faces that have cheered us here, and lingering—one moment more—ere we part for the tremendous journey); but, chiefly, I could not help thinking, as each clock sounded, what is *he* doing now?—has *he* heard it in his little room in Newgate yonder? Eleven o'clock. He has been writing until now. The gaoler says he is a pleasant man enough to be with; but he can hold out no longer, and is very weary. 'Wake me at four,' says he, 'for I have still much to put down.' From eleven to twelve the gaoler hears how he is grinding his teeth in his sleep. At twelve he is up in his bed, and asks, 'Is it the time?' He has plenty more time yet for sleep; and he sleeps, and the bells go on tolling. Seven hours more—five hours more. Many a carriage is clattering through the streets, bringing ladies away from evening parties; many bachelors are reeling home after a jolly night; Covent Garden is alive; and the light coming through the cell-window turns the gaoler's candle pale. Four hours more! 'COURVOISIER,' says the gaoler, shaking him, 'it's four o'clock now, and I've woke you, as you told me; but there's no call for you to *get up yet*.' The poor wretch leaves his bed, however, and makes his last toilet; and then falls to writing, to tell the world how he did the crime for which he has suffered. This time he will tell the truth, and the whole truth. They bring him his breakfast 'from the coffee-shop opposite—tea, coffee, and thin bread and butter.' He will take nothing, however, but goes on writing. He has to write to his mother—the pious mother far away in his own country—who reared him and loved him; and even now has sent him her forgiveness and her blessing. He finishes his memorials and letters, and makes his will, disposing of his little miserable property of books and tracts that pious people have furnished him with. '*Ce 6 Juillet, 1840. François Benjamin Courvoisier vous donne ceci, mon ami, pour souvenir.*' He has a token for his dear friend the gaoler; another for his dear friend the under-sheriff. As the day of the convict's death draws nigh, it is painful to see how he fastens upon everybody who approaches him, how pitifully he clings to them and loves them.

While these things are going on within the prison (with which we are made accurately acquainted by the copious chronicles of such events which are published subsequently), X——'s carriage has driven up to the door of my lodgings, and we have partaken of an elegant *déjeuner* that has been prepared for the occasion. A cup of coffee at half-past three in the morning is uncommonly

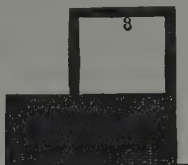
pleasant; and X—— enlivens us with the repetition of the jokes that DASH has just been making. Admirable, certainly—they must have had a merry night of it, that's clear; and we stoutly debate whether, when one has to get up so early in the morning, it is best to have an hour or two of sleep, or wait and go to bed afterwards at the end of the day's work. That fowl is extraordinarily tough—the wing, even, is as hard as a board; a slight disappointment, for there is nothing else for breakfast. 'Will any gentleman have some sherry and soda-water before he sets out? It clears the brain famously.' Thus primed, the party sets out. The coachman has dropped asleep on the box, and wakes up wildly as the hall-door opens. It is just four o'clock. About this very time they are waking up poor—pshaw! who is for a cigar? X—— does not smoke himself; but vows and protests, in the kindest way in the world, that he does not care in the least for the new drab-silk linings of his carriage. Z——, who smokes, mounts, however, the box. 'DRIVE TO SNOW HILL,' says the owner of the chariot. The policemen, who are the only people in the street, and are standing by, look knowing—they know what it means well enough.

How cool and clean the streets look, as the carriage startles the echoes that have been asleep in the corners all night. Somebody has been sweeping the pavements clean in the night-time surely; they would not soil a lady's white satin shoes, they are so dry and neat. There is not a cloud or a breath in the air, except Z——'s cigar, which whiffs off, and soars straight upwards in volumes of white, pure smoke. The trees in the squares look bright and green—as bright as leaves in the country in June. We who keep late hours don't know the beauty of London air and verdure; in the early morning they are delightful—the most fresh and lively companions possible. But they cannot bear the crowd and the bustle of mid-day. You don't know them then—they are no longer the same things. We have come to Gray's Inn; there is actually dew upon the grass in the gardens; and the windows of the stout old red houses are all in a flame.

As we enter Holborn the town grows more animated; and there are already twice as many people in the streets as you see at mid-day in a German *residenz* or an English provincial town. The gin-shop keepers have many of them taken their shutters down, and many persons are issuing from them pipe in hand. Down they go along the broad bright street, their blue shadows marching *after* them; for they are all bound the same way, and are bent like us upon seeing the hanging.

It is twenty minutes past four as we pass St. Sepulchre's: by

this time many hundred people are in the street, and many more are coming up Snow Hill. Before us lies Newgate Prison ; but something a great deal more awful to look at, which seizes the eye at once, and makes the heart beat, is



There it stands, black and ready, jutting out from a little door in the prison. As you see it, you feel a kind of dumb electric shock, which causes one to start a little, and give a sort of gasp for breath. The shock is over in a second ; and presently you examine the object before you with a certain feeling of complacent curiosity. At least, such was the effect that the gallows first produced upon the writer, who is trying to set down all his feelings as they occurred, and not to exaggerate them at all.

After the gallows-shock had subsided, we went down into the crowd, which was very numerous, but not dense as yet. It was evident that the day's *business* had not begun. People sauntered up, and formed groups, and talked ; the new-comers asking those who seemed *habitués* of the place about former executions ; and did the victim hang with his face towards the clock or towards Ludgate Hill ? and had he the rope round his neck when he came on the scaffold, or was it put on by Jack Ketch afterwards ? and had Lord W—— taken a window, and which was he ? I may mention the noble marquess's name, as he was not at the exhibition. A pseudo W—— was pointed out in an opposite window, towards whom all the people in our neighbourhood looked eagerly, and with great respect too. The mob seemed to have no sort of ill-will against him, but sympathy and admiration. This noble lord's personal courage and strength has won the plebs over to him. Perhaps his exploits against policemen have occasioned some of this popularity ; for the mob hates them, as children the school-master.

Throughout the whole four hours, however, the mob was extraordinarily gentle and good-humoured. At first we had leisure to talk to the people about us ; and I recommend X——'s brother senators of both sides of the house to see more of this same people, and to appreciate them better. Honourable members are battling

and struggling in the House; shouting, yelling, crowing, hear-hearing, pooh-pooh-ing, making speeches of three columns, and gaining 'great Conservative triumphs,' or 'signal successes of the Reform cause,' as the case may be. Three hundred and ten gentlemen of good fortune, and able for the most part to quote HORACE, declare solemnly that unless Sir ROBERT comes in, the nation is ruined. Three hundred and fifteen on the other side swear their great gods that the safety of the empire depends upon Lord JOHN; and to this end they quote HORACE too. I declare that I have never been in a great London crowd without thinking of what they call the two 'great' parties in England with wonder. For which of the two great leaders do these people care, I pray you? When Lord STANLEY withdrew his Irish bill the other night, were they in transports of joy, like worthy persons who read *The Globe* and *The Chronicle*? or when he beat the ministers, were they wild with delight, like honest gentlemen who read *The Post* and *The Times*? Ask yonder ragged fellow, who has evidently frequented debating-clubs, and speaks with good sense and shrewd good-nature. He cares no more for Lord JOHN than he does for Sir ROBERT; and, with due respect be it said, would mind very little if both of them were ushered out by Mr. Ketch, and took their places under yonder black beam. What are the two great parties to him, and those like him? Sheer wind, hollow humbug, absurd claptraps; a silly mummerly of dividing and debating, which does not in the least, however it may turn, affect his condition. It has been so ever since the happy days when Whigs and Tories began; and a pretty pastime no doubt it is for both. August parties, great balances of British freedom: are not the two sides quite as active, and eager, and loud, as at their very birth, and ready to fight for place as stoutly as ever they fought before? But, lo! in the meantime, whilst you are jangling and brawling over the accounts, Populus, whose estate you have administered while he was an infant, and could not take care of himself—Populus has been growing and growing, till he is every bit as wise as his guardians. Talk to our ragged friend. He is not so polished, perhaps, as a member of the Oxford and Cambridge Club; he has not been to Eton; and never read HORACE in his life: but he can think just as soundly as the best of you; he can speak quite as strongly in his own rough way; he has been reading all sorts of books of late years, and gathered together no little information. He is as good a man as the common run of us; and there are ten million more men in the country as good as he,—ten million, for whom we, in our infinite superiority, are acting as guardians, and to whom, in our bounty, we give—exactly nothing. Put yourself in their

position, worthy sir. You and a hundred others find yourselves in some lone place, where you set up a government. You take a chief, as is natural; he is the cheapest order-keeper in the world. You establish half a dozen worthies, whose families you say shall have the privilege to legislate for you for ever; half a dozen more, who shall be appointed by a choice of thirty of the rest; and the other sixty, who shall have no choice, vote, place, or privilege at all. Honourable sir, suppose that you are one of the last sixty: how will you feel, you who have intelligence, passions, honest pride, as well as your neighbour; how will you feel towards your equals, in whose hands lie all the power and all the property of the community? Would you love and honour them, tamely acquiesce in their superiority, see their privileges, and go yourself disregarded without a pang? you are not a man if you would. I am not talking of right or wrong, or debating questions of government. But ask my friend there, with the ragged elbows and no shirt, what he thinks? You have your party, Conservative or Whig, as it may be. You believe that an aristocracy is an institution necessary, beautiful, and virtuous. You are a gentleman, in other words, and stick by your party.

And our friend with the elbows (the crowd is thickening hugely all this time) sticks by *his*. Talk to him of Whig or Tory, he grins at them; of virtual representation, pish! He is a *democrat*, and will stand by his friends, as you by yours; and they are twenty millions, his friends, of whom a vast minority now, a majority a few years hence, will be as good as you. In the meantime we shall continue electing, and debating, and dividing, and having every day new triumphs for the glorious cause of Conservatism, or the glorious cause of Reform, until——

What is the meaning of this unconscionable republican tirade—*à propos* of a hanging? Such feelings, I think, must come across any man in a vast multitude like this. What good sense and intelligence have most of the people by whom you are surrounded; how much sound humour does one hear bandied about from one to another? A great number of coarse phrases are used that would make ladies in drawing-rooms blush; but the morals of the men are good and hearty. A ragamuffin in the crowd (a powdery baker in a white sheep's-wool cap) uses some indecent expression to a woman near; there is an instant cry of shame, which silences the man, and a dozen people are ready to give the woman protection. The crowd has grown very dense by this time, it is about six o'clock, and there is great heaving, and pushing, and swaying to and fro; but round the women the men have formed a circle,

and keep them as much as possible out of the rush and trample. In one of the houses near us a gallery has been formed on the roof. Seats were here let, and a number of persons of various degrees were occupying them. Several tipsy, dissolute-looking young men, of the Dick Swiveller cast, were in this gallery. One was lolling over the sunshiny tiles, with a fierce sodden face, out of which came a pipe, and which was shaded by long matted hair, and a hat cocked very much on one side. This gentleman was one of a party which had evidently not been to bed on Sunday night, but had passed it in some of those delectable night-houses in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. The debauch was not over yet, and the women of the party were giggling, drinking, and romping, as is the wont of these delicate creatures ; sprawling here and there, and falling upon the knees of one or other of the males. Their scarfs were off their shoulders, and you saw the sun shining down upon the bare white flesh, and the shoulder points glittering like burning glasses. The people about us were very indignant at some of the proceedings of this debauched crew, and at last raised up such a yell as frightened them into shame, and they were more orderly for the remainder of the day. The windows of the shops opposite began to fill apace, and our before-mentioned friend with ragged elbows pointed out a celebrated fashionable character who occupied one of them ; and, to our surprise, knew as much about him as *The Court Journal* or *The Morning Post*. Presently he entertained us with a long and pretty accurate account of the history of Lady —, and indulged in a judicious criticism upon her last work. I have met with many a country gentleman who had not read half as many books as this honest fellow, this shrewd *prolétaire* in a black shirt. The people about him took up and carried on the conversation very knowingly, and were very little behind him in point of information. It was just as good a company as one meets on common occasions. I was in a genteel crowd in one of the galleries at the Queen's coronation ; indeed, in point of intelligence, the democrats were quite equal to the aristocrats. How many more such groups were there in this immense multitude of nearly forty thousand, as some say ? How many more such throughout the country ? I never yet, as I said before, have been in an English mob, without the same feeling for the persons who composed it, and without wonder at the vigorous, orderly good sense, and intelligence of the people.

The character of the crowd was as yet, however, quite festive. Jokes bandying about here and there, and jolly laughs breaking out. Some men were endeavouring to climb up a leaden pipe on one of the houses. The landlord came out and endeavoured, with

might and main, to pull them down. Many thousand eyes turned upon this contest immediately. All sorts of voices issued from the crowd and uttered choice expressions of slang. When one of the men was pulled down by the leg, the waves of this black mob-ocean laughed innumerable; when one fellow slipped away, scrambled up the pipe, and made good his lodgment on the shelf, we were all made happy, and encouraged him by loud shouts of admiration. What is there so particularly delightful in the spectacle of a man clambering up a gas-pipe? Why were we kept for a quarter of an hour in deep interest gazing upon this remarkable scene? Indeed it is hard to say: a man does not know what a fool he is until he tries; or, at least, what mean follies will amuse him. The other day I went to Astley's and saw clown come in with a foolscap and pinafore, and six small boys who represented his school-fellows. To them enters schoolmaster; horses clown, and flogs him hugely on the back part of his pinafore. I never read anything in Swift, Boz, Rabelais, Fielding, Paul de Kock, which delighted me so much as this sight, and caused me to laugh so profoundly. And why? What is there so ridiculous in the sight of one miserably roused man beating another on the breech? Tell us where the fun lies, in this and the before-mentioned episode of the gas-pipe? Vast, indeed, are the capacities and ingenuities of the human soul that can find, in incidents so wonderfully small, means of contemplation and amusement.

Really the time passed away with extraordinary quickness. A thousand things of the sort related here came to amuse us. First, the workmen knocking and hammering at the scaffold, mysterious clattering of blows was heard within it, and a ladder painted black was carried round and into the interior of the edifice by a small side-door. We all looked at this little ladder and at each other—things began to be very interesting. Soon came a squad of policemen; stalwart, rosy-looking men, saying much for city-feeding; well-dressed, well-limbed, and of admirable good-humour. They paced about the open space between the prison and the barriers which kept in the crowd from the scaffold. The front line, as far as I could see, was chiefly occupied by blackguards and boys—professional persons, no doubt, who saluted the policemen on their appearance with a volley of jokes and ribaldry. As far as I could judge from faces, there were more blackguards of sixteen and seventeen, than of any maturer age; stunted, sallow, ill-grown lads, in rugged fustian, scowling about. There were a considerable number of girls, too, of the same age; one that Cruikshank and Boz might have taken as a study for Nancy. The girl was a young thief's mistress evidently; if attacked, ready to reply with-

out a particle of modesty ; could give as good ribaldry as she got ; made no secret (and there were several inquiries) as to her profession and means of livelihood. But with all this, there was something good about the girl ; a sort of devil-may-care candour and simplicity that one could not fail to see. Her answers to some of the coarse questions put to her were very ready and good-humoured. She had a friend with her of the same age and class, of whom she seemed to be very fond, and who looked up to her for protection. Both of these women had beautiful eyes. Devil-may-care's were extraordinarily bright and blue, an admirably fair complexion, and a large red mouth full of white teeth. *Au reste*, ugly, stunted, thick-limbed, and by no means a beauty. Her friend could not be more than fifteen. They were not in rags, but had greasy cotton shawls, and old, faded, rag-shop bonnets. I was curious to look at them, having, in late fashionable novels, read many accounts of such personages. Bah ! what figments these novelists tell us ! Boz, who knows life well, knows that his Miss Nancy is the most unreal fantastical personage possible ; no more like a thief's mistress than one of Gessner's shepherdesses resembles a real country wench. He dare not tell the truth concerning such young ladies. They have, no doubt, virtues like other human creatures ; nay, their position engenders virtues that are not called into exercise among other women. But on these an honest painter of human nature has no right to dwell ; not being able to paint the whole portrait, he has no right to present one or two favourable points as characterising the whole ; and therefore, in fact, had better leave the picture alone altogether. The new French literature is essentially false and worthless from this very error—the writers giving us favourable pictures of monsters (and, to say nothing of decency or morality), pictures quite untrue to nature.

But yonder, glittering through the crowd in Newgate Street—see the Sheriffs' carriages are slowly making their way. We have been here three hours ! Is it possible that they can have passed so soon ? Close to the barriers where we are, the mob has become so dense that it is with difficulty a man can keep his feet. Each man, however, is very careful in protecting the women, and all are full of jokes and good-humour. The windows of the shops opposite are now pretty nearly filled by the persons who hired them. Many young dandies are there with mustachios and cigars ; some quiet, fat, family parties, of simple honest tradesmen and their wives, as we fancy, who are looking on with the greatest imaginable calmness, and sipping their tea. Yonder is the sham Lord W——, who is flinging various articles among the crowd ; one of his companions, a tall burly man, with large mustachios, has provided

himself with a squirt, and is aspersing the mob with brandy and water. Honest gentleman! high-bred aristocrat! genuine lover of humour and wit! I would walk some miles to see thee on the tread-mill, thee and thy Mohawk crew!

We tried to get up a hiss against these ruffians, but only had a trifling success; the crowd did not seem to think their offence very heinous; and our friend, the philosopher in the ragged elbows, who had remained near us all the time, was not inspired with any such savage disgust at the proceedings of certain notorious young gentlemen, as I must confess fills my own particular bosom. He only said, 'So and so is a lord, and they'll let him off,' and then discoursed about Lord Ferrers being hanged. The philosopher knew the history pretty well, and so did most of the little knot of persons about him, and it must be a gratifying thing for young gentlemen to find that their actions are made the subject of this kind of conversation.

Scarcely a word had been said about Courvoisier all this time. We were all, as far as I could judge, in just such a frame of mind as men are in when they are squeezing at the pit-door of a play, or pushing for a review or a lord mayor's show. We asked most of the men who were near us, whether they had seen many executions? most of them had, the philosopher especially; whether the sight of them did any good? 'For the matter of that, no; people did not care about them at all; nobody ever thought of it after a bit.' A countryman, who had left his drove in Smithfield, said the same thing; he had seen a man hanged at York, and spoke of the ceremony with perfect good sense, and in a quiet, sagacious way.

J. S——, the famous wit, now dead, had, I recollect, a good story upon the subject of executing, and of the terror which the punishment inspires. After Thistlewood and his companions were hanged, their heads were taken off, according to the sentence; and the executioner, as he severed each, held it up to the crowd in the proper orthodox way, saying, 'Here is the head of a traitor!' At the sight of the first ghastly head the people were struck with terror, and a general expression of disgust and fear broke from them. The second head was looked at also with much interest, but the excitement regarding the third head diminished. When the executioner had come to the last of the heads, he lifted it up, but, by some clumsiness, allowed it to drop. At this the crowd yelled out, '*Ah, Butter-fingers!*'—the excitement had passed entirely away. The punishment had grown to be a joke—Butter-fingers was the word—a pretty commentary, indeed, upon the august nature of public executions, and the awful majesty of the law.

It was past seven now ; the quarters rang, and passed away ; the crowd began to grow very eager and more quiet, and we turned back every now and then and looked at St. Sepulchre's clock. Half an hour, twenty-five minutes. What is he doing now ? He has his irons off by this time. A quarter : he's in the press-room now, no doubt. Now at last we had come to think about the man we were going to see hanged. How slowly the clock crept over the last quarter ! Those who were able to turn round and see (for the crowd was now extraordinarily dense), chronicled the time—eight minutes, five minutes ; at last—ding, dong, dong, dong !—the bell is tolling the chimes of eight.

Between the writing of this line and the last, the pen has been put down, as the reader may suppose, and the person who is addressing him gone through a pause of no very pleasant thoughts and recollections. The whole of the sickening, ghastly, wicked scene passes before the eyes again ; and, indeed, it is an awful one to see, and very hard and painful to describe.

As the clock began to strike, an immense sway and movement swept over the whole of that vast dense crowd. They were all uncovered directly, and a great murmur arose, more awful, *bizarre*, and indescribable than any sound I had ever before heard. Women and children began to shriek horridly. I don't know whether it was the bell I heard ; but a dreadful, quick, feverish kind of jangling noise, mingled with the noise of the people, and lasted for about two minutes. The scaffold stood before us, tenantless and black ; the black chain was hanging down ready from the beam. Nobody came. 'He has been respited,' some one said ; another said, 'He has killed himself in prison.'

Just then, from under the black prison-door, a pale, quiet head peered out. It was shockingly bright and distinct ; it rose up directly, and a man in black appeared on the scaffold, and was silently followed by about four more dark figures. The first was a tall, grave man : we all knew who the second man was. '*That's he, that's he !*' you heard the people say, as the devoted man came up.

I have seen a cast of the head since, but, indeed, should never have known it. Courvoisier bore his punishment like a man, and walked very firmly. He was dressed in a new black suit, as it seemed ; his shirt was open. His arms were tied in front of him. He opened his hands in a helpless kind of way, and clasped them once or twice together. He turned his head here and there, and looked about him for an instant with a wild, imploring look. His mouth was contracted into a sort of pitiful smile. He went and

placed himself at once under the beam, with his face towards St. Sepulchre's. The tall, grave man in black twisted him round swiftly in the other direction, and, drawing from his pocket a nightcap, pulled it tight over the patient's head and face. I am not ashamed to say that I could look no more, but shut my eyes as the last dreadful act was going on, which sent this wretched, guilty soul into the presence of God.

If a public execution is beneficial—and beneficial it is, no doubt, or else the wise laws would not encourage forty thousand people to witness it—the next useful thing must be a full description of such a ceremony, and all its *entourages*, and to this end the above pages are offered to the reader. How does an individual man feel under it? In what way does he observe it,—how does he view all the phenomena connected with it,—what induces him, in the first instance, to go and see it,—and how is he moved by it afterwards? The writer has discarded the magazine 'We' altogether, and spoken face to face with the reader, recording every one of the impressions felt by him as honestly as he could.

I must confess, then (for 'I' is the shortest word, and the best in this case), that the sight has left on my mind an extraordinary feeling of terror and shame. It seems to me that I have been abetting an act of frightful wickedness and violence, performed by a set of men against one of their fellows; and I pray God that it may soon be out of the power of any man in England to witness such a hideous and degrading sight. Forty thousand persons (say the sheriffs), of all ranks and degrees,—mechanics, gentlemen, pickpockets, members of both Houses of Parliament, street-walkers, newspaper-writers, gather together before Newgate at a very early hour; the most part of them give up their natural quiet night's rest, in order to partake of this hideous debauchery, which is more exciting than sleep, or than wine, or the last new ballet, or any other amusement they can have. Pickpocket and peer each is tickled by the sight alike, and has that hidden lust after blood which influences our race,—government, a Christian government, gives us a feast every now and then: it agrees, that is to say, a majority in the two Houses agrees, that for certain crimes it is necessary that a man should be hanged by the neck. Government commits the criminal's soul to the mercy of God, stating that here on earth he is to look for no mercy; keeps him for a fortnight to prepare, provides him with a clergyman to settle his religious matters (if there be time enough, but government can't wait); and on a Monday morning, the bell tolling, the clergyman reading out

the word of God, 'I am the resurrection and the life,' 'The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away,'—on a Monday morning, at eight o'clock, this man is placed under a beam, with a rope connecting it and him; a plank disappears from under him, and those who have paid for good places may see the hands of the government agent, Jack Ketch, coming up from his black hole, and seizing the prisoner's legs, and pulling them, until he is quite dead—strangled.

Many persons, and well-informed newspapers, say that it is mawkish sentiment to talk in this way, morbid humanity, cheap philanthropy, that any man can get up and preach about. There is *The Observer*, for instance, a paper conspicuous for the tremendous sarcasm which distinguishes its articles, and which falls cruelly foul of *The Morning Herald*. 'COURVOISIER is dead,' says *The Observer*; he 'died as he had lived—a villain; a lie was in his mouth. Peace be to his ashes. We war not with the dead.' What a magnanimous *Observer*! From this, *Observer* turns to *The Herald*, and says, '*Fiat justitia ruat coelum.*' So much for *The Herald*.

We quote from memory, and the quotation from *The Observer* possibly is,—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*; or, *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*; or, *Sero nunquam est ad bonos mores via*; or, *Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes emollit mores nec sinit esse feros*; all of which pithy Roman apophthegms would apply just as well.

'Peace be to his ashes. He died a villain.' This is both benevolence and reason. Did he die a villain? *The Observer* does not want to destroy him body and soul, evidently, from that pious wish that his ashes should be at peace. Is the next Monday but one after the sentence the time necessary for a villain to repent in? May a man not require more leisure—a week more—six months more—before he has been able to make his repentance sure before Him who died for us all?—for all, be it remembered,—not alone for the judge and jury, or for the sheriffs, or for the executioner who is pulling down the legs of the prisoner,—but for him too, murderer and criminal as he is, whom we are killing for his crime. Do we want to kill him body and soul? Heaven forbid! My lord in the black cap specially prays, that Heaven may have mercy on him; but he must be ready by Monday morning.

Look at the documents which came from the prison of this unhappy COURVOISIER during the few days which passed between his trial and execution. Were ever letters more painful to read? At first, his statements are false, contradictory, lying. He has not repented then. His last declaration seems to be honest, as

far as the relation of the crime goes. But read the rest of his statement,—the account of his personal history, and the crimes which he committed in his young days,—then, ‘how the evil thought came to him to put his hand to the work,’—it is evidently the writing of a mad, distracted man. The horrid gallows is perpetually before him; he is wild with dread and remorse. Clergymen are with him ceaselessly; religious tracts are forced into his hands: night and day they ply him with the heinousness of his crime, and exhortations to repentance. Read through that last paper of his; by Heaven, it is pitiful to read it. See the Scripture phrases brought in now and anon; the peculiar terms of tract-phraseology (I do not wish to speak of these often meritorious publications with disrespect); one knows too well how such language is learned,—imitated from the priest at the bedside, eagerly seized and appropriated, and confounded by the poor prisoner.

But murder is such a monstrous crime (this is the great argument),—when a man has killed another, it is natural that he should be killed. Away with your foolish sentimentalists who say no—it is *natural*. That is the word, and a fine philosophical opinion it is—philosophical and Christian. Kill a man, and you must be killed in turn; that is the unavoidable *sequitur*. You may talk to a man for a year upon the subject, and he will always reply to you, It is natural, and therefore it must be done. Blood demands blood.

Does it? The system of compensations might be carried on *ad infinitum*,—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, as by the old Mosaic law. But (putting the fact out of the question, that we have had this statute repealed by the Highest Authority), why, because you lose your eye, is that of your opponent’s to be extracted likewise? Where is the reason for the practice? And yet it is just as natural as the death dictum, founded precisely upon the same show of sense. Knowing, however, that revenge is not only evil, but useless, we have given it up on all minor points. Only to the last we stick firm, contrary though it be to reason and to Christian law.

There is some talk, too, of the terror which the sight of this spectacle inspires, and of this we have endeavoured to give as good a notion as we can in the above pages. I fully confess that I came away down Snow Hill that morning with a disgust for murder, but it was for *the murder I saw done*. As we made our way through the immense crowd, we came upon two little girls of eleven and twelve years: one of them was crying bitterly, and begged, for Heaven’s sake, that some one would lead her from

that horrid place. This was done, and the children were carried into a place of safety. We asked the elder girl—a very pretty one—what brought her into such a neighbourhood? The child grinned knowingly, and said, ‘We’ve koom to see the mon hanged!’ Tender law, that brings out babes upon such errands, and provides them with such gratifying moral spectacles!

This is the 20th of July, and I may be permitted for my part to declare that, for the last fourteen days, so salutary has the impression of the butchery been upon me, I have had the man’s face continually before my eyes; that I can see Mr. Ketch at this moment, with an easy air, taking the rope from his pocket; that I feel myself ashamed and degraded at the brutal curiosity which took me to that brutal sight; and that I pray to Almighty God to cause this disgraceful sin to pass from among us, and to cleanse our land of blood.

MEMORIALS OF GORMANDISING.¹

IN A LETTER TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ. BY M. A. TITMARSH.

Paris, May 1841.

SIR,

The man who makes the best salads in London, and whom, therefore, we have facetiously called Sultan Saladin,—a man who is conspicuous for his love and practice of all the polite arts—music, to wit, architecture, painting, and cookery—once took the humble personage who writes this into his library, and laid before me two or three volumes of manuscript year-books, such as, since he began to travel and to observe, he has been in the habit of keeping.

Every night, in the course of his rambles, his highness the sultan (indeed, his port is sublime, as for the matter of that, are all the wines in his cellar) sets down with an iron pen, and in the neatest handwriting in the world, the events and observations of the day; with the same iron pen he illuminates the leaf of his journal by the most faithful and delightful sketches of the scenery which he has witnessed in the course of the four-and-twenty hours; and if he has dined at an inn or restaurant, *gasthaus, posada, albergo*, or what not, invariably inserts into his log-book the bill of fare. The sultan leads a jolly life—a tall, stalwart man, who every day about six o'clock in London and Paris, at two in Italy, in Germany and Belgium at an hour after noon, feels the noble calls of hunger agitating his lordly bosom (or its neighbourhood, that is), and replies to the call by a good dinner. Ah! it is wonderful to think how the healthy and philosophic mind can accommodate itself in all cases to the varying circumstances of the time—how, in its travels through the world, the liberal and cosmopolite stomach recognises the national dinner-hour! Depend upon it that, in all countries, nature has wisely ordained and suited to their exigencies THE DISHES OF A PEOPLE. I mean to say that *olla podrida* is good in Spain (though a plateful of it, eaten in Paris, once made me so dreadfully ill that it is a mercy I was spared ever to eat another dinner); I mean to say, and have

¹ [*Fraser's Magazine*, July, 1841.]

proved it, that *sauerkraut* is good in Germany; and I make no doubt that whale's blubber is a very tolerable dish in Kamtchatka, though I have never visited the country. Cannibalism in the South Seas, and sheepsheadism in Scotland, are the only practices that one cannot, perhaps, reconcile with this rule—at least, whatever a man's private opinions may be, the decencies of society oblige him to eschew the expression of them upon subjects which the national prejudice has precluded from free discussion.

Well, after looking through three or four of Saladin's volumes, I grew so charmed with them, that I used to come back every day and study them. I declare there are bills of fare in those books over which I have cried; and the reading of them, especially about an hour before dinner, has made me so ferociously hungry, that, in the first place, the sultan (a kind-hearted, generous man, as every man is who loves his meals) could not help inviting me to take pot-luck with him; and, secondly, I could eat twice as much as upon common occasions, though my appetite is always good.

Lying awake then, of nights, or wandering solitary abroad on wide commons, or by the side of silent rivers, or at church when Dr. Snufflem was preaching his favourite sermon, or stretched on the flat of my back smoking a cigar at the club when X was talking of the corn-laws, or Y was describing that famous run they had with the Z hounds—at all periods, I say, favourable to self-examination, those bills of fare have come into my mind, and often and often I have thought them over. 'Titmarsh,' I have said to myself, 'if ever you travel again, do as the sultan has done, and *keep your dinner-bills*. They are always pleasant to look over; they always will recall happy hours and actions, be you ever so hard pushed for a dinner, and fain to put up with an onion and a crust: of the past, fate cannot deprive you. Yesterday is the philosopher's property; and by thinking of it, and using it to advantage, he may gaily go through to-morrow, doubtful and dismal though it be. Try this lamb stuffed with pistachio-nuts; another handful of this *pillau*. Ho, you rascals! bring round the sherbet there, and never spare the jars of wine—'tis true Persian, on the honour of a Barmecide!' Is not that dinner in *The Arabian Nights* a right good dinner? Would you have had Bedreddin to refuse and turn sulky at the windy repast, or to sit down grinning in the face of his grave entertainer, and gaily take what came? Remember what came of the honest fellow's philosophy. He slapped the grim old prince in the face; and the grim old prince, who had invited him but to laugh at him, did presently order a real and substantial repast to be set before him,—great pyramids

of smoking rice and *pillau* (a good *pillau* is one of the best dishes in the world), savoury kids, snow-cooled sherbets, luscious wine of Schiraz; with an accompaniment of moon-faced beauties from the harem, no doubt, dancing, singing, and smiling in the most ravishing manner. Thus should we, my dear friends, laugh at Fate's beard, as we confront him,—thus should we, if the old monster be insolent, fall to and box his ears. He has a spice of humour in his composition; and be sure he will be tickled by such conduct.

Some months ago, when the expectation of war between England and France grew to be so strong, and there was such a talk of mobilising national guards, and arming three or four hundred thousand more French soldiers—when such ferocious yells of hatred against perfidious Albion were uttered by the liberal French press, that I did really believe the rupture between the two countries was about immediately to take place; being seriously alarmed, I set off for Paris at once. My good sir, what could we do without our Paris? I came here first in 1815 (when the Duke and I were a good deal remarked by the inhabitants); I proposed but to stay a week; stopped three months, and have returned every year since. There is something fatal in the place—a charm about it—a wicked one very likely—but it acts on us all; and perpetually the old Paris man comes hieing back to his quarters again, and is to be found, as usual, sunning himself in the Rue de la Paix. Painters, princes, *gourmands*, officers on half-pay—serious old ladies even acknowledge the attraction of the place—are more at ease here than in any other place in Europe; and back they come, and are to be found sooner or later occupying their old haunts.

My darling city improves, too, with each visit, and has some new palace, or church, or statue, or other gimcrack to greet your eyes withal. A few years since, and lo! on the column of the Place Vendôme, instead of the shabby tri-coloured rag, shone the bronze statue of Napoleon. Then came the famous triumphal arch; a noble building indeed!—how stately and white, and beautiful and strong, it seems to dominate over the whole city. Next was the obelisk; a huge bustle and festival being made to welcome it to the city. Then came the fair asphaltum terraces round about the obelisk; then the fountains to decorate the terraces. I have scarcely been twelve months absent, and behold they have gilded all the Naiads and Tritons; they have clapped a huge fountain in the very midst of the Champs Elysées—a great, glittering, frothing fountain, that to the poetic eye looks like an enormous shaving brush; and all down the avenue they have placed hundreds of gilded, flaring gas-lamps, that make this gayest

walk in the world look gayer still than ever. But a truce to such descriptions, which might carry one far, very far, from the object proposed in this paper.

I simply wish to introduce to public notice a brief dinner-journal. It has been written with the utmost honesty and simplicity of purpose; and exhibits a picture or table of the development of the human mind under a series of gastronomic experiments, diversified in their nature, and diversified, consequently, in their effects. A man in London has not, for the most part, the opportunity to make these experiments. You are a family man, let us presume, and you live in that metropolis for half a century. You have on Sunday, say, a leg of mutton and potatoes for dinner. On Monday you have cold mutton and potatoes. On Tuesday, hashed mutton and potatoes; the hashed mutton being flavoured with little damp triangular pieces of toast, which always surround that charming dish. Well, on Wednesday, the mutton ended, you have beef; the beef undergoes the same alternations of cookery, and disappears. Your life presents a succession of joints, varied every now and then by a bit of fish and some poultry. You drink three glasses of a brandyified liquor called sherry at dinner; your excellent lady imbibes one. When she has had her glass of port after dinner, she goes upstairs with the children, and you fall asleep in your arm-chair. Some of the most pure and precious enjoyments of life are unknown to you. You eat and drink, but you do not know the *art* of eating and drinking; nay, most probably you despise those who do. 'Give me a slice of meat,' say you, very likely, 'and a fig for your *gourmands*.' You fancy it is very virtuous and manly all this. Nonsense, my good sir; you are indifferent because you are ignorant, because your life is passed in a narrow circle of ideas, and because you are bigotedly blind and pompously callous to the beauties and excellences beyond you.

Sir, RESPECT YOUR DINNER; idolise it, enjoy it properly. You will be by many hours in the week, many weeks in the year, and many years in your life, the happier if you do.

Don't tell us it is not worthy of a man. All a man's senses are worthy of employment, and should be cultivated as a duty. The senses are the arts. What glorious feasts does Nature prepare for your eye in animal form in landscape and painting! Are you to put out your eyes and not see? What royal dishes of melody does her bounty provide for you in the shape of poetry, music, whether windy or wiry, notes of the human voice, or ravishing song of birds! Are you to stuff your ears with cotton, and vow that the sense of hearing is unmanly?—you obstinate dolt you! No, surely; nor must you be so absurd as to fancy that the art of

eating is in any way less worthy than the other two. You like your dinner, man ; never be ashamed to say so. If you don't like your victuals, pass on to the next article ; but remember that every man who has been worth a fig in this world, as poet, painter, or musician, has had a good appetite and a good taste. Ah, what a poet Byron would have been had he taken his meals properly, and allowed himself to grow fat—if nature intended him to grow fat—and not have physicked his intellect with wretched opium pills and acrid vinegar that sent his principles to sleep, and turned his feelings sour ! If that man had respected his dinner, he never would have written *Don Juan*.

Allons donc ! enough sermonising ; let us sit down and fall to at once.

I dined soon after my arrival at a very pleasant Paris club, where daily is provided a dinner for ten persons, that is universally reported to be excellent. Five men in England would have consumed the same amount of victuals, as you will see by the bills of fare :—

A beef, with carrots and vegetables, very good ;

Poulets à la Marengo ;

Removed by

*Soup à la purée aux
croustons.*

Removed by

A brace of roast pheasants.

Cardons à la Moelle.

Dessert of cheese, pears and Fontainebleau grapes.

Bordeaux red, and excellent Chablis at discretion.

This dinner was very nicely served. A venerable *maître d'hôtel* in black cutting up neatly at the side-table, and several waiters attending in green coats, red plush tights, and their hair curled. There was a great quantity of light in the room ; some handsome pieces of plated ware ; the pheasants came in with their tails to their backs ; and the smart waiters, with their hair dressed and parted down the middle, gave a pleasant, lively, stylish appearance to the whole affair.

Now I certainly dined (by the way, I must not forget to mention that we had with the beef some boiled kidney potatoes, very neatly dished up in a napkin)—I certainly dined, I say ; and half an hour afterwards felt, perhaps, more at my ease than I should

have done had I consulted my own inclinations, and devoured twice the quantity that on this occasion came to my share. But I would rather, as a man not caring for appearances, dine, as a general rule, off a beef-steak for two at the Café Foy, than sit down to take a tenth part of such a meal every day. There was only one man at the table besides your humble servant who did not put water into his wine; and he—I mean the other—was observed by his friends, who exclaimed, '*Comment! vous buvez sec,*' as if to do so was a wonder. The consequence was, that half a dozen bottles of wine served for the whole ten of us; and the guests, having despatched their dinner in an hour, skipped lightly away from it, did not stay to ruminate, and to feel uneasy, and to fiddle about the last and penultimate waistcoat button, as we do after a house-dinner at an English club. What was it that made the charm of this dinner?—for pleasant it was. It was the neat and comfortable manner in which it was served; the pheasant-tails had a considerable effect; that snowy napkin coquettishly arranged round the kidneys gave them a *distingué* air; the lights and the glittering service gave an appearance of plenty and hospitality that sent everybody away contented.

I put down this dinner just to show English and Scotch house-keepers what may be done, and for what price. Say—

Soup and fresh bread	} prime cost	.	.	.	£0	2	6
Beef and carrots	
Fowls and sauce	0	3 6
Pheasants (hens)	0	5 0
Grapes, pears, cheese, vegetables	0	3 0
							<hr/>
							£0 14 0

For fifteen pence *par tête*, a company of ten persons may have a dinner set before them—nay, and be made to fancy that they dine well, provided the service is handsomely arranged, that you have a good stock of side-dishes, etc., in your plate-chest, and don't spare the spermaceti.

As for the wine, that depends on yourself. Always be crying out to your friends, 'Mr. So-and-so, I don't drink myself, but pray pass the bottle. Tomkins, my boy, help your neighbour, and never mind me.' What! Hopkins, are there two of us on the doctor's list? Pass the wine; *Smith* I'm sure won't refuse it'; and so on. A very good plan is to have the butler (or the fellow in the white waistcoat, who 'behaves as sich') pour out the wine when wanted (in half-glasses, of course), and to make a deuced

great noise and shouting, 'John, John, why the devil, sir, don't you help Mr. Simkins to another glass of wine?' If you point out Simkins once or twice in this way, depend upon it, *he* won't drink a great quantity of your liquor. You may thus keep your friends from being dangerous, by a thousand innocent manœuvres; and, as I have said before, you may very probably make them believe that they have had a famous dinner. There was only one man in our company of ten the other day who ever thought that he had not dined; and what was he? a foreigner—a man of a discontented inquiring spirit, always carping at things, and never satisfied.

Well, next day I dined *au cinquième* with a family (of Irish extraction, by the way), and what do you think was our dinner for six persons? Why simply,

Nine dozen Ostend oysters.

Soup *à la mulligatawny*.

Boiled turkey, with celery sauce.

Saddle of mutton *rôti*.

Removes. *Plompouding, croute de macaroni*.

Vin Beaune ordinaire, volnay, bordeaux, champagne, eau chaude, cognac.

I forget the dessert. Alas! in moments of prosperity and plenty, one is often so forgetful! I remembered the dessert at the Cercle well enough.

A person whom they call in this country an *illustration littéraire*—the editor of a newspaper, in fact—with a very pretty wife, were of the party, and looked at the dinner with a great deal of good-humoured superiority. I declare, upon my honour, that I helped both the illustration and his lady twice to saddle of mutton; and as for the turkey and celery sauce, you should have seen how our host dispensed it to them! They ate the oysters, they ate the soup ('*Diable! mais il est poivré!*' said the illustration, with tears in his eyes), they ate the turkey, they ate the mutton, they ate the pudding; and what did our hostess say? Why, casting down her eyes gently, and with the modestest air in the world, she said, 'There is such a beautiful piece of cold beef in the larder; do somebody ask for a little slice of it.'

Heaven bless her for that speech! I loved and respected her for it; it brought the tears to my eyes. A man who could sneer at such a sentiment could have neither heart nor good breeding. Don't you see that it shows:

Simplicity,

Modesty,

Hospitality?

Put these against

Waiters with their hair curled,
Pheasants roasted with their tails on,
A dozen spermaceti candles.

Add them up, I say, O candid reader, and answer in the sum of human happiness, which of the two accounts makes the better figure?

I declare, I know few things more affecting than that little question about the cold beef; and considering calmly our national characteristics, balancing in the scale of quiet thought our defects and our merits, am daily more inclined to believe that there is something in the race of Britons which renders them usually superior to the French family. This is but one of the traits of English character that has been occasioned by the use of roast beef.

It is an immense question, that of diet. Look at the two bills of fare just set down; the relative consumption of ten animals and of six. What a profound physical and moral difference may we trace here! How distinct, from the cradle upwards, must have been the thoughts, feelings, education of the parties who ordered those two dinners! It is a fact which does not admit of a question, that the French are beginning, since so many English have come among them, to use beef much more profusely. Everybody at the *restaurateur's* orders beefsteak and pommes. Will the national character slowly undergo a change under the influence of this dish? Will the French be more simple? broader in the shoulders? less inclined to brag about military glory and such humbug. All this in the dark vista of futurity the spectator may fancy is visible to him, and the philanthropist cannot but applaud the change. This brings me naturally to the consideration of the manner of dressing beefsteaks in this country, and of the merit of that manner.

I dined on a Saturday at the Café Foy, on the Boulevard, in a private room, with a friend. We had

Potage julienne, with a little *purée* in it.
Two entrecôtes aux épinards.
One perdreau truffé.
One fromage Roquefort.
A bottle of *nuits* with the beef.
A bottle of *Sauterne* with the partridge.

And perhaps a glass of punch, with a cigar, afterwards; but that is neither here nor there. The insertion of the *purée* into the

julienne was not of my recommending; and if this junction is effected at all, the operation should be performed with the greatest care. If you put too much *purée*, both soups are infallibly spoiled. A much better plan it is to have your *julienne* by itself, though I will not enlarge on this point, as the excellent friend with whom I dined may chance to see this notice, and may be hurt at the renewal in print of a dispute which caused a good deal of pain to both of us. By the way, we had half a dozen sardines while the dinner was getting ready, eating them with delicious bread and butter, for which this place is famous. Then followed the soup. Why the deuce *would* he have the pu—; but never mind. After the soup we had what I do not hesitate to call the very best beef-steak I ever ate in my life. By the shade of Heliogabalus! as I write about it now, a week after I have eaten it, the old, rich, sweet, piquant, juicy taste comes smacking on my lips again, and I feel something of that exquisite sensation I then had. I am ashamed of the delight which the eating of that piece of meat caused me. G— and I had quarrelled about the soup (I said so, and don't wish to return to the subject); but when we began on the steak, we looked at each other, and loved each other. We did not speak, our hearts were too full for that; but we took a bit, and laid down our forks, and looked at one another, and understood each other. There were no two individuals on this wide earth—no two lovers billing in the shade, no mother clasping baby to her heart, more supremely happy than we. Every now and then we had a glass of honest, firm, generous Burgundy, that nobly supported the meat. As you may fancy, we did not leave a single morsel of the steak; but when it was done, we put bits of bread into the silver dish, and wistfully sopped up the gravy. I suppose I shall never in this world taste anything so good again. But what then? What if I *did* like it excessively? Was my liking unjust or unmanly? Is my regret now puling or unworthy? No. '*Laudo manentem!*' as Titmouse says. When it is eaten, I resign myself, and can eat a two-franc dinner at Richard's without ill-humour and without a pang.

Any dispute about the relative excellence of the beefsteak cut from the *filet*, as is usual in France, and of the *entrecôte*, must henceforth be idle and absurd. Whenever, my dear young friend, you go to Paris, call at once for the *entrecôte*; the *filet* in comparison to it is a poor *fade* lady's meat. What folly, by the way, is that in England which induces us to attach an estimation to the part of the sirloin that is called the Sunday side—poor, tender, stringy stuff, not comparable to the manly meat on the other side, handsomely garnished with crisp fat, and with a layer

of horn! Give the Sunday side to misses and ladies'-maids, for men be the Monday's side, or, better still, a thousand times more succulent and full of flavour—the *ribs of beef*. This is the meat I would eat were I going to do battle with any mortal foe. Fancy a hundred thousand Englishmen, after a meal of stalwart beef ribs, encountering a hundred thousand Frenchmen, who had partaken of a trifling collation of soup, turnips, carrots, onions, and Gruyère cheese. Would it be manly to engage at such odds? I say, no.

Passing by Vérey's one day, I saw a cadaverous cook with a spatula, thumping a poor beefsteak with all his might! This is not only a horrible cruelty, but an error. They not only beat the beef, moreover, but they soak it in oil. Absurd, disgusting barbarity! Beef so beaten loses its natural spirit; it is too noble for corporal punishment. You may by these tortures and artifices make it soft and greasy, but tender and juicy never.

The landlord of the Café Foy (I have received no sort of consideration from him) knows this truth full well, and follows the simple, honest plan; first to have good meat, and next to hang it a long time. I have instructed him how to do the steaks to a turn; not raw, horribly livid and blue in the midst, as I have seen great flaps of meat (what a shame to think of our fine meat being so treated), but *cooked* all the way through. Go to the Café Foy then, ask for a BEEFSTEAK À LA TITMARSH, and you will see what a dish will be set before you. I have dwelt upon this point at too much length, perhaps, for some of my readers; but it can't be helped. The truth is, beef is my weakness, and I do declare that I derive more positive enjoyment from the simple viand than from any concoction whatever in the whole cook's cyclopædia.

Always drink red wine with beefsteaks; port, if possible; if not, burgundy, of not too high a flavour—good Beaune, say. This fact, which is very likely not known to many persons who, forsooth, are too magnificent to care about their meat and drink—this simple fact I take to be worth the whole price I shall get for this article.

But to return to dinner. We were left, I think, G. and I, sopping up the gravy with bits of bread, and declaring that no power on earth could induce us to eat a morsel more that day. At one time, we thought of countermanding the *perdreau aux truffes*, that to my certain knowledge had been betruffed five days before.

Poor blind mortals that we were! ungrateful to our appetites, needlessly mistrustful and cowardly. A man may do what he

dares ; nor does he know until he tries, what the honest appetite will bear. We were kept waiting between the steak and the partridge some ten minutes or so. For the first two or three minutes we lay back in our chairs quiet, exhausted indeed. Then we began to fiddle with a dish of toothpicks, for want of anything more savoury ; then we looked out of the window ; then G. got in a rage, rung the bell violently, and asked, '*Pourquoi diable nous fait-on attendre si longtemps ?*' The waiter grinned. He is a nice good-humoured fellow, Auguste ; and I heartily trust that some reader of this may give him a five-franc piece for my sake. Auguste grinned and disappeared.

Presently, we were aware of an odour gradually coming towards us, something musky, fiery, savoury, mysterious—a hot, drowsy smell, that lulls the senses, and yet inflames them—the truffles were coming ! Yonder they lie, caverned under the full bosom of the red-legged bird. My hand trembled as, after a little pause, I cut the animal in two. G. said I did not give him his share of the truffles ; I don't believe I did. I spilled some salt into my plate, and a little cayenne pepper—very little : we began, as far as I can remember, the following conversation :—

Gustavus. 'Chop, chop, chop.'

Michael Angelo. 'Globlobloblob.'

G. 'Gobble.'

M. A. 'Obble.'

G. 'Here's a big one.'

M. A. 'Hobgob. What wine shall we have ? I should like some champagne.'

G. 'It's bad here. Have some Sauterne.'

M. A. 'Very well. Hobgobglobglob,' etc.

Auguste (opening the Sauterne), 'Cloo-oo-oo-ooop !' The cork is out ; he pours it into the glass, 'Glock, glock, glock.'

Nothing more took place in the way of talk. The poor little partridge was soon a heap of bones—a very little heap. A trufflesque odour was left in the room, but only an odour. Presently, the cheese was brought : the amber Sauterne flask had turned of a sickly green hue ; nothing, save half a glass of sediment at the bottom, remained to tell of the light and social spirit that had but one half-hour before inhabited the flask. Darkness fell upon our little chamber : the men in the street began crying, '*Messenger ! Journal du Soir !*' The bright moon rose glittering over the tiles of the Rue Louis de Grand, opposite, illuminating two glasses of punch that two gentlemen in a small room of the Café Foy did ever and anon raise to their lips. Both were silent ; both happy ; both were smoking

cigars—for both knew that the soothing plant of Cuba is sweeter to the philosopher after dinner than the prattle of all the women in the world. Women—pshaw! The man who, after dinner—after a good dinner—can think about driving home, and shaving himself by candle-light, and enduing a damp shirt, and a pair of tight glazed pumps to show his cobweb stockings and set his feet in a flame; and, having undergone all this, can get into a cold cab, and drive off to No. 222 Harley Street, where Mrs. Mortimer Smith is at home; where you take off your cloak in a damp, dark back parlour, called Mr. Smith's study, and containing, when you arrive, twenty-four ladies' cloaks and tippets, fourteen hats, two pairs of clogs (belonging to two gentlemen of the Middle Temple, who walk for economy, and think dancing at Mrs. Mortimer Smith's the height of enjoyment);—the man who can do all this, and walk, gracefully smiling, into Mrs. Smith's drawing-rooms, where the brown holland bags have been removed from the chandeliers; a man from Kirkman's is thumping on the piano, and Mrs. Smith is standing simpering in the middle of the room, dressed in red, with a bird of paradise in her turban, a tremulous fan in one hand, and the other clutching hold of her little fat gold watch and seals;—the man who, after making his bow to Mrs. Smith, can advance to Miss Jones, in blue crape, and lead her to a place among six other pairs of solemn-looking persons, and whisper *fidaises* to her (at which she cries, 'Oh fie, you naughty man! how can you?'), and look at Miss Smith's red shoulders struggling out of her gown, and her mottled elbows that a pair of crumpled kid gloves leave in a state of delicious nature; and, after having gone through certain mysterious quadrille figures with her, lead her back to her mamma, who has just seized a third glass of muddy negus from the black footman;—the man who can do all this may do it, and go hang, for me! And many such men there be, my Gustavus, in yonder dusky London city. Be it ours, my dear friend, when the day's labour and repast are done, to lie and ruminate calmly; to watch the bland cigar smoke as it rises gently ceiling-wards; to be idle in body as well as mind; not to kick our heels madly in quadrilles, and puff and pant in senseless gallopades; let us appreciate the joys of idleness; let us give a loose to silence; and having enjoyed this, the best of dessert after a goodly dinner, at close of eve, saunter slowly home.

As the dinner above described drew no less than three five-franc pieces out of my purse, I determined to economise for the next few days, and either to be invited out to dinner, or else to partake

of some repast at a small charge, such as one may have here. I had on the day succeeding the truffled partridge a dinner for a shilling, viz. :—

Bifsteck aux pommes (heu, quantum mutatus ab illo !)

Galantine de volaille.

Fromage de Gruyère.

Demi-bouteille de vin très-vieux de Mâcon ou Chablis.

Pain à discrétion.

This dinner, my young friend, was taken about half-past two o'clock in the day, and was, in fact, a breakfast,—a breakfast taken at a two-franc house, in the Rue Haute Vivienne ; it was certainly a sufficient dinner : I certainly was not hungry for all the rest of the day. Nay, the wine was decently good, as almost all wine is in the morning if one had the courage or the power to drink it. You see many honest English families marching into these two-franc eating-houses at five o'clock, and fancying they dine in great luxury. Returning to England, however, they inform their friends that the meat in France is not good ; that the fowls are very small, and black ; the kidneys very tough ; the partridges and fruit have no taste in them, and the soup is execrably thin. A dinner at Williams's, in the Old Bailey, is better than the best of these ; and therefore had the English Cockney better remain at Williams's, than judge the great nation so falsely.

The worst of these two-franc establishments is a horrid air of shabby elegance which distinguishes them. At some of them, they will go the length of changing your knife and fork with every dish ; they have grand chimney-glasses, and a fine lady at the counter, and fine arabesque paintings on the walls ; they give you your soup in a battered dish of plated ware, which has served its best time, most likely, in a first-rate establishment, and comes here to *étaler* its second-hand splendour amongst amateurs of a lower grade. I fancy the very meat that is served to you has undergone the same degradation, and that some of the mouldy cutlets that are offered to the two-franc epicures lay once plump and juicy in Vérey's larder. Much better is the sanded floor and the iron fork ! Homely neatness is the charm of poverty : elegance should belong to wealth alone. There is a very decent place where you dine for thirty-two sous in the Passage Choiseul. You get your soup in china bowls ; they don't change your knife and fork, but they give you very fit portions of meat and potatoes, and mayhap a herring with mustard sauce, a dish of apple fritters, a dessert of stewed prunes, and a pint of drinkable wine, as I have proved only yesterday.

After two such banyan days, I allowed myself a little feasting ; and as nobody persisted in asking me to dinner, I went off to the *Trois Frères* by myself, and dined in that excellent company.

I would recommend a man who is going to dine by himself here, to reflect well before he orders soup for dinner.

My notion is, that you eat as much after soup as without it, but you *don't eat with the same appetite*.

Especially if you are a healthy man, as I am—deuced hungry at five o'clock. My appetite runs away with me ; and if I order soup (which is always enough for two), I invariably swallow the whole of it ; and the greater portion of my *petit pain*, too, before my second dish arrives.

The best part of a pint of *julienne*, or *purée à la Condé*, is very well for a man who has only one dish besides to devour ; but not for you and me, who like our fish and our *rôti* of game or meat as well.

Oysters you may eat. They do, for a fact, prepare one to go through the rest of a dinner properly. Lemon and cayenne pepper is the word, depend on it, and a glass of white wine braces you up for what is to follow.

French *restaurateur* dinners are intended, however, for two people, at least ; still better for three ; and require a good deal of thought before you can arrange them for one.

Here, for instance, is a recent *menu* :—

TROIS FRÈRES PROVENÇAUX.

	<i>f. c.</i>
<i>Pain</i>	0 25
<i>Beauve première</i>	3 0
<i>Purée à la Créci</i>	0 75
<i>Turbot aux câpres</i>	1 75
<i>Quart poulet aux truffes</i>	2 25
<i>Champignons à la Provençale</i>	1 25
<i>Gelée aux pommes</i>	1 25
<i>Cognac</i>	0 30
	<hr style="width: 100%; border: none; border-top: 1px solid black; margin: 5px 0;"/> 10 80 <hr style="width: 100%; border: none; border-top: 1px solid black; margin: 5px 0;"/>

A heavy bill for a single man ; and a heavy dinner too ; for I have said before I have a great appetite, and when a thing is put before me I eat it. At Brussels I once ate fourteen dishes ; and have seen a lady, with whom I was in love, at the table of a German grand duke, eat seventeen dishes. This is a positive, though disgusting fact. Up to the first twelve dishes she had a

very good chance of becoming Mrs. Titmarsh, but I have lost sight of her since.

Well, then, I say to you, if you have self-command enough to send away half your soup, order some ; but you are a poor creature if you do, after all. If you are a man, and have *not* that self-command, don't have any. The Frenchmen cannot live without it, but I say to you that you are better than a Frenchman. I would lay even money that you who are reading this are more than five feet seven in height, and weigh eleven stone ; while a Frenchman is five feet four, and does not weigh nine. The Frenchman has after his soup a dish of vegetables, where you have one of meat. You are a different and superior animal, a French-beating animal (the history of hundreds of years has shown you to be so) ; you must have, to keep up that superior weight and sinew, which is the secret of your superiority—as for public institutions, bah !—you must have, I say, simpler, stronger, succulenter food.

Eschew the soup, then, and have the fish up at once. It is the best to begin with fish, if you like it, as every epicure and honest man should, simply boiled or fried in the English fashion, and not tortured and bullied with oil, onions, wine, and herbs, as in Paris it is frequently done.

Turbot with lobster-sauce is too much ; turbot *à la Hollandaise* vulgar ; sliced potatoes swimming in melted butter are a mean concomitant for a noble, simple, liberal fish : turbot with capers is the thing. The brisk little capers relieve the dulness of the turbot ; the melted butter is rich, bland, and calm—it *should be*, that is to say : not that vapid watery mixture that I see in London ; not oiled butter, as the Hollanders have it, but melted with plenty of thickening matter ; I don't know how to do it, but I know it when it is good.

They melt butter well at the Rocher de Cancale, and at the Frères.

Well, this turbot was very good ; not so well, of course, as one gets it in London, and dried rather in the boiling ; which can't be helped, unless you are a Lucullus or a Cambacérès of a man, and can afford to order one for yourself. This *grandeur d'âme* is very rare ; my friend Tom Willows is almost the only man I know who possessed it. Yes, * * *, one of the wittiest men in London, I once knew to take the whole *intérieur* of a diligence (six places), because he was a little unwell. Ever since I have admired that man. He understands true economy ; a mean, extravagant man would have contented himself with a single place, and been unwell in consequence. How I am rambling from my subject, however. The fish was good, and I ate up every single scrap of it, sucking

the bones and fins curiously. That is the deuce of an appetite, it *must* be satisfied; and if you were to put a roast donkey before me, with the promise of a haunch of venison afterwards, I believe I should eat the greater part of the long-eared animal.

A pint of *purée à la Créci*, a *pain de gruau*, a slice of turbot—a man should think about ordering his bill, for he has had enough dinner; but no, we are creatures of superstition and habit, and must have one regular course of meat. Here comes the *poulet à la Marengo*; I hope they've given me the wing.

No such thing. The *poulet à la Marengo aux truffes* is bad—too oily by far; the truffles are not of this year, as they should be, for there are cart-loads in town; they are poor in flavour, and have only been cast into the dish a minute before it was brought to table, and what is the consequence? They do not flavour the meat in the least; some faint trufflesque savour you may get as you are crunching each individual root, but that is all, and that all not worth the having; for as nothing is finer than a good truffle, in like manner nothing is meaner than a bad one. It is merely pompous, windy, and pretentious, like those scraps of philosophy with which a certain eminent novelist decks out his meat.

A mushroom, thought I, is better a thousand times than these tough flavourless roots. I finished every one of them, however, and the fine fat capon's thigh which they surrounded. It was a disappointment not to get a wing, to be sure. They *always* give me legs; but after all, with a little good-humour and philosophy, a leg of a fine Mans capon may be found very acceptable. How plump and tender the rogue's thigh is! his very drumstick is as fat as the calf of a London footman; and the sinews, which puzzle one so over the lean black hen-legs in London, are miraculously whisked away from the limb before me. Look at it now! Half a dozen cuts with the knife, and yonder lies the bone—white, large, stark naked, without a morsel of flesh left upon it, solitary in the midst of a pool of melted butter.

How good the Burgundy smacks after it? I always drink Burgundy at this house, and that not of the best. It is my firm opinion that a third-rate Burgundy, and a third-rate claret—Beaune and Larose, for instance, are *better* than the best. The Bordeaux enlivens, the Burgundy invigorates; stronger drink only inflames; and where a bottle of good Beaune only causes a man to feel a certain manly warmth of benevolence—a glow something like that produced by sunshine and gentle exercise—a bottle of Chambertin will set all your frame in a fever, swells the extremities, and causes the pulses to throb. Chambertin should never be handed

round more than twice ; and I recollect to this moment the headache I had after drinking a bottle and a half of Romanée-Gélée, for which this house is famous. Somebody else *paid* for the—(no other than you, O Gustavus ! with whom I hope to have many a tall dinner on the same charges)—but 'twas in our hot youth, ere experience had taught us that moderation was happiness, and had shown us that it is absurd to be guzzling wine at fifteen francs a bottle.

By the way, I may here mention a story relating to some of Blackwood's men, who dined at this very house. Fancy the fellows trying claret, which they voted sour ; then Burgundy, at which they made wry faces, and finished the evening with brandy and *lunel* ! This is what men call eating a French dinner. Willows and I dined at the Rocher, and an English family there feeding ordered—mutton chops and potatoes. Why not, in these cases, stay at home ? Chops is better chops in England (the best chops in the world are to be had at the Reform Club) than in France. What would literary men mean by ordering *lunel* ? I always rather liked the descriptions of eating in the *Noctes*. They were gross in all cases, absurdly erroneous in many ; but there was a manliness about them, and strong evidence of a great, though misdirected, and uneducated, genius for victuals.

Mushrooms, thought I, are better than these tasteless truffles, and so ordered a dish to try. You know what a *Provençale* sauce is, I have no doubt ?—a rich, savoury mixture of garlic and oil ; which, with a little cayenne pepper and salt, impart a pleasant taste to the plump little mushrooms that can't be described but may be thought of with pleasure.

The only point was, how will they agree with me to-morrow morning ? for the fact is, I had eaten an immense quantity of them, and began to be afraid ! Suppose we go and have a glass of punch and a cigar ? Oh, glorious garden of the Palais Royal ! your trees are leafless now, but what matters ? Your alleys are damp, but what of that ? All the windows are blazing with light and merriment ; at least two thousand happy people are pacing up and down the colonnades ; cheerful sounds of money chinking are heard as you pass the changers' shops ; bustling shouts of '*Garçon*' and '*V'là monsieur !*' come from the swinging doors of the *restaurateurs*. Look at that group of soldiers gaping at Vèfour's window, where lie lobsters, pine-apples, fat truffle-stuffed partridges, which make me almost hungry again. I wonder whether those three fellows with mustachios and a toothpick apiece have had a dinner, or only a toothpick. When the Trois Frères used to be on the first floor, and had a door leading into the Rue de Valois, as well as one into

the garden, I recollect seeing three men with toothpicks mount the stair from the street, descend the stair into the garden, and give themselves as great airs as if they had dined for a napoleon a head. The rogues are lucky if they have had a sixteen sous dinner; and the next time I dine abroad, I am resolved to have one myself. I never understood why Gil Blas grew so mighty squeamish in the affair of the cat and the hare. Hare is best, but why should not cat be good?

Being on the subject of bad dinners, I may as well ease my mind of one that occurred to me some few days back. When walking in the Boulevard, I met my friend, Captain Hopkinson, of the half-pay, looking very hungry, and indeed going to dine. In most cases one respects the dictum of a half-pay officer regarding a dining-house. He knows as a general rule where the fat of the land lies, and how to take his share of that fat in the most economical manner.

‘I tell you what I do,’ says Hopkinson: ‘I allow myself fifteen francs a week for dinner (I count upon being asked out twice a week), and so have a three-franc dinner at Richard’s, where, for the extra franc, they give me an excellent bottle of wine, and make me comfortable.’

‘Why shouldn’t they?’ I thought. ‘Here is a man who has served his king and country, and no doubt knows a thing when he sees it.’ We made a party of four, therefore, and went to the captain’s place to dine.

We had a private room *au second*; a very damp and dirty private room, with a faint odour of stale punch, and dingy glasses round the walls.

We had a soup of *purée aux croutons*; a very dingy, dubious soup, indeed; thickened, I fancy, with brown paper, and flavoured with the same.

At the end of the soup, Monsieur Landlord came upstairs very kindly, and gave us each a pinch of snuff out of a gold snuff-box.

We had four portions of *anguille à la Tartare*, very good and fresh (it is best in these places to eat fresh-water fish). Each portion was half the length of a man’s finger. Dish one was despatched in no time, and we began drinking the famous wine that our guide recommended. I have cut him ever since. It was four-sous wine—weak, vapid, watery stuff, of the most unsatisfactory nature.

We had four portions of *gigot aux haricots*—four flaps of bleeding tough meat, cut unnaturally (that is, with the grain: the French gash the meat in parallel lines with the bone). We ate these up as we might, and the landlord was so good as to

come up again and favour us with a pinch from his gold box.

With wonderful unanimity, as we were told the place was famous for *civet de lièvre*, we ordered *civet de lièvre* for four.

It came up, but we couldn't—really we couldn't. We were obliged to have extra dishes, and pay extra. Gustavus had a *mayonnaise* of crayfish, and half a fowl; I fell to work upon my cheese as usual, and availed myself of the discretionary bread. We went away disgusted, wretched, unhappy. We had had for our three francs bad bread, bad meat, bad wine. And there stood the landlord at the door (and he hanged to him!) grinning and offering his box.

We don't speak to Hopkinson any more now when we meet him. How can you trust or be friendly with a man who deceives you in this miserable way?

What is the moral to be drawn from this dinner? It is evident. Avoid pretence; mistrust shabby elegance; cut your coat according to your cloth; if you have but a few shillings in your pocket, aim only at those humble and honest meats which your small store will purchase. At the Café Foy, for the same money, I might have had—

	f.	s.
A delicious <i>entrecôte</i> and potatoes	1	5
A pint of excellent wine	0	15
A little bread (meaning a good deal)	0	5
A dish of stewed kidneys	1	0
	3	0

Or at Paolo's.

A bread (as before)	0	5
A heap of <i>macaroni</i> , or <i>ravioli</i>	0	15
A Milanese cutlet	1	0
A pint of wine	0	10

And ten sous for any other luxury your imagination could suggest. The *ravioli* and the cutlets are admirably dressed at Paolo's. Does any healthy man need more?

These dinners, I am perfectly aware, are by no means splendid; and I might, with the most perfect ease, write you out a dozen bills of fare, each more splendid and piquant than the other, in which all the luxuries of the season should figure. But the remarks here set down are the result of experience, not fancy, and intended only for persons in the middling classes of life. Very few men can afford to pay more than five francs daily for dinner. Let us

calmly, then, consider what enjoyment may be had for those five francs : how, by economy on one day, we may venture upon luxury the next ; how, by a little forethought and care, we may be happy on all days. Who knew and studied this cheap philosophy of life better than old Horace before quoted ? Sometimes (when in luck) he chirrupped over cups that were fit for an archbishop's supper ; sometimes he philosophised over his own *ordinaire* at his own farm. How affecting is the last ode of the first book :—

TO HIS SERVING-BOY.

*Persicos odi, puer, apparatus ;
Displicent nexae philyra coronae :
Mitte sectari rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.*

*Simplici myrto nihil allaborcs
Sedulus curae : neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus, neque me sub arcta
Vite bibentem.*

AD MINISTRAM.

Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is,—

I hate all your Frenchified fuss :
Your silly *entrées* and made dishes
Were never intended for us.
No footman in lace and in ruffles
Need dangle behind my arm-chair ;
And never mind seeking for truffles,
Although they be ever so rare.

But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I pr'ythee get ready at three :
Have it smoking, and tender, and juicy,
And what better meat can there be ?
And when it has feasted the master,
'Twill amply suffice for the maid ;
Meanwhile I will smoke my canaster,
And tipple my ale in the shade.

Not that this is the truth entirely and for ever. Horatius Flaccus was too wise to dislike a good thing ; but it is possible that the Persian apparatus was on that day beyond his means, and so he contented himself with humble fair.

A gentleman, by the by, has just come to Paris to whom I

am very kind; and who will, in all human probability, between this and next month, ask me to dinner at the Rocher de Cancale. If so, something may occur worth writing about; or, if you are anxious to hear more on the subject, send me over a sum to my address, to be laid out for you exclusively in eating. I give you my honour I will do you justice, and account for every farthing of it.

One of the most absurd customs at present in use is that of giving your friend—when some piece of good-luck happens to him, such as an appointment as Chief Judge of Owwhyhee, or King's Advocate of Timbuctoo—of giving your friend, because, forsooth, he may have been suddenly elevated from £200 a year to £2000, an enormous dinner of congratulation.

Last year, for instance, when our friend, Fred Jowling, got his place of Commissioner at Quashumaboo, it was considered absolutely necessary to give the man a dinner, and some score of us had to pay about fifty shillings apiece for the purpose. I had, so help me, Moses! but three guineas in the world at that period; and out of this sum the *bienséances* compelled me to sacrifice five-sixths, to feast myself in company of a man gorged with wealth, rattling sovereigns in his pocket as if they had been so much dross, and capable of treating us all without missing the sum he might expend on us.

Jow himself allowed, as I represented the case to him, that the arrangement *was* very *hard*; but represented, fairly enough, that this was one of the sacrifices that a man of the world, from time to time, is called to make. 'You, my dear Titmarsh,' said he, 'know very well that I don't care for these grand entertainments' (the rogue, he is a five-bottle man, and just the most finished *gourmet* of my acquaintance!), 'you know that I am perfectly convinced of your friendship for me, though you join in the dinner or not, but—it would look rather queer if you backed out,—*it would look rather queer*.' Jow said this in such an emphatic way, that I saw I must lay down my money; and accordingly Mr. Lovegrove of Blackwall, for a certain quantity of iced punch, champagne, cider cup, fish, flesh, and fowl, received the last of my sovereigns.

At the beginning of the year Bolter got a place too—Judge-Advocate in the Topinambo Islands, of £3000 a year, which, he said, was a poor remuneration in consideration of *the practice* which he gave up in town. He may have practised on his laundress, but for anything else I believe the man never had a client in his life.

However, on his way to Topinambo—by Marseilles, Egypt, the

Desert, the Persian Gulf, and so on—Bolter arrived in Paris ; and I saw from his appearance, and the manner of shaking hands with me, and the peculiar way in which he talked about the Rocher de Cancale, that he expected we were to give him a dinner, as we had to Jowling.

There were four friends of Bolter's in the capital besides myself, and among us the dinner question was mooted : we agreed that it should be a simple dinner of ten francs a head, and this was the bill of fare :—

1. Oysters (common), nice.
2. Oysters, green of Marennes (very good).
3. *Potage, purée de gibier* (very fair).

As we were English, they instantly then served us :—

4. *Sole en matelotte Normande (comme ça)*.
5. *Turbot à la crème au gratin* (excellent).
6. *Jardinière* cutlets (particularly seedy).
7. *Poulet à la Marengo* (very fair, but why the deuce is one always to be pestered by it ?)
8. }
9. } (*Entrées* of some kind, but a blank in my memory).
10. A *rôt* of *chevreuil*.
11. Ditto of *éperlans* (very hot, crisp, and nice).
12. Ditto of partridges (quite good and plump).
13. *Pointes d'asperges*.
14. *Champignons à la Provençale* (the most delicious mushrooms I ever tasted).
15. Pine-apple jelly.
16. *Blanc*, or red *mange*.
17. *Pencucks*. Let everybody who goes to the Rocher order these pancakes ; they are arranged with jelly inside, rolled up between various *couches* of vermicelli, flavoured with a *leetle* wine ; and, by everything sacred, the most delightful meat possible.
18. *Timbale* of *macaroni*.

The jellies and *sucreries* should have been mentioned in the dessert, and there were numberless plates of trifles, which made the table look very pretty, but need not be mentioned here.

The dinner was not a fine one, as you see. No rarities, no truffles even, no *mets de primeur*, though there were peas and asparagus in the market at a pretty fair price. But with rarities no man has any business except he have a colossal fortune. Hot-house strawberries, asparagus, etc., are, as far as my experience

goes, most *fade*, mean, and tasteless meats. Much better to have a simple dinner of twenty dishes, and content therewith, than to look for impossible splendours and Apician morsels.

In respect of wine. Let those who go to the Rocher take my advice and order Madeira. They have here some pale old East India very good. How they got it is a secret, for the Parisians do not know good Madeira when they see it. Some very fair strong young wine may be had at the Hôtel des Américains, in the Rue Saint-Honoré; as, indeed, all West India produce—pine-apple rum, for instance. I may say, with confidence, that I never knew what rum was until I tasted this at Paris.

But to the Rocher. The Madeira was the best wine served; though some Burgundy, handed round in the course of dinner, and a bottle of Montrachet, similarly poured out to us, were very fair. The champagne was decidedly not good—poor, inflated, thin stuff. They say the drink we swallow in England is not genuine wine, but brandy-loaded and otherwise doctored for the English market; but, ah, what superior wine! *Au reste*, the French will not generally pay the money for the wine; and it therefore is carried from an ungrateful country to more generous climes, where it is better appreciated. We had claret and speeches after dinner; and very possibly some of the persons present made free with a jug of hot water, a few lumps of sugar, and the horrid addition of a glass of cognac. There can be no worse practice than this. After a dinner of eighteen dishes, in which you have drunk at least thirty-six glasses of wine—when the stomach is full, the brain heavy, the hands and feet inflamed—when the claret begins to pall—you, forsooth, must gorge yourself with brandy and water, and puff filthy cigars. For shame! Who ever does it? Does a gentleman drink brandy and water? Does a man who mixes in the society of the loveliest half of humanity befoul himself by tobacco smoke? Fie, fie! avoid the practice. I indulge in it always myself, but that is no reason why you, a young man entering into the world, should degrade yourself in any such way. No, no, my dear lad, never refuse an evening party, and avoid tobacco as you would the upas plant.

By the way, not having my purse about me when the above dinner was given, I was constrained to borrow from Bolter, whom I knew more intimately than the rest; and nothing grieved me more than to find, on calling at his hotel four days afterwards, that he had set off by the mail post for Marseilles. Friend of my youth, dear, dear Bolter! if haply this trifling page should come before thine eyes, weary of perusing the sacred rolls of Themis in thy far-off island in the Indian Sea, thou wilt recall our

little dinner in the little room of the Cancalian Coffee-house, and think for a while of thy friend !

Let us now mention one or two places that the Briton, on his arrival here, should frequent or avoid. As a quiet, dear house, where there is some of the best rooms in Paris—always the best meat, fowls, vegetables, etc.—we may specially recommend Monsieur Voisin's *café*, opposite the church of the Assumption. A very decent and lively house of restauration is that at the corner of the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, on the Boulevard. I never yet had a good dinner in my life at Véfour's ; something is always *manqué* at the place. The Grand Vattel is worthy of note, as cheap, pretty, and quiet. All the English houses gentlemen may frequent who are so inclined ; but though the writer of this has many times dined for sixteen sous at Catacomb's, cheek by jowl with a French chasseur or a labourer, he has, he confesses, an antipathy to enter into the confidence of a footman or groom of his own country.

A gentleman who purchases pictures in this town was lately waited upon by a lady, who said she had in her possession one of the greatest rarities in the world—a picture admirable, too, as a work of art—no less than an original portrait of Shakspeare, by his comrade, the famous John Davis. The gentleman rushed off immediately to behold the wonder, and saw a head, rudely but vigorously painted on panel, about twice the size of life, with a couple of hooks drawn through the top part of the board, under which was written—

THE WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

BY JOHN DAVIS.

'*Voyez-vous, Monsieur,*' said the lady ; '*il n'y a plus de doute. Le portrait de Shakspeare du célèbre Davis, et signé même de lui !*'

I remember it used to hang up in a silent little street in the Latin quarter, near an old convent, before a quaint old quiet tavern that I loved. It was pleasant to see the old name written up in a strange land, and the well-known friendly face greeting one. There was a quiet little garden at the back of the tavern, and famous good roast-beef, clean rooms, and English beer. Where are you now, John Davis ? Could not the image of thy august patron preserve thy house from ruin, or rally the faithful around it ? Are you unfortunate, Davis ? Are you a bankrupt ? Let us hope not. I swear to thee, that when one sunny afternoon, I saw the ensign of thy tavern, I loved thee for the choice, and

doused my cap on entering the porch, and looked around, and thought all friends were here.

In the queer old pleasant novel of the *Spiritual Quixote*, honest Tugwell, the Sancho of the story, relates a Warwickshire legend, which at the time Graves wrote was not much more than a hundred years old; and by which it appears that the owner of New Place was a famous jesting gentleman, and used to sit at his gate of summer evenings, cutting the queerest, merriest jokes with all the passers-by. I have heard from a Warwickshire clergyman that the legend still exists in the country, and Ward's *Diary* says that Master Shakspeare died of a surfeit, brought on by carousing with a literary friend who had come to visit him from London. And wherefore not? Better to die of good wine and good company than of slow disease and doctors' doses. Some geniuses live on sour misanthropy, and some on meek milk and water. Let us not deal too hardly with those that are of a jovial sort, and indulge in the decent practice of the cup and the platter.

A word or two by way of conclusion may be said about the numerous pleasant villages in the neighbourhood of Paris, or rather of the eating and drinking to be found in the taverns of those suburban spots. At Versailles, Monsieur Duboux, at the *Hôtel des Reservoirs*, has a good cook and cellars, and will gratify you with a heavier bill than is paid at Vérey's and the Rocher. On the beautiful terrace of St. Germain, looking over miles of river and vineyard, of fair villages basking in the meadows, and great tall trees stretching wide round about, you may sit in the open air of summer evenings, and see the white spires of Saint Denis rising in the distance, and the grey arches of Marly to the right, and before you the city of Paris with innumerable domes and towers.

Watching these objects, and the setting sun gorgeously illumining the heavens and them, you may have an excellent dinner served to you by the *chef* of Messire Gallois, who at present owns the pavilion where Louis XIV. was born. The *maître d'hôtel* is from the Rocher, and told us that he came to St. Germain for the sake of the air. The only drawback to the entertainment is, that the charges are as atrociously high in price as the dishes provided are small in quantity; and dining at this pavilion on the 15th of April, at a period when a *botte* of asparagus at Paris cost only three francs, the writer of this and a chosen associate had to pay seven francs for about the third part of a *botte* of asparagus, served up to them by Messire Gallois.

Facts like these ought not to go unnoticed. Therefore let the readers of *Fraser's Magazine*, who propose a visit to Paris, take warning by the unhappy fate of the person now addressing them,

and avoid the place or not as they think fit. A bad dinner does no harm to any human soul, and the philosopher partakes of such with easy resignation; but a bad and dear dinner is enough to raise the anger of any man, however naturally sweet-tempered, and he is bound to warn his acquaintance of it.

With one parting syllable in praise of the Marroniers at Bercy, where you get capital eels, fried gudgeons fresh from the Seine, and excellent wine of the ordinary kind, this discourse is here closed. '*En telle ou meilleure pensée, Beuveurs très illustres (car à vous non à aultres sont dédiés ces escriptz) reconfortez vostre malheur, et beuvez fraiz si faire se peult.*'

BARMECIDE BANQUETS WITH JOSEPH BREGION AND ANNE MILLER.¹

GEORGE SAVAGE FITZ-BOODLE, ESQUIRE, TO THE REV. LIONEL
GASTER, FELLOW AND TUTOR OF ST. BONIFACE COLLEGE, OXON.

PALL MALL, *October 25, 1845.*

MY DEAR LIONEL,

There is a comfort to think, that however other works and masterpieces bearing my humble name have been received by the public, namely, with what I cannot but think (and future ages will, I have no doubt, pronounce) to be unmerited obloquy and inattention, the present article, at least, which I address to you through the public prints, will be read by every one of the numerous readers of this Magazine. What a quantity of writings by the same hand have you, my dear friend, pored over! How much delicate wit, profound philosophy (lurking hid under harlequin's black mask and spangled jacket, nay, under clown's white lead and grinning vermilion),—how many quiet wells of deep-gushing pathos, have you failed to remark as you hurried through those modest pages, for which the author himself here makes an apology, not that I quarrel with my lot, or rebel against that meanest of all martyrdoms, indifference, with which a callous age has visited me—not that I complain because I am not appreciated by the present century—no, no!—he who lives at this time ought to know it better than to be vexed by its treatment of him—he who pines because Smith or Snooks doesn't appreciate him, has a poor, puny vein of endurance, and pays those two personages too much honour.

Pardon, dear Lionel, the egotism of the above little disquisition. If (as undoubtedly is the case) Fitz-Boodle is a *grande ame inconnue*, a *génie incomprise*, you cannot say that I complain—I don't push cries of distress like my friend Sir Lytton—if I am a martyr, who ever saw me out of temper? I lie smiling on my

¹ [*The Practical Cook, English and Foreign.* By Joseph Bregon and Anne Miller. (Chapman and Hall, 1845)].

[*Fraser's Magazine*, November, 1845].

rack or gridiron, causing every now and then an emotion of pity in the bystanders at my angelic good-humour. I bear the kicks of the world with smiling meekness, as Napoleon used to say Talleyrand could; no one could tell from the jolly and contented expression of my face what severe agonies were felt—what torturous indignities were inflicted elsewhere.

I think about my own exceedingly select class of readers with a rueful modesty, when I recollect how much more lucky other authors are. Here, for instance, I say to myself, looking upon the neat, trim, tight, little handsome book, signed by Joseph Bregon and Anne Miller, 'Here is a book whereof the public will infallibly purchase thousands. Maidens and matrons will read and understand it. Smith will buy it and present it to his lady; Snooks will fully enter into the merit of it, and recommend its perusal to his housekeeper. Nor will it be merely enjoyed by these worthy humdrum people, but men of learning and genius will find subject of interest and delectation in it. I dare say it will find a place in bishops' libraries, or on the book-shelves of men of science, or on the tables of poets and painters; for it is suited to the dullest and the highest intelligence.' And where is the fool or the man of genius that is insensible to the charms of a good dinner? I myself have been so much amused and instructed by the reading of *The Practical Cook* that I have purchased, out of my own pocket, several copies for distribution among my friends. Everybody can understand it and get benefit by it. You, not the least among the number, my reverend and excellent friend; for though your mornings are passed in the study of the heathen classics, or over your favourite tomes of patriotic lore—though of forenoons you astonish lecture-rooms with your learning, and choose to awe delighted undergraduates—yet I know that an hour comes daily when the sage feels that he is a man. When the reverend expounder of Austin and Chrysostom forsakes his study-table for another, which is spread in the common room, whereon, by the cheerful glimmer of wax-tapers, your eye rests complacently upon crystal flasks mantling with the red juices of France and Portugal, and glittering silver dishes, smoking with viands prepared by your excellent college cook.

Do you remember the week I once passed at Saint Boniface College, honoured to be your guest and that of the society? I have dined in many countries of Europe and Asia since then—I have feasted with aldermen, and made one at Soyer's house-dinners—I have eaten the produce of Borcl's larder, and drunk Clos Vougeot at the Trois Frères—I have discussed the wine of Capri, and know the difference of the flavour of the oysters of Poldoodie

and the Lucrine Lake—I have examined *bouillabaisse* at Marseilles and *pilaff* at Constantinople—I have consorted with epicures of all ages and nations,—but I never saw men who relished a dinner better than the learned fellows of Saint Boniface! How Gaster will relish this book! I thought to myself a hundred times as I revelled over the pages of Anne Miller and Joseph Bregon.

I do not believe, however, that those personages, namely Bregon, ‘formerly cook to Prince Rasumouski (I knew his highness intimately), to Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, the Russian ambassador at Paris, etc., and Anne Miller, cook in several English families of distinction,’ are the real authors of this excellent and truly *Practical Cook*. A distinguished amateur of cookery and almost every other science, a man whose erudition is as varied and almost as profound as your own, a practical philosopher, who has visited every capital in Europe, their victuals noted and their wines surveyed, is, I have reason to think, the real genius under whose presiding influence Anne and Joseph have laboured. For instance, of the Portuguese and Spanish dishes here described, the invaluable collection of Turkish and Indian receipts, the Sicilian and Hungarian receipts, it is not probable that Joseph or Anne should have had much personal experience; whereas it is my firm opinion that the occult editor of *The Practical Cook* has tasted and tested every one of the two hundred and twenty-three thousand edible and potable formulæ contained in the volume. A great genius, he has a great appetite and digestion. Such are part of the gifts of genius. In my own small way, and at a single dinner at Brussels, I remember counting twenty-nine dishes of which I partook. By such a process alone, and even supposing that he did not work at breakfast or supper, a man would get through 10,480 dishes in a year, so that twenty years’ perseverance (and oh how richly would that industry be repaid!) would carry you through the whole number above specified.

Such a gormandising encyclopædia was indeed wanted, and is a treasure now that we have it complete. You may feast with any nation in the world as you turn over the pages of this delightful volume. In default of substantial banquets even imaginary ones are pleasant. I have always relished Alnaschar’s dinner, off lamb and pistachio-nuts, with the jolly Barmecide, and could, with an easy and thankful heart, say grace over that light repast. What a fine, manly, wholesome sense of roast and boiled, so to speak, there is in the *Iliad*! In my mind I have often and often cut off great collops of the smoking beeves under Achilles’ tent, and sat down to a jovial scrambling dinner along with Penelope’s suitors at Ithaca. What appetites Ariosto’s heroes have, and the reader

with them ! (Tasso's Armida dinners are rather theatrical in my mind, gilt pasteboard cups with nothing in them, wooden pullets and pine-apples, and so forth.) In Sir Walter Scott, again, there reigns a genuine and noble feeling for victuals. Witness King James's cockleekie, those endless, admirable repasts in *Ivanhoe*, especially that venison pasty in *Quentin Durward*, of the flavour of which I have the most distinct notion, and to which I never sit down without appetite, nor quit unsatisfied. The very thoughts of these meals, as, recalling them one by one, I note them down, creates a delightful tickling and longing, and makes one quite hungry.

For these spiritual banquets of course all cookery-books are good ; but this of the so-called Miller and Bregon is unrivalled. I have sent you a copy down to Oxford, and would beg you, my dear Lionel, to have it in your dressing-room. If you have been taking too many plovers' eggs, or *foie gras* patty, for breakfast, if you feel yourself a trifle heavy or incommoded after a hot luncheon, you naturally mount your cob, take a gentle breathing for a couple of hours on the Blenheim or Bagley road, and return to dress for dinner at the last minute ; still feeling that you have not got your appetite quite back, and, in spite of the exercise, that you are not altogether up to the good things of the fellows' table. In this case (which may often occur) take my advice. Instead of riding for two hours, curtail your exercise, and only trot for an hour and forty minutes. Spend these twenty minutes in your easy-chair over *The Practical Cook*. Begin almost at any page. After the first few paragraphs the languor and heaviness begin to disappear. The idea of dining, which was quite disagreeable to you half an hour since, begins to be no longer repulsive—a new interest springs up in your breast for things edible—fancy awakens the dormant appetite, which the coarse remedy of a jolt on horseback had failed to rouse, and, as the second bell rings, you hasten down to Hall with eagerness, for you know and feel that you are hungry. For some time I had the book by my bedside, and used to read it of nights ; but this is most dangerous. Twice I was obliged to get up and dress myself at two o'clock in the morning, and go out to hunt for some supper.

As you begin at the preface of the book it charms you with its philosophical tone.

Far are we from saying that a dinner should not be a subject of morning or mid-day meditation or of luxurious desire ; but in the present advanced state of civilisation, and of medical and chemical knowledge, something more than kneading, baking, stewing, and boiling are necessary in any nation pretending to civilisation. The metropolis of

England exceeds Paris in extent and population : it commands a greater supply of all articles of consumption, and contains a greater number and variety of markets, which are better supplied. We greatly surpass the French in mutton, we produce better beef, lamb, and pork, and are immeasurably superior both in the quantity and quality of our fish, our venison, and our game, yet we cannot compare, as a nation, with the higher, the middle, or the lower classes in France, in the science of preparing our daily food. The only articles of food in the quality of which the French surpass us are veal and fowl, but such is the skill and science of their cooks, that with worse mutton, worse beef, and worse lamb than ours, they produce better chops, cutlets, steaks, and better made-dishes of every nature and kind whatsoever. In *fricassées*, *ragoûts*, *salmis*, *quenelles*, *purées*, *filets*, and more especially in the dressing of vegetables, our neighbours surpass us, and we see no good reason why we should not imitate them in a matter in which they are so perfect, or why their more luxurious, more varied, more palatable, and more dainty cookery, should not be introduced among the higher and middle classes to more general notice.

No Joseph Bregon, though Rasumouski's *chef*; no Anne Miller, though cook to ever so many English families of distinction, could write like this. No, no. This is not merely a practical cook, but a practical philosopher, whose pen we think we recognise, and who wishes to reconcile ourselves and our Gallic neighbours by the noble means of a good dinner. There is no blinking the matter here; no foolish vainglory and vapouring contempt of Frenchmen, such as some Britons are wont to indulge in, such as all Frenchmen endeavour to make pass for real. Scotland, they say, is the best cultivated country of Europe; and why?—because it is the most barren. Your Neapolitan peasant lolls in the sunshine all day, leaving his acres to produce spontaneous melons and volunteer grapes, with which the lazy farmer nourishes himself. Your canny Scot invents manures, rotatory crops, sub-soil, ploughs, tile-drains, and other laborious wonders of agriculture, with which he forces reluctant Nature to be bountiful to him. And as with the fruits of the field, so it is with the beasts thereof; because we have fine mutton to our hand, we neglect cookery. *The French, who have worse mutton, worse beef, and worse lamb than ours, produce better chops, cutlets, and steaks.* This sentence should be painted up as a motto in all our kitchens. Let cooks blush when they read it. Let housekeepers meditate upon it. I am not writing in a burlesque or bantering strain. Let this truth be brought home to the bosoms of English kitchens, and the greatest good may be done.

The grand and broad principles of cookery or cookicks thus

settled, the authors begin to dissert upon the various branches of the noble science, regarding all of which they have to say something new, or pleasant, or noble. Just read the heads of the chapters—what a pleasant smack and gusto they have!—

RULES NECESSARY TO BE OBSERVED BY COOKS IN THE REGULATION AND MANAGEMENT OF THEIR LARDER.

OBSERVATIONS AS TO UNDRESSED MEATS.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE KITCHEN AND ITS UTENSILS.

OBSERVATIONS ON AND DIRECTIONS FOR CARVING.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON ENGLISH SOUPS AND BROTHS, AND DIRECTIONS CONCERNING THEM.

OBSERVATIONS ON MEAT IN GENERAL.

The mere titles themselves are provocative of pleasant thoughts and savoury meditations. I seize on them. I sniff them spiritually. I eye them (with the eyes of the imagination) yearningly. I have seen little penniless boys eyeing meat and puddings in cooks' shops so—no pleasant occupation perhaps to the hungry—but good and wholesome food for such as have dined to-day and can afford to do so to-morrow. Even after dinner, I say this book is pleasant to read and think over. I hate the graceless wretch who begins to be disgusted with eating so soon as his own appetite is satisfied. Your truly hospitable man loves to see others eating happily around him, though satiety has caused him to lay down his own knife and fork; the spectacle of a hungry fellow-creature's enjoyment gives a benevolent gormandiser pleasure. I am writing this very line after an excellent repast of three courses; and yet this mere account of an English dinner awakens in me an active interest and a manly and generous sympathy.

On laying out a table.—The manner of laying out a table is nearly the same in all parts of the United Kingdom, yet there are trifling local peculiarities to which the mistress of a house must attend. A centre ornament, whether it be a *dormant*, a *plateau*, an *épergne*, or a *candelabra*, is found so convenient, and contributes so much to the good appearance of the table, that a fashionable dinner is now seldom or never set out without something of this kind.

Utility should be the true principle of beauty, at least in affairs of the table, and, above all, in the substantial first course. A very false taste is, however, often shown in centre ornaments. Strange ill-assorted nosegays and bouquets of artificial flowers begin to droop or look faded among hot steams. Ornamental articles of family plate, carved, chased, or merely plain, can never be out of place, however old-fashioned. In desserts, richly cut glass is ornamental. We are far, also, from pro-

scribing the foliage and moss in which fruits are sometimes seen bedded. The sparkling imitation of frost-work, which is given to preserved fruits and other things, is also exceedingly beautiful; as are many of the trifles belonging to French and Italian confectionery.

Beautiful white damask, and a green cloth underneath, are indispensable.

In all ranks, and in every family, one important art in housekeeping is to make what remains from one day's entertainment contribute to the elegance or plenty of the next day's dinner. This is a principle understood by persons in the very highest ranks of society, who maintain the most splendid and expensive establishments. Vegetables, *ragoûts*, and soups may be re-warmed; and jellies and *blancmange* remoulded, with no deterioration of their qualities. Savoury or sweet patties, *croquets*, *risssoles*, *vol-au-vents*, fritters, tartlets, etc., may be served with almost no cost, where cookery is going forward on a large scale. In the French kitchen, a numerous class of culinary preparations, called *entrées de dessert*, or made-dishes of left things, are served even at grand entertainments.

At dinners of any pretension, the first course consists of soups and fish, removed by boiled poultry, ham, or tongue, roasts, stews, etc., and of vegetables, with a few made-dishes, as *ragoûts*, curries, hashes, cutlets, patties, *fricandeaux*, etc., in as great variety as the number of dishes permits. For the second course, roasted poultry or game at the top and bottom, with dressed vegetables, omelets, macaroni, jellies, creams, salads, preserved fruit, and all sorts of sweet things and pastry are employed,—endeavouring to give an article of each sort, as a jelly and a cream, as will be exemplified in bills of fare which follow. This is a more common arrangement than three courses, which are attended with so much additional trouble both to the guests and servants.

Whether the dinner be of two or three courses, it is managed nearly in the same way. Two dishes of fish dressed in different ways—if suitable—should occupy the top and bottom; and two soups, a white and a brown, or a mild and a high-seasoned, are best disposed on each side of the centre-piece; the fish-sauces are placed between the centre-piece and the dish of fish to which each is appropriate; and this, with the decanted wines drunk during dinner, forms the First Course. When there are rare French or Rhenish wines, they are placed in the original bottles, in ornamented wine-vases, between the centre-piece and the top and bottom dishes; or if four kinds, they are ranged round the *plateau*. If one bottle, it is placed in a vase in the centre.

The Second Course at a purely English dinner, when there are three, consists of roasts and stews for the top and bottom; turkey or fowls, or *fricandeau*, or ham garnished, or tongue, for the sides; with small made-dishes for the corners, served in covered dishes; as *palates*, curries of any kind, *ragoût*, or *fricassée* of rabbits, stewed mushrooms, etc., etc.

The Third Course consists of game, confectionery, the more delicate vegetables dressed in the French way, puddings, creams, jellies, etc.

Caraffes, with the tumblers belonging to and placed over them, are laid at proper intervals. Where hock, champagne, etc., etc., are served, they are handed round between the courses. When the third course is cleared away, cheese, butter, a fresh salad, or sliced cucumber are usually served; and the finger-glasses precede the dessert. At many tables, particularly in Indian houses, it is customary merely to hand quickly round a glass vessel or two filled with simple, or simply perfumed tepid water, made by the addition of a little rose or lavender water, or a home-made strained infusion of rose-leaves or lavender spikes. Into this water each guest may dip the corner of his napkin, and with this refresh his lips and the tips of his fingers.

The Dessert, at an English table, may consist merely of two dishes of fine fruit for the top and bottom; common or dried fruits, filberts, etc., for the corners or sides, and a cake for the middle, with ice-pails in hot weather. *Liqueurs* are at this stage handed round; and the wines usually drunk after dinner are placed decanted on the table along with the dessert. The ice-pails and plates are removed as soon as the company finish their ice. This may be better understood by following the exact arrangement of what is considered a fashionable dinner of three courses and a dessert.

Now what can be finer than this description of a feed? How it recalls old days and old dinners, and makes one long for the return of friends to London and the opening of the dining campaign! It is not far removed, praised be luck. Already the lawyers are coming back (and let me tell you, some of the judges give uncommonly good dinners), railroad speculations are bringing or keeping a good number of men of fortune about town; presently we shall have parliament, the chief good of which institution is, as I take it, that it collects in London respectable wealthy dinner-giving families; and then the glorious operations will commence again; and I hope that you, dear Lionel (on your occasional visits to London), and your humble servant and every good epicure will, six times at least in every week, realise that delightful imaginary banquet here laid out in type.

But I wish to offer a few words of respectful remonstrance, an approving observation regarding the opinions delivered above. The description of the dinner, as it actually exists, we will pass over; but it is of dinners as they should be that I would speak. Some statements in the Bregon-Miller account I would question; of others I deplore that they should be true.

In the first place,—as to central ornaments—have them as handsome, as massive as you like—but be hanged to flowers! I

say ; and, above all, no candelabra on the table—no cross-lights ; faces are not seen in the midst of the abominable cross-lights, and you don't know who is across the table. Have your lights rich and brilliant overhead, blazing on the sideboard, and gleaming hospitably from as many sources as you please along the walls, but no lights on the table. 'Roses, bouquets, moss, and foliage' I have an utter contempt for as quite foolish ornaments, that have no right to appear in atmospheres composed of the fumes of ham, gravy, soup, game, lobster-sauce, etc. Away with all poetastering at dinner-parties. Though your friends, Plato and Socrates, crowned themselves with garlands at dinner, I have always fancied Socrates an ass for his pains. Fancy old Noddle, of your college, or your own venerable mug or mine, set off with a wreath of tulips or a garland of roses, as we ladled down the turtle-soup in your hall ! The thought is ridiculous and odious. Flowers were not made to eat—away with them ! I doubt even whether young unmarried ladies should be allowed to come down to dinner. They are a sort of flowers—pretty little sentimental gewgaws—what can *they* know about eating ? They should only be brought down for balls, and should dine upon roast mutton in the nursery.

'Beautiful white damask and a green cloth are indispensable.' Ah, my dear Lionel, on this head I exclaim, let me see the old mahogany back again, with the crystal, and the wine quivering and gleaming in it. I am sorry for the day when the odious fashion of leaving the cloth down was brought from across the water. They leave the cloth on a French table because it is necessary to disguise it ; it is often a mere set of planks on tressels, the meanness of which they disguise, as they disguise the poverty of their meat. Let us see the naked mahogany ; it means, I think, not only a good dinner, but a *good drink after dinner*. In houses where they leave the cloth down you know they are going to shirk their wine. And what is a dinner without a subsequent drink ? A mockery—an incomplete enjoyment at least. Do you and I go out to dine that we may have the pleasure of drinking tea in the drawing-room, and hearing Miss Anne or Miss Jane sing ? Fiddlededee ! I can get the best singing in the world for half a guinea ! Do we expend money in cabs, kid-gloves, and awful waistcoats, in order to get muffins and tea ? Bah ! Nay, does any man of sense declare honestly that he likes ladies' conversation ? I have read in novels that it was pleasant, the refinement of woman's society—the delightful influence of a female presence, and so forth, but say now, as a man of the world and an honest fellow, did you ever get any good out of women's talk ? What a bore a clever woman is !—what a frightful bore a mediocre,

respectable woman is! And every woman who is worth anything will confess as much. There is no woman but *one* after all. But mum! I am getting away from the dinner-table; they it was who dragged me from it, and it was for parsimony's sake, and to pleasure them, that the practice of leaving on the cloth for dessert was invented.

This I honestly say as a diner-out in the world. If I accept an invitation to a house where the dessert-cloth practice is maintained (it must be, I fear, in large dinners of *apparat* now, but I mean in common *réunions* of ten or fourteen)—if I accept a dessert-cloth invitation, and a mahogany invitation subsequently comes, I fling over dessert-cloth. To ask you to a dinner without a drink is to ask you to half a dinner.

This I say is the interest of every diner-out. An unguarded passage in the above description, too, might give rise to a fatal error, and be taken advantage of by stingy curmudgeons who are anxious for any opportunity of saving their money and liquor,—I mean those culpably careless words,—‘*Where hock, champagne, etc., etc., are served, they are handed round between the courses.*’ Of course they are handed round between the courses; but they are handed round during the courses too. A man who sets you down to a driblet of champagne—who gives you a couple of beggarly glasses between the courses, and winks to John who froths up the liquor in your glass, and screws up the remainder of the bottle for his master's next day's drinking—such a man is an impostor and despicable snob. This fellow must not be allowed an excuse for his practice—the wretch must not be permitted to point to Joseph Bregon and Anne Miller for an authority, and say they declare that champagne is to be served only between the courses. No!—no! you poor lily-livered wretch! if money is an object to you, drink water (as we have all done, perhaps, in an august state of domestic circumstances, with a good heart); but if there is to be champagne, have no stint of it, in the name of Bacchus! Profusion is the charm of hospitality; have plenty, if it be only beer. A man who offers champagne by driblets is a fellow who would wear a pinchbeck breastpin, or screw on spurs to his boots to make believe that he kept a horse. I have no words of scorn sufficiently strong to characterise the puny coward, shivering on the brink of hospitality, without nerve to plunge into the generous stream!

Another word should be said to men of moderate means about that same champagne. It is actually one of the cheapest of wines, and there is no wine out of which, to speak commercially, you get your returns so directly. The popping, and fizzing, and agreeable

nervous hurry in pouring and drinking, give it a *prestige* and an extra importance—it makes twice the appearance, has twice the effect, and doesn't cost you more than a bottle of your steady, old, brown sherry, which has gathered on his head the interest of accumulated years in your cellar. When people have had plenty of champagne, they fancy they have been treated liberally. If you wish to save, save upon your hocks, Sauternes, and Moselles, which count for nothing, but disappear down careless throats like so much toast and water.

I have made this remark about champagne. All men of the world say they don't care for it: all gourmands swear and vow that they prefer Sillery a thousand times to sparkling, but look round the table and behold! We all somehow drink it. All who say they like the Sillery will be found drinking the sparkling. Yes, beloved sparkler, you are an artificial, barley-sugared, brandied beverage, according to the dicta of *connoisseurs*. You are universally sneered at, and said to have no good in you. But console yourself, you are universally drunken—you are the wine of the world—you are the liquor in whose bubbles lies the greatest amount of the sparkle of good spirits. May I die but I will not be ashamed to proclaim my love for you! You have given me much pleasure, and never any pain—you have stood by me in many hard moments, and cheered me in many dull ones—you have whipped up many flagging thoughts, and dissipated many that were gloomy—you have made me hope, ay, and forget. Ought a man to disown such a friend?

Incomparably the best champagne I know is to be found in England. It is the most doctored, the most brandied, the most barley-sugared, the most *winy* wine in the world. As such, let us hail, and honour, and love it.

Those precious words about *rechauffés* and the art of making the remains of one day's entertainment contribute to the elegance and plenty of the next day's dinner, cannot be too fondly pondered over by housekeepers, or too often brought into practice. What is it, ladies, that so often drives out men to clubs, and leaves the domestic hearth desolate—what but bad dinners? And whose fault is the bad dinners but yours—yours, forsooth, who are too intellectual to go into the kitchen, and too delicate to think about your husband's victuals? I know a case in which the misery of a whole life, nay, of a whole series of little and big lives, arose from a wife's high and mighty neglect of the good things of life, where *ennui*, estrangement, and subsequent ruin and suicide arose out of an obstinate practice of serving a leg of mutton three days running in a small respectable family.

My friend, whom I shall call Mortimer Delamere (for why not

give the unfortunate fellow as neat and as elegant a name as possible, as I am obliged to keep his own back out of regard to his family ?)—Mortimer Delamere was an ornament of the Stock Exchange, and married at the age of twenty-five.

Before marriage he had a comfortable cottage at Sutton, whither he used to drive after business hours, and where you had roast ducks, toasted cheese, steaks and onions, wonderful bottled stout and old port, and other of those savoury but somewhat coarse luxuries with which home-keeping bachelors sometimes recreate their palates. He married and quitted his friends and his little hospitalities, his punch and his cigars, for a genteel wife and house in the Regent's Park, where I once had the misfortune to take pot-luck with him.

That dinner, which I never repeated, showed me at once that Delamere's happiness was a wreck. He had cold mutton and mouldy potatoes. His genteel wife, when he humbly said that he should have preferred the mutton hashed, answered superciliously that the kitchen was not her province, that as long as there was food sufficient she did not heed its quality. She talked about poetry and the Rev. Robert Montgomery all the evening, and about a quarter of an hour after she had left us to ourselves and the dessert, summoned us to exceedingly weak and muddy coffee in the drawing-room, where she subsequently entertained us with bad music, sung with her own cracked, false, genteel voice. My usual politeness and powers of conversation did not of course desert me even under this affliction ; and she was pleased to say at the close of the entertainment that she had enjoyed a highly intellectual evening, and hoped Mr. Fitz-Boodle would repeat his visit. Mr. Fitz-Boodle would have seen her at Jericho first !

But what was the consequence of a life of this sort ? Where the mutton is habitually cold in a house, depend on it the affection grows cold too. Delamere could not bear that comfortless, flavourless, frigid existence. He took refuge in the warmth of a club. He frequented not only the library and coffee-room, but, alas ! the smoking-room and card-room. He became a *viveur* and jolly dog about town, neglecting the wife who had neglected him, and who is now separated from him, and proclaimed to be a martyr by her genteel family, whereas, in fact, her own selfishness was the cause of his falling away. Had she but condescended to hash his mutton and give him a decent dinner, the poor fellow would have been at home to this day ; would never have gone to the club or played with Mr. Denman, who won his money ; would never have been fascinated by Senhora Dolora, who caused his duel with Captain Tufto ; would never have been obliged to fly to America

after issuing bills which he could not take up—bills, alas! with somebody else's name written on them.

I venture to say that if *The Practical Cook* had been published and Mrs. Delamere had condescended to peruse it; if she had read pages 30-32, for instance, with such simple receipts as these,—

BILLS OF FARE FOR PLAIN FAMILY DINNERS.

DINNERS OF FIVE DISHES.

	Peas or Mulligatawny Soup.	
Potatoes browned	Apple Dumpling,	Mashed Turnip
below the Roast.	or Plain Fritters.	or Pickles.
	Roast Shoulder of Mutton.	

	Haddocks boiled, with Parsley and Butter Sauce.	
Potatoes.	Newmarket Pudding.	Rice or Pickles.
	Haricot, Currie, Hash or Grill,	
	<i>Of the Mutton of the former day.</i>	

	Knuckle of Veal <i>Ragoût</i> , or with Rice.	
Stewed Endive.	A Charlotte.	Potatoes.
	Roast of Pork, or Pork Chops. <i>Sage Sauce</i> , or <i>Sauce Piquante</i> .	

	Boiled Cod, with Oyster, Egg, or Dutch Sauce.	
Potatoes.	Mutton Broth.	Carrots or Turnips.
	Scrag of Mutton,	
	with Caper Sauce, or Parsley and Butter.	

	Cod Currie, or a <i>Béchamel</i> , of the Fish of former day.	
Scolloped Oysters.	Rice Pudding.	Mashed Potatoes.
	Roast Ribs of Beef.	

	Bouilli, <i>garnished with Onions</i> .	
Marrow Bones.	Soup of the <i>Bouilli</i> .	Beef Cecils, of the
		Roast Ribs of the
		former day.

Lamb Chops, with Potatoes.
Vegetables on the Side-Table,

she would have had her husband at home every day. As I read them over myself, dwelling upon each, I say inwardly, 'Could I find a wife who did not sing, and who would daily turn me out such dinners as these, Fitz-Boodle himself would be a family man.' See there how the dishes are made to play into one another's hands; how the roast shoulder of mutton of Monday (though there is no mention made of the onion sauce) becomes the currie or grill

of Tuesday ; how the boiled cod of Thursday becomes the *béchamel* of Friday, a still better thing than boiled cod ! Feed a man according to those receipts, and I engage to say he *never* would dine out, especially on Saturdays, with that delicious bouilli garnished with onions—though, to be sure, there is a trifle too much beef in the *carte* of the day ; and I for my part should prefer a dish of broiled fish in the place of the lamb chops with potatoes, the dinner as it stands here being a trifle too *brown*.

One day in the week a man might have a few friends and give them any one of these:—

GOOD FAMILY DINNERS OF SEVEN DISHES.

	Crimped Salmon.	
	<i>Lobster Sauce, or Parsley and Butter.</i>	
Mashed Potatoes, <i>in small shapes.</i>		Mince Pies, <i>or Rissoles.</i>
	Irish Stew.	
	(<i>Remove—Apple-Pie.</i>)	
Oxford Dumplings.		Mince Veal.
	Pickles.	
	Roast Beef.	
	Irish Stew, or Haricot of Mutton.	
Chickens.		Mashed Potatoes.
	Fritters.	
Apple Sauce.		Tongue on Spinach, or a Piece of Ham.
	Stubble Goose.	
	Fried Soles.	
Savoury Patties.	Onion Soup.	Salad.
	(<i>Remove—A Charlotte.</i>)	
Macaroni.	<i>Sliced Cucumber.</i>	Veal Sweetbreads.
	Saddle of Mutton roasted.	

Very moderate means might enable a man to give such a dinner as this ; and how good they all are ! I should like to see eight good fellows over No. 3, for instance, six men, say, and two ladies. They would not take any onion soup, of course, though all the men would ; but the veal sweetbreads and the remove, a *charlotte*, are manifestly meant for them. There would be no champagne, the dinner is too jolly and *bourgeois* for that ; but after they had partaken of a glass of wine and had retired, just three bottles of excellent claret would be discussed by us six, and every man who went upstairs to coffee would make himself agreeable. In such a house the coffee would be good. The way to make good coffee is a secret

known only to very few housekeepers—it is to have plenty of coffee.

Thus do Joseph Bregon and Anne Miller care for high and low. They provide the domestic dinner to be calm in the bosoms of private families ; they invent bills of fare for the jolly family party, that pleasantest of all meetings ; and they expand upon occasion and give us the magnificent parade banquet of three courses, at which kings or fellows of colleges may dine. If you will ask your cook at St. Boniface to try either of the dinners marked for January and February, and will send your obedient servant a line, he for one will be happy to come down and partake of it at Oxford.

I could go on prattling in this easy, innocent way for hours, my dear Lionel, but the Editor of this Magazine (about whose capabilities I have my own opinion) has limited me to space, and that space is now pretty nearly occupied. I should like to have had a chat with you about the Indian dishes, the chapter on which is very scientific and savoury. The soup and broth chapter is rich, learned, and philosophical. French cookery is not, of course, *approfondi* or elaborately described, but nobly *raisonné*, like one of your lectures on a Greek play, where you point out in eloquent terms the salient beauties, sketch with masterly rapidity the principal characters, and gracefully unweave the complications of the metre. But I have done. *The Practical Cook* will triumph of his own force without my puny aid to drag the wheels of his car. Let me fling a few unpretending flowers over it, and sing *Io* to the victor ! Happy is the writer, happy the possessor, happy above all the publishers of such a book !

Farewell, dear Lionel ; present my respectful remembrances to the master of your college and our particular chums in the common-room. I am come to town for Christmas, so you may send the brawn to my lodgings as soon as you like.

Your faithful

G. S. F.-B.

MEN AND COATS.¹

THERE is some peculiar influence, which no doubt the reader has remarked in his own case, for it has been sung by ten thousand poets, or versifying persons, whose ideas you adopt, if perchance, as is barely possible, you have none of your own—there is, I say, a certain balmy influence in the springtime, which brings a rush of fresh dancing blood into the veins of all nature, and causes it to wear a peculiarly festive and sporting look. Look at the old Sun,—how pale he was all the winter through! Some days he was so cold and wretched he would not come out at all. He would not leave his bed till eight o'clock, and retired to rest, the old sluggard! at four; but lo! comes May, and he is up at five—he feels, like the rest of us, the delicious vernal influence, he is always walking abroad in the fresh air, and his jolly face lights up anew!

Remark the trees; they have dragged through the shivering winter-time without so much as a rag to cover them, but about May they feel obligated to follow the mode, and come out in a new suit of green. The meadows in like manner appear invested with a variety of pretty spring fashions, not only covering their backs with a bran-new glossy suit, but sporting a world of little coquettish, ornamental gimcracks that are suited to the season. This one covers his robe with the most delicate twinkling white daisies; that tricks himself out with numberless golden cowslips, or decorates his bosom with a bunch of dusky violets. Birds sing and make love; bees wake and make honey; horses and men leave off their shaggy winter clothing, and turn out in fresh coats. The only animal that does not feel the power of spring is that selfish, silent, and cold-blooded beast, the oyster, who shuts himself up for the best months of the year, and with whom the climate disagrees.

Some people have wondered how it is that what is called 'the season' in London should not begin until spring. What an absurd subject for wondering at! How could the London season begin at any other time? How could the great, black, bilious, over-

¹ [*Fraser's Magazine*, August, 1841.]

grown city, stifled by gas, and fogs, and politics, ever hope to have a season at all, unless nature with a violent effort came to its aid about Easter-time, and infused into it a little spring-blood? The town of London feels then the influences of the spring, and salutes it after its fashion. The parks are green for about a couple of months; Lady Smigsmag, and other leaders of the *ton*, give their series of grand parties; Gunter and Grange come forward with iced-creams and champagnes; ducks and green-peas burst out; the river Thames blossoms with whitebait, and Alderman Birch announces the arrival of fresh, lively turtle. If there are no birds to sing and make love, as in country places, at least there are coveys of opera-girls that frisk and hop about airily, and Rubini and Lablache to act as a couple of nightingales. 'A lady of fashion remarked,' says Dyson, in *The Morning Post*, 'that for all persons pretending to hold a position in genteel society,'—I forget the exact words, but the sense of them remains indelibly engraven upon my mind—'for any one pretending to take a place in genteel society two things are *indispensable*. And what are these?—a BOUQUET AND AN EMBROIDERED POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.' This is a self-evident truth. Dyson does not furnish the bouquets—he is not a market-gardener—he is not the goddess Flora; but, a town-man, he knows what the season requires, and furnishes his contribution to it. The lilies of the field are not more white and graceful than his embroidered nose-ornaments, and, with a little *eau des cent-milles fleurs*, not more fragrant. Dyson knows that pocket-handkerchiefs are necessary, and has 'an express from Longchamps' to bring them over.

Whether they are picked from ladies' pockets by Dyson's couriers, who then hurry breathless across the Channel with them, no one need ask. But the gist of Dyson's advertisement, and of all the preceding remarks, is this great truth, which need not be carried out further by any illustrations from geography or natural history,—that in the spring-time all nature renews itself. There is not a country newspaper published in England that does not proclaim the same fact. Madame Hoggin informs the nobility and gentry of Penzance that her new and gigantic stock of Parisian fashions has just arrived from London. Mademoiselle M'Whirter begs to announce to the *haut-ton* in the environs of John-o-Groat's that she has this instant returned from Paris, with her dazzling and beautiful collection of spring fashions.

In common with the birds, the trees, the meadows—in common with the Sun, with Dyson, with all nature, in fact, I yielded to the irresistible spring impulse—*homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum*, etc.—I acknowledged the influence of

the season, and ordered a new coat, waistcoat, and tr——, in short, a new suit. Now, having worn it for a few days, and studied the effect which it has upon the wearer, I thought that perhaps an essay upon new clothes and their influence might be attended with some profit both to the public and the writer.

One thing is certain. A man does not have a new suit of clothes every day; and another general proposition may be advanced, that a man in sporting a coat for the first time is either

agreeably affected, or
disagreeably affected, or
not affected at all,—

which latter case I don't believe. There is no man, however accustomed to new clothes, but must feel some sentiment of pride in assuming them—no philosopher, however calm, but must remark the change of raiment. Men consent to wear old clothes for ever—nay, feel a pang at parting with them for new; but the first appearance of a new garment is always attended with exultation.

Even the feeling of shyness, which makes a man ashamed of his splendour, is a proof of his high sense of it. What causes an individual to sneak about in corners and shady places, to avoid going out in new clothes of a Sunday, lest he be mistaken for a snob? Sometimes even to go the length of ordering his servant to powder his new coat with sand, or to wear it for a couple of days, and remove the gloss thereof? Are not these manœuvres proofs of the effects of new coats upon mankind in general?

As this notice will occupy at least ten pages (for a reason that may be afterwards mentioned), I intend, like the great philosophers who have always sacrificed themselves for the public good, imbibing diseases, poisons, and medicines, submitting to operations, inhaling asphyxiations, etc., in order that they might note in themselves the particular phenomena of the case—in like manner, I say, I intend to write this essay in five several coats, viz.:—

1. My old single-breasted black frock-coat, with patches at the elbows, made to go into mourning for William IV.

2. My double-breasted green ditto, made last year but one, and still very good, but rather queer about the lining, and snowy in the seams.

3. My grand black dress-coat, made by Messrs. Sparding and Spohrer, of Conduit Street, in 1836. A little scouring and renovating have given it a stylish look even now; and it was always a splendid cut.

4. My worsted-net jacket that my uncle Harry gave me on his departure for Italy. This jacket is wadded inside with a wool like that one makes Welsh wigs of; and though not handsome, amazing comfortable, with pockets all over.

5. MY NEW FROCK-COAT.

Now, will the reader be able to perceive any difference in the style of writing each chapter? I fancy I see it myself clearly; and am convinced that the new frock-coat chapter will be infinitely more genteel, spruce, and glossy than the woollen-jacket chapter; which, again, shall be more comfortable than the poor, seedy, patched, William-the-Fourth's black-frock chapter. The double-breasted green one will be dashing, manly, free-and-easy, and though not fashionable, yet with a well-bred look. The grand black-dress chapter will be solemn and grave, devilish tight about the waist, abounding in bows and shrugs and small talk; it will have a great odour of bohea and pound-cake; perhaps there will be a faint whiff of negus; and the tails will whisk up in a quadrille at the end, or sink down, mayhap, on a supper-table bench before a quantity of trifles, lobster-salads, and champagnes; and near a lovely blushing white satin skirt, which is continually crying out, 'O you ojou's creature!' Or, 'O you naughty satirical man, you!' 'And do you really believe Miss Moffat dyes her hair?' 'And have you read that sweet thing in *The Keepsake* by Lord Diddle?' 'Well, only one leetle, leetle drop, for mamma will scold;' and 'O you horrid Mr. Titmarsh, you have filled my glass, I declare!' Dear white satin skirt, what pretty shoulders and eyes you have! what a nice white neck, and bluish-mottled, round, innocent arms! how fresh you are and candid! and ah, my dear, what a fool you are!

I don't have so many coats nowadays as in the days of hot youth, when the figure was more elegant, and credit, mayhaps more plenty; and, perhaps, this accounts for the feeling of unusual exultation that comes over me as I assume this one. Look at the skirts how they are shining in the sun, with a delicate gloss upon them—that evanescent gloss that passes away with the first freshness of the coat, as the bloom does from the peach. A friend meets you—he salutes you cordially, but looks puzzled for a moment at the change in your appearance. 'I have it!' says Jones. 'Hobson, my boy, I congratulate you,—a new coat, and very neat cut—puce-coloured frock, brown silk lining, brass buttons, and velvet collar—quite novel, and quiet and genteel at the same time.' You say 'Pooh, Jones! do you think so, though?' and at the same time turn round just to give him a

view of the back, in which there is not a single wrinkle. You find suddenly that you must buy a new stock; that your old Berlin gloves will never do; and that a pair of three-and-sixpenny kids are absolutely necessary. You find your boots are cruelly thick, and fancy that the attention of the world is accurately divided between the new frock-coat and the patch on your great toe. It is very odd that that patch did not annoy you yesterday in the least degree—that you looked with a good-natured grin at the old sausage-fingered Berlin gloves, bulging out at the end and concaved like spoons. But there is a change in the man, without any doubt. Notice SIR M—— O'D——; those who know that celebrated military man by sight are aware of one peculiarity in his appearance—his hat is never brushed. I met him one day with the beaver brushed quite primly; and looking hard at the baronet to ascertain the cause of this phenomenon, saw that he had a new coat. Even his great spirit was obliged to yield to the power of the coat—he made a genteel effort—he awoke up from his habitual Diogenic carelessness; and I have no doubt that had Alexander, before he visited the cynic, ordered some one to fling a new robe into his barrel, I have no doubt but that he would have found the fellow prating and boasting with all the airs of a man of fashion, and talking of tilburies, opera-girls, and the last ball at Devonshire House, as if the brute had been used for all his life to no other company. Fie upon the swaggering, vulgar bully! I have always wondered how the Prince of Macedon, a gentleman by birth, with an excellent tutor to educate him, could have been imposed upon by the grovelling, obscene, envious tub-man, and could have uttered the speech we know of. It was a humbug, depend upon it, attributed to his majesty by some maladroit *bon-mot* maker of the court, and passed subsequently for genuine Alexandrine.

It is hardly necessary for the moralist earnestly to point out to persons moving in a modest station of life the necessity of not having coats of too fashionable and rakish a cut. Coats have been, and will be in the course of this disquisition, frequently compared to the flowers of the field: like them they bloom for a season, like them they grow seedy and they fade.

Can you afford always to renew your coat when this fatal hour arrives? Is your coat like the French monarchy, and does it never die? Have then, clothes of the newest fashion, and pass on to the next article in the Magazine—unless, always, you prefer the style of this one.

But while a shabby coat, worn in a manly way, is a bearable, nay, sometimes a pleasing object, reminding one of ‘a good man

struggling with the storms of fate,' whom Mr. Joseph Addison has represented in his tragedy of *Cato*—while a man of a certain character may look august and gentlemanlike in a coat of a certain cut—it is quite impossible for a person who sports an ultra-fashionable costume to wear it with decency beyond a half-year say. *My* coats always last me two years, and any man who knows me knows how I look; but I defy Count d'Orsay thus publicly to wear a suit for seven hundred and thirty days consecutively, and look respectable at the end of that time. In like manner, I would defy, without any disrespect, the Marchioness of X—, or her grace the Duchess of Z—, to sport a white satin gown constantly for six months and look decent. There is *propriety* in dress. Ah, my poor Noll Goldsmith, in your famous plum-coloured velvet! I can see thee strutting down Fleet Street, and stout old Sam rolling behind as Maister Boswell pours some Caledonian jokes into his ear, and grins at the poor vain poet. In what a pretty condition will Goldy's puce-coloured velvet be about two months hence, when it is covered with dust and grease, and he comes in his slatternly finery to borrow a guinea of his friend!

A friend of the writer's once made him a present of two very handsome gold pins; and what did the author of this notice do? Why, with his usual sagacity, he instantly sold the pins for five-and-twenty shillings, the cost of the gold, knowing full well that he could not afford to live up to such fancy articles. If you sport handsome gold pins, you must have everything about you to match. Nor do I in the least agree with my friend Bosk, who has a large amethyst-brooch, and fancies that because he sticks it in his shirt, his atrocious shabby stock and surtout may pass muster. No, no! let us be all peacock, if you please; but one peacock's feather in your tail is a very absurd ornament, and of course all moderate men will avoid it. I remember when I travelled with Captain Cook in the South Sea Islands, to have seen Quashamaboo with nothing on him but a remarkably fine cocked-hat, his queen sported a red coat, and one of the princesses went frisking about in a pair of leather breeches, much to our astonishment.

This costume was not much more absurd than poor Goldsmith's, who might be very likely seen drawing forth from the gold embroidered pocket of his plum-coloured velvet, a pat of butter wrapped in a cabbage-leaf, a pair of farthing rushlights, an onion or two, and a bit of bacon.

I recollect meeting a great, clever, ruffianly boor of a man, who had made acquaintance with a certain set of very questionable aristocracy, and gave himself the air of a man of fashion. He had

a coat made of the very pattern of Lord Toggery's—a green frock, a green velvet collar, a green lining; a plate of spring-cabbage is not of a brisker, brighter hue. This man, who had been a shop-keeper's apprentice originally, now declared that every man who was a gentleman wore white kid gloves, and for a certain period sported a fresh pair every day.

One hot, clear, sunshiny July day, walking down the Haymarket at two o'clock, I heard a great yelling and shouting of blackguard boys, and saw that they were hunting some object in their front.

The object approached us—it was a green object—a green coat, collar, and lining, and a pair of pseudo-white kid gloves. The gloves were dabbled with mud and blood, the man was bleeding at the nose and slavering at the mouth, and yelling some unintelligible verses of a song, and swaying to and fro across the sunshiny street, with the blackguard boys in chase.

I turned round the corner of Vigo Lane with the velocity of a cannon-ball, and sprung panting into a baker's shop. It was Mr. Bludyer, our London Diogenes. Have a care, ye gay, dashing Alexanders! how ye influence such men by too much praise or debauch them by too much intimacy. How much of that man's extravagance, and absurd aristocratic airs, and subsequent *roueries*, and cutting of old acquaintance, is to be attributed to his imitation of Lord Toggery's coat!

Actors of the lower sort affect very much braiding and fur collars to their frock-coats; and a very curious and instructive sight it is to behold these personages with pale, lean faces, and hats cocked on one side, in a sort of pseudo-military trim. One sees many such sauntering under Drury Lane Colonnade, or about Bow Street, with sickly smiles on their faces. Poor fellows, poor fellows! how much of their character is embroidered in that seedy braiding of their coats! Near five o'clock, in the neighbourhood of Rupert Street and the Haymarket, you may still occasionally see the old, shabby, manly, gentlemanly, half-pay frock: but the braid is now growing scarce in London; and your military man, with reason perhaps, dresses more like a civilian; and understanding life better, and the means of making his half-crown go as far as five shillings in former days, has usually a club to dine at, and leaves Rupert Street eating-houses to persons of a different grade—to some of those dubious dandies whom one sees swaggering in Regent Street in the afternoon, or to those gay, spruce gentlemen whom you encounter in St. Paul's Churchyard at ten minutes after five, on their way westward from the City. Look at the same hour at the Temple, and issuing thence, and from Essex Street, you behold many scores of neat barristers, who are walking to the

joint and half-a-pint of Marsala at the Oxford and Cambridge Club. They are generally tall, slim, proper, well-dressed men, but their coats are too prim and professionally cut. Indeed, I have generally remarked that their clerks, who leave chambers about the same time, have a far more rakish and fashionable air; and if, my dear Madam, you will condescend to take a beefsteak at the Cock, or at some of the houses around Covent Garden, you will at once allow that this statement is perfectly correct.

I have always had rather a contempt for a man who, on arriving at home, deliberately takes his best coat from his back and adopts an old and shabby one. It is a mean precaution. Unless very low in the world indeed, one should be above a proceeding so petty. Once I knew a French lady very smartly dressed in a black velvet *pelisse*, a person whom I admired very much—and indeed for the matter of that, she was very fond of me, but that is neither here nor there,—I say I knew a French lady of some repute, who used to wear a velvet *pelisse*, and how do you think the back of it was arranged?

Why, *pelisses* are worn, as you know, very full behind; and Madame de Tournuronval had actually a strip of black satin let into the hinder part of her dress, over which the velvet used to close with a spring when she walked or stood, so that the satin was invisible. But when she sat on a chair, especially one of the cane-bottomed species, Euphemia gave a loose to her spring, the velvet divided on each side, and she sat down on the satin.

Was it an authorised stratagem of millinery? Is a woman under any circumstances permitted to indulge in such a manœuvre? I say, No. A woman with such a gown is of a mean, deceitful character. Of a woman who has a black satin patch behind her velvet gown, it is right that one should speak ill behind the back: and when I saw Euphemia Tournuronval spread out her wings (*non usitate pennæ*, but what else to call them?)—spread out her skirts and insure them from injury by means of this dastardly *ruse*, I quitted the room in disgust, and never was intimate with her as before. A widow I know she was; I am certain she looked sweet upon me; and she said she had a fortune, but I don't believe it. Away with parsimonious ostentation! That woman, had I married her, would either have turned out a swindler, or we should have had *bouilli* five times a week for dinner—*bouilli* off silver, and hungry lackeys in lace looking on at the windy meal!

The old coat plan is not so base as the above female arrangement; but say what you will, it is not high-minded and honourable to go out in a good coat, to flaunt the streets in it with an easy *dégagé* air, as if you always wore such, and returning home assume

another under pretext of dressing for dinner. There is no harm in putting on your old coat of a morning, or in wearing one always. Common reason points out the former precaution, which is at once modest and manly. If your coat pinches you, there is no harm in changing it; if you are going out to dinner, there is no harm in changing it for a better. But I say the plan of habitual changing is a base one, and only fit for a man at last extremities; or for a clerk in the city, who hangs up his best garment on a peg, both at the office and at home; or for a man who smokes, and has to keep his coat for tea-parties—a paltry precaution, however, this. If you like smoking, why shouldn't you? If you *do* smell a little of tobacco, where's the harm? The smell is not pleasant, but it does not kill anybody. If the lady of the house do not like it, she is quite at liberty not to invite you again. *Et puis?* Bah! Of what age are you and I? Have we lived? Have we seen men and cities? Have we their manners noted, and understood their idiosyncrasy? Without a doubt! And what is the truth at which we have arrived? This, that a pipe of tobacco is many an hour in the day, and many a week in the month, a thousand times better and more agreeable society than the best Miss, the loveliest Mrs., the most beautiful Baroness, Countess, or what not. Go to tea-parties, those who will; talk fiddle-faddle such as like; many men there are who do so, and are a little partial to music, and know how to twist the leaf of the song that Miss *Jemima* is singing exactly at the right moment. Very good. These are the enjoyments of dress-coats; but *men*—are they to be put off with such fare for ever? No! One goes out to dinner, because one likes eating and drinking; because the very act of eating and drinking opens the heart, and causes the tongue to wag. But evening parties! Oh, milk and water, and bread and butter! No, no, the age is wiser! The manly youth frequents his club for common society, has a small circle of amiable ladies for friendly intercourse, his book and his pipe always.

Do not be angry, ladies, that one of your most ardent and sincere admirers should seem to speak disparagingly of your merits, or recommend his fellows to shun the society in which you ordinarily assemble. No, Miss, I am the man who respects you truly,—the man who respects and loves you when you are most lovely and respectable—in your families, my dears. A wife, a mother, a daughter—has God made anything more beautiful? A friend—can one find a truer, kinder, a more generous and enthusiastic one, than a woman often will be? All that has to do with your hearts is beautiful, and in everything with which they meddle, a man must be a brute not to love and honour you.

But Miss Rudge in blue crape, squeaking romances at a harp, or Miss Tobin dancing in a quadrille, or Miss Blogg twisting round the room in the arms of a lumbering Lifeguardsman ;—what are these ?—so many vanities. With the operations here described, the heart has nothing to do. Has the intellect ? Oh, ye gods ! think of Miss Rudge's intellect while singing

Away, away to the mountain's brow,
Where the trees are gently waving ;
Away, away, to the fountain's flow,
Where the streams are softly la-a-ving !

These are the words of a real song that I have heard many times, and rapturously applauded too. Such a song, such a poem, —such a songster !

No, Madam, if I want to hear a song sung, I will pay eight and sixpence and listen to Tamburini and Persiani. I will not pay, gloves three-and-six ; cab there and back, four shillings ; silk stockings every now and then, say a shilling a time ; I will not pay to hear Miss Rudge screech such disgusting twaddle as the above. If I want to see dancing, there is Taglioni for my money ; or across the water, Mrs. Serle and her forty pupils ; or at Covent Garden, Madame Vedy, beautiful as a houri, dark-eyed and agile as a gazelle. I can see all these in comfort, and they dance a great deal better than Miss Blogg and Captain Haggerty, the great red-whiskered monster, who always wears nankeens because he thinks his legs are fine. If I want conversation, what has Miss Flock to say to me, forsooth, between the figures of a cursed quadrille that we are all gravely dancing ? By Heavens, what an agony it is ! Look at the he-dancers, they seem oppressed with dreadful care. Look at the *cavalier seul* ! if the operation lasted long, the man's hair would turn white—he would go mad ! And is it for this that men and women assemble in multitudes, for this sorry pastime ?

No ! dance as you will, Miss Smith, and swim through the quadrille like a swan, or flutter through the galop like a sylphide, and have the most elegant fresh toilettes, the most brilliantly polished white shoulders, the blandest eyes, the reddest, simperingest mouth, the whitest neck, the—in fact, I say, be as charming as you will, that is not the place in which, if you are worth anything, you are most charming. You are beautiful ; you are very much *décolletée* ; your eyes are always glancing down at a pretty pearl necklace, round a pearly neck, or on a fresh, fragrant bouquet, stuck—fiddlestick ! What is it that the men admire in you ?—the animal, Miss,—the white, plump, external Smith, which men with their eye-glasses, standing at various parts of the room, are scanning

pertly and curiously, and of which they are speaking brutally. A pretty admiration, truly! But is it possible that these men can admire anything else in you who have so much that is really admirable? Cracknell, in the course of the waltz, has just time to pant into your ear, 'Were you at Ascot Races?' Kidwinter, who dances two sets of quadrilles with you, whispers to you, 'Do you pwefer thtwawbewy ithe aw wathbewy ithe?' and asks the name of 'that gweat enawmuth fat woman in wed thatin and bird of pawadithe?' to which you reply, 'Law, sir, it's mamma!' The rest of the evening passes away in conversations similarly edifying. What can any of the men admire in you, you little silly creature, but the animal? There is your mother, now, in red and a bird of paradise, as Kidwinter says. She has a large fan, which she flaps to and fro across a broad chest, and has one eye directed to her Amelia, dancing with Kidwinter, before mentioned; another watching Jane, who is dancing *vis-à-vis* with Major Cutts; and a third complacently cast upon Edward, who is figuring with Miss Binx in the other quadrille. How the dear fellow has grown, to be sure, and how like his papa at his age—heigho! There is mamma, the best woman breathing; but fat and even enormous, as has been said of her. Does anybody gaze on her? And yet she was once as slim and as fair as you, O simple Amelia!

Does anybody care for her? Yes, one. Your father cares for her; SMITH cares for her; and in his eyes she is still the finest woman of the room; and he remembers when he danced down seven-and-forty couples of a country-dance with her, two years before you were born or thought of. But it was all chance that Miss Hopkins turned out to be the excellent creature she was. Smith did not know any more than that she was gay, plump, good-looking, and had five thousand pounds. Hit or miss, he took her, and has had assuredly no cause to complain; but she might have been a Borgia or Joan of Naples, and have had the same smiling looks and red cheeks and five thousand pounds which won his heart in the year 1814.

The system of evening parties, then, is a false and absurd one. Ladies may frequent them professionally with an eye to a husband, but a man is an ass who takes a wife out of such assemblies, having no other means of judging of the object of his choice. You are not the same person in your white crape and satin slip as you are in your morning dress. A man is not the same in his tight coat and feverish glazed pumps, and stiff white waistcoat, as he is in his green double-breasted frock, his old black ditto, or his woollen jacket. And a man is doubly an ass who is in the habit of frequenting evening parties unless he is forced thither in

search of a lady to whom he is attached, or unless he is compelled to go by his wife. A man who loves dancing may be set down to be an ass; and the fashion is greatly going out with the increasing good sense of the age. Do not say that he who lives at home, or frequents clubs in lieu of balls, is a brute, and has not a proper respect for the female sex; on the contrary, he may respect it most sincerely. He feels that a woman appears to most advantage, not among those whom she cannot care about, but among those whom she loves. He thinks her beautiful when she is at home making tea for her old father. He believes her to be charming when she is singing a simple song at her piano, but not when she is screeching at an evening party. He thinks by far the most valuable part of her is her heart, and a kind simple heart, my dear, shines in conversation better than the best of wit. He admires her best in her intercourse with her family and her friends, and detests the miserable, twaddling slipslop that he is obliged to hear from and utter to her in the course of a ball; and avoids and despises such meetings.

He keeps his evening coat, then, for *dinners*. And if this friendly address to all the mothers who read this miscellany may somewhat be acted upon by them; if heads of families, instead of spending hundreds upon chalking floors, and Gunter, and cold suppers, and Weippert's band, will determine upon giving a series of plain, neat, nice dinners, of not too many courses, but well cooked, of not too many wines, but good of their sort, according to the giver's degree, they will see that the young men will come to them fast enough; they will marry their daughters quite as fast, without injuring their health, and that they will make a saving at the year's end. I say that young men, young women, and heads of families should bless me for pointing out this obvious plan to them, so natural, so hearty, so hospitable, so different to the present artificial mode.

A grand ball in a palace is splendid, generous, and noble,—a sort of procession in which people may figure properly. A family dance is a pretty and pleasant amusement; and (especially after dinner) it does the philosopher's heart good to look upon merry young people who know each other, and are happy, natural, and familiar. But a Baker Street hop is a base invention, and as such let it be denounced and avoided.

A dressing-gown has great merits, certainly, but it is dangerous. A man who wears it of mornings generally takes the liberty of going without a neckcloth, or of not shaving, and is no better than a driveller. Sometimes, to be sure, it is necessary, in self-defence, not to shave, as a precaution against yourself, that is to

say ; and I know no better means of ensuring a man's remaining at home than neglecting the use of the lather and razor for a week, and encouraging a crop of bristles. When I wrote my tragedy, I shaved off for the last two acts my left eyebrow, and never stirred out of doors until it had grown to be a great deal thicker than its right-hand neighbour. But this was an extreme precaution, and unless a man has very strong reasons indeed for stopping at home, and a very violent propensity to gadding, his best plan is to shave every morning neatly, to put on his regular coat, and go regularly to work, and to avoid a dressing-gown as the father of all evil. Painters are the only persons who can decently appear in dressing-gowns ; but these are none of your easy morning-gowns ; they are commonly of splendid stuff, and put on by the artist in order to render himself remarkable and splendid in the eyes of his sitter. Your loose-wadded German *Schlafrock*, imported of late years into our country, is the laziest, filthiest invention ; and I always augur as ill of a man whom I see appearing at breakfast in one, as of a woman who comes downstairs in curl-papers.

By the way, in the third act of *Macbeth*, Mr. Macready makes his appearance in the court-yard of Glamis Castle in an affair of brocade that has always struck me as absurd and un-Macbeth-like. Mac in a dressing-gown (I mean 'Beth, not 'Ready), Mac in list slippers—Mac in a cotton nightcap, with a tassel bobbing up and down,—I say the thought is unworthy, and am sure the worthy thane would have come out, if suddenly called from bed, by any circumstance however painful, in a *good stout jacket*. It is a more manly, simple, and majestic wear than the lazy dressing-gown : it more becomes a man of Macbeth's mountainous habits ; it leaves his legs quite free, to run whithersoever he pleases,—whether to the stables, to look at the animals—to the farm, to see the pig that has been slaughtered that morning,—to the garden, to examine whether that scoundrel of a John Hoskins has dug up the potato-bed,—to the nursery, to have a romp with the little Macbeths that are spluttering and quarrelling over their porridge, —or whither you will. A man in a jacket is fit company for anybody ; there is no shame about it as about being seen in a changed coat ; it is simple, steady, and straightforward. It is, as I have stated, all over pockets, which contain everything you want ; in one, your buttons, hammer, small nails, thread, twine, and cloth-strips for the trees on the south wall ; in another, your dog-whip and whistle ; your knife, cigar-case, gingerbread for the children, paper of Epsom salts for John Hoskins's mother, who is mortal bad,—and so on : there is no end to the pockets and to the things

you put in them. Walk about in your jacket, and meet what person you will, you assume at once an independent air; and, thrusting your hands into the receptacle that flaps over each hip, look the visitor in the face, and talk to the ladies on a footing of perfect equality. Whereas, look at the sneaking way in which a man caught in a dressing-gown, in loose bagging trousers most likely (for the man who has a dressing-gown has, two to one, no braces), and in shuffling slippers,—see how he whisks his dressing-gown over his legs, and looks ashamed and uneasy. His lanky hair hangs over his blowsy, fat, shining, unhealthy face; his bristly, dumpling-shaped double chin peers over a flaccid shirt-collar; the sleeves of his gown are in rags, and you see underneath a pair of black wristbands, and the rim of a dingy flannel waistcoat.

A man who is not strictly neat in his person is not an honest man. I shall not enter into this very ticklish subject of personal purification and neatness, because this Essay will be read by hundreds of thousands of ladies as well as men; and for the former I would wish to provide nothing but pleasure. Men may listen to stern truths; but for ladies one should only speak verities that are sparkling, rosy, brisk, and agreeable. A man who wears a dressing-gown is not neat in his person; moral character takes invariably some of the slatternliness and looseness of his costume; he becomes enervated, lazy, incapable of great actions. A man IN A JACKET is a man. All great men wore jackets. Walter Scott wore a jacket, as everybody knows; Byron wore a jacket (not that I count a man who turns down his collars for much); I have a picture of Napoleon in a jacket, at St. Helena; Thomas Carlyle wears a jacket; Lord John Russell always mounts a jacket on arriving at the Colonial Office; and if I have a single fault to find with that popular writer, the author of—never mind what, you know his name as well as I—it is that he is in the habit of composing his works in a large, flowered damask dressing-gown, and morocco slippers; whereas in a jacket he would write you off something, not so flowery, if you please, but of honest texture—something not so long, but terse, modest, and comfortable,—no great, long, strealing tails of periods,—no staring peonies and hollyhocks of illustrations,—no flaring cords and tassels of episodes—no great, dirty, wadded sleeves of sentiment, ragged at the elbows and cuffs, and mopping up everything that comes in their way—cigar-ashes, ink, candle-wax, cold brandy-and-water, coffee, or whatever aids to the brain he may employ as a literary man; not to mention the quantity of tooth-powder, whisker-dye, soapsuds, and pomatum that the same garment

receives in the course of the toilet at which it assists. Let all literary men, then, get jackets. I prefer them without tails; but do not let this interfere with another man's pleasure; he may have tails if he likes, and I for one will never say him nay.

Like all things, however, jackets are subject to abuse; and the pertness and conceit of those jackets cannot be sufficiently reprehended which one sees on the backs of men at watering-places, with a telescope poking out of one pocket, and a yellow bandana flaunting from the other. Nothing is more contemptible than Tims in a jacket, with a blue bird's-eye neck-handkerchief tied sailor-fashion, puffing smoke like a steamer, with his great broad orbicular stern shining in the sun. I always long to give the wretch a smart smack upon that part where his coat-tails ought to be, and advise him to get into a more decent costume. There is an age and a figure for jackets; those who are of a certain build should not wear them in public. Witness fat officers of the dragoon-guards that one has seen bumping up and down the Steyne, at Brighton, on their great chargers, with a laced and embroidered coat, a cartridge-box, or whatever you call it, of the size of a twopenny-loaf, placed on the small of their backs—if their backs may be said to have a small,—and two little twinkling abortions of tails pointing downwards to the enormity jolting in the saddle. Officers should be occasionally measured, and after passing a certain width, should be drafted into other regiments, or allowed,—nay, ordered, to wear frock-coats.

The French tailors make frock-coats very well, but the people who wear them have the disgusting habit of wearing stays, than which nothing can be more unbecoming the dignity of man. Look what a waist the Apollo has, not above four inches less in the girth than the chest is. Look, ladies, at the waist of the Venus, and pray—pray do not pinch in your dear little ribs in that odious and unseemly way. In a young man, a slim waist is very well; and if he looks like the Eddystone lighthouse, it is as nature intended him to look. A man of certain age may be built like a tower, stalwart and straight. Then a man's middle may expand from the pure cylindrical to the barrel shape; well, let him be content. Nothing is so horrid as a fat man with a band;—an hour-glass is a most mean and ungracious figure. Daniel Lambert is ungracious, but not mean. One meets with some men who look in their frock-coats perfectly sordid, sneaking, and ungentlemanlike, who if you see them dressed for an evening have a slim, easy, almost fashionable appearance. Set these persons down as fellows of poor spirit and milksops. Stiff white ties and waistcoats, prim straight tails, and a gold chain will give any man of moderate lankiness an

air of factitious gentility ; but if you want to understand the individual, look at him in the daytime ; see him walking with his hat on. There is a great deal in the build and wearing of hats, a great deal more than at first meets the eye. I know a man who in a particular hat looked so extraordinarily like a man of property, that no tradesman on earth could refuse to give him credit. It was one of André's, and cost a guinea and a half ready money ; but the person in question was frightened at the enormous charge, and afterwards purchased beavers in the city at the cost of seventeen-and-sixpence. And what was the consequence ? He fell off in public estimation, and very soon after he came out in his city hat it began to be whispered abroad that he was a ruined man.

A blue coat is, after all, the best ; but a gentleman of my acquaintance has made his fortune by an Oxford mixture, of all colours in the world, with a pair of white buckskin gloves. He looks as if he had just got off his horse, and as if he had three thousand a year in the country. There is a kind of proud humility in an Oxford mixture. Velvet collars, and all such gimcracks, had best be avoided by sober people. This paper is not written for drivelling dandies, but for honest men. There is a great deal of philosophy and forethought in Sir Robert Peel's dress ; he does not wear those white waistcoats for nothing. I say that O'Connell's costume is likewise that of a profound rhetorician, slouching and careless as it seems. Lord Melbourne's air of reckless, good-humoured, don't-care-a-damn-iveness is not obtained without an effort. Look at the Duke as he passes along in that stern little straight frock and plaid breeches ; look at him, and off with your hat ! How much is there in that little grey coat of Napoleon's ! A spice of clap-trap and dandyism, no doubt ; but we must remember the country which he had to govern. I never see a picture of George III. in his old stout Windsor uniform without feeling a respect ; or of George IV., breeches and silk stockings, a wig, a sham smile, a frogged frock-coat and a fur collar, without that proper degree of reverence which such a costume should inspire. The coat is the expression of the man—*ὁ ἥπερ φύλλων*, etc., and as the peach-tree throws out peach-leaves, the pear-tree pear ditto, as old George appeared invested in the sober old garment of blue and red, so did young George in oiled wigs, fur collars, stays and braided surtouts, according to his nature.

Enough—enough ; and may these thoughts arising in the writer's mind from the possession of a new coat, which circumstance caused him to think not only of new coats, but of old ones, and of coats neither old nor new,—and not of coats merely, but of

men,—may these thoughts so inspired answer the purpose for which they have been set down on paper, and which is not a silly wish to instruct mankind,—no, no ; but an honest desire to pay a deserving tradesman whose confidence supplied the garment in question.

Pentonville, April 25, 1841.

DUMAS ON THE RHINE.¹

ONE of Louis XIV.'s generals had a cook, who with a few pounds of horseflesh could dress a sufficient dinner for the general's whole staff: soup, *entrées*, *entremets*, pastry, *rotis*, and all. This was an invaluable servant, and his dinners, especially in a time of siege and famine, must have been most welcome: but no doubt, when the campaign was over, the cook took care to supply his master's table with other meats besides disguised horseflesh, which, after all, sauce it and pepper it as you will, must always have had a villainous equine twang.

As with the race of cooks, so with literary men. If there were an absolute dearth of books in the world, and we lay beleaguered by an enemy, who had cut off all our printing-presses, our circulating libraries and museums; had hanged our respected publishers; and had beaten off any convoy of newspapers that had attempted to relieve the garrison; then, if a literary artiste stepped forward, and said: Friends, you are starving, and I can help you; you pine for your literary food, and I can supply it: and so, taking a pair of leather inexpressibles, boots (or any other 'stock'), should make you forthwith a satisfactory dinner, dishing you up three hot volumes in a trice:—that literary man would deserve the thanks of the public, because out of so little he had managed to fill so many stomachs.

If ever such a time of war should come, M. Alexandre Dumas, (for by the constitution of this Review we are not allowed to look to Mr. James at home, or other authors whose productive powers are equally prodigious), M. Dumas should be appointed our book-maker, with the full confidence that he could provide us with more than any other author could give: not with *meat* perhaps; the dishes so constructed being a thought unsubstantial and windy; but . . . however, a truce to this kitchen metaphor, which only means to imply that it is a wonder how M. Dumas can produce books as he does, and that he ought, for the sake of

¹ [*The Foreign Quarterly Review*, October, 1842].

[*Excursions sur les Bords du Rhin*, par Alexandre Dumas. Paris, 1842.]

mankind, to attempt to be less prolific. If there were no other writers, or he himself wrote no other books, it would be very well; but other writers there *are*; he himself has, no doubt, while these have been crossing the channel, written scores of volumes more, which, panting, we shall have some day or other to come up with. Flesh and blood cannot bear this over-pressure, as the reader will see by casting his eye over the calculation given in the next sentence.

Here, for example (being at this instant of writing the latest published of a series of some twelve or thirteen goodly tomes of *Impressions de Voyage* of the last couple of years), are three agreeable readable volumes: describing a journey which can be most easily performed in a week, or at most nine days, and on which it is probable M. Dumas spent no more time. Three volumes for nine days is one hundred pages per diem: one hundred and twenty volumes, thirty-six thousand five hundred pages, per annum. Thirty-six thousand five hundred pages per annum would produce in the course of a natural literary life, say of forty years, pages one million four hundred and sixty thousand, volumes four thousand eight hundred. How can mankind bear this? If Heaven awarded the same term of life to us, we might certainly with leisure and perseverance get through a hundred pages a day, one hundred and twenty volumes a year, and so on: nay, it would be possible to consume double that quantity of Dumas, and so finish him off in twenty years. But let us remember what books there are else in the world besides his: what Paul de Kocks and Souliés (Madame Schopenhauer of Weimar is dead, that's one comfort)! what double-sheeted *Timeses* to get through every morning! and then the duty we owe as British citizens to the teeming quires of our own country! The mind staggers before all this vastness of books, and must either presently go mad with too much reading, or become sullenly indifferent to all: preferring to quit the ground altogether, as it cannot hope to keep up with the hunt: and retreating into drink, card-playing, needlework, or some other occupation for intellect and time.

But with a protest as to the length of the volumes, it is impossible to deny that they will give the lover of light literature a few hours' amusing reading: nay, as possibly the author will imagine, of instruction too. For here he is again, though less successfully than in his *Crimes Célèbres*, the minute historian: and again, we are bound to say with perfect success, the pure dramatic romancist. He says he makes 'preparatory studies' before visiting a country, which enable him therefore to go through it

‘without a cicerone, without a guide, and without a plan; (see how the book-maker shows himself in this little sentence: any one of the phrases would have answered, but M. Dumas must take three!) and would have us to believe, like M. Victor Hugo, whose tour over part of the same country we noticed six months back, that at each place he comes to he is in a position to pour out his vast stores of previously-accumulated knowledge, to illustrate the scene before his eyes.

Other persons, however (especially envious critics, who in the course of their professional labours may possibly take a pompous advantage of the same cheap sort of learning), know very well that there is such a book as the *Biographie Universelle* in the world; and that in all ancient cities Nature has kindly implanted a certain race of antiquarians, who remain as faithful to them as the moss and weeds that grow on the old ramparts, and whose instinct it is to chronicle the names and actions of all the great and small illustrious whom their native towns have produced. Book-makers ought to thank Heaven daily for such, as the learned of old were instructed to thank Heaven for sending dictionary-makers. What would imaginative writers do without such men, who give them the facts which they can embroider; the learning which they can appropriate; the little quaint dates and circumstances, which the great writer, had he been compelled to hunt for them, must have sought in vast piles of folios, written in Latin much too crabbed for his easy scholarship? In the midst of the rubbish of centuries, in which it is the antiquarian’s nature to grub, he lights every now and then upon a pretty fact or two—a needle in the midst of the huge bundle of primeval straw. The great writer seizing the needle, polishes it, gilds it, puts a fine sham jewel at the top, and wears it in his bosom in a stately way. Let him do so, in Heaven’s name, but at least let him be decently grateful, and say who was the discoverer of the treasure. When, for instance, Signor Victor Hugo roars out twenty pages of dates, declaring on his affidavit that he gives them from memory, and that he himself was the original compiler of the same; or the noble¹ Alexander Dumas, after a walk through some Belgic or Rhenish town, guts the guide-book of the modest antiquary of the place to make a flaming *feuilleton* thereof, and has the assurance to call his robberies ‘*des études préparatoires* ;’ we feel that he is following a course reprehensible in so great a writer,

¹ M. Dumas, in this book, talks of his paternal coat of arms, and has, we are credibly informed, assumed in some place the style and titles of Viscount Dumas. For M. Victor Hugo’s display of learning, the reader is referred to the fifty-seventh number of this Review.

and must take leave accordingly and respectfully to reprehend him.

But though we find our author so disinclined generally to state whence his information is gained, there is on the other hand this excuse to be made for him, namely, that the information is not in the least to be relied upon, the facts being distorted and caricatured according as the author's furious imagination may lead him. History and the world are stages to him, and melodramas or most bloody tragedies the pieces acted. We have seen this sufficiently even in his better sort of books. Murders, massacres, *coups de hache*, grim humorous bravoes, pathetic executioners, and such-like characters and incidents, are those he always rejoices in. Arriving at Brussels, he walks, for the length of some three pages, through the city. Returning home, the guide-book and the biographical dictionary are at work. Fires, slaughters, famines, assassinations, crowd upon the page (relieved by a humorous interlude), and so in a twinkling fifty pages are complete. At Antwerp he passes at the museum—say an hour: the museum is very small, and any non-professional person will probably find an hour's visit sufficient. After the museum he has 'two good hours before the departure on the railroad.' For the first hour, we have Rubens, his life and times: for the 'two good hours,' Napoleon and his system, the port of Antwerp, the only promenade in the town (the picturesque and stately old city in which every lofty street is a promenade!), the docks and the names of frigates built there. All, of course, learned by *études préparatoires*. At Ghent he sleeps: Charles V., Napoleon again, the Béguinage, and some scandalous stories which the guides are in the habit of telling to all travellers, as it would appear: for we have had in our own experience to listen to the selfsame stories. At Bruges, M. Dumas passes a day, and fifty pages of legends regarding Baldwin of Flanders find an issue from his fluent pen.

His main object in going to Brussels was, he says, to see Waterloo, and as his chapter concerning that famous place is a very amusing one, we translate it entire. The first part relates picturesquely and brilliantly the author's first and last view of Napoleon.

'My chief end in going to Brussels was a pilgrimage to Waterloo.

'For Waterloo is not only for me, as for all Frenchmen, a great political date; but it was also one of those recollections of youth which leave upon the mind ever after so profound and powerful an impression. I never saw Napoleon but twice; the first time when he was going to Waterloo, the second time when he quitted it.

'The little town where I was born, and which my mother inhabited,

is situated at twenty leagues from Paris, upon one of the three roads leading to Brussels. It was, then, one of the arteries which gave a passage to that generous blood that was about to flow at Waterloo.

‘Already, for about three weeks, the town had worn the aspect of a camp. Every day at about four, drum and trumpet sounded, and young and old who could not weary of the spectacle, would rush out of the town at the noise, and return again, accompanying some splendid regiment of that old guard, which the world believed to be destroyed ; but which, at the call of its ancient chief, seemed as it were to come forth from its icy tomb : appearing amongst us a glorious spectre, with its old, worn, bear-skin caps and its banners mutilated by the balls of Austerlitz and Marengo. Next day it would be a splendid regiment of chasseurs with their streaming colbacks, or some incomplete squadrons of the brilliant dragoons, whose rich uniforms have disappeared from our army : too magnificent, no doubt, for times of peace. On another day we would hear the dull clatter of the cannon as they passed, crouched on their carriage, causing our houses to shake as they rattled on, and each, like the regiments to which they belonged, bearing a name which presaged victory. There were troops of all kinds, even down to a detachment of Mamelukes, the last feeble mutilated remnant of the consular guard, carrying each his drop of blood to the grand human hecatomb that was about to be offered up on the altar of our country. It was to the music of our national airs that all these warriors passed ; singing those old republican songs which Bonaparte had stammered forth, but which Napoleon had proscribed ; songs which can never die in our country, and which the emperor tolerated at length, knowing full well that he must address himself to the sympathies of all now, and that it was not the recollections of 1809, but of 1792, which he must recall. I was then but a child, as I have said, for I was scarcely twelve years old ; and I know not what impression that sight, that music, those recollections, may awaken in others : but I know that with me it was a delirium ! For a fortnight they could not get me back to school again, but I ran through street and high-road—I was like a madman !

‘Then, one morning—I think it was the 12th of June—we read in the *Moniteur*,

“ ‘To-morrow, his Majesty the Emperor will quit the capital to join the army. His Majesty will take the route of Soissons, Laon, and Avesne.’ ”

‘Napoleon then was to take the same route with his army. Napoleon was to pass through our town : I was going to see Napoleon !

‘Napoleon ! It was a great name for me, and one which represented ideas strangely differing.

‘I had heard the name cursed by my father, an old republican soldier, who sent back the coat of arms the Emperor sent him, saying

that he had his family coat which appeared sufficient to him. And yet it was a noble shield to quarter with that of his father's: that which represented a pyramid, a palm-tree, and the heads of the three horses which my father had killed under him at Mantua, with this device, at once firm and conciliatory: *Sans haine, sans crainte!*

'I had heard the name exalted by Murat, one of the friends who remained faithful to my father during his disgrace: a soldier whom Napoleon had made a general; a general whom he had made a king; and who one fine day forgot all, though just at the time when he should have remembered it.

'Finally, I had heard it judged with the impartiality of history by my godfather, Brune, the philosophic soldier, who always fought, his Tacitus in his hand: ever ready to shed his blood for his country, whoever might be the chief demanding it, Louis XVI., a Robespierre, Barras, or Napoleon.

'All this was boiling in my young brain, when suddenly the rumour came among us, brought down by the official speaking-trumpet.

'Napoleon is about to pass.

'Now the *Moniteur* reached us on the thirteenth: it was the very day.

'There was no talk now of making harangues, or raising triumphal arches in his honour. Napoleon was in a hurry. Napoleon quitted the pen for the sword, command for action. Napoleon passed like the lightning, hoping to strike like the thunderbolt.

'The *Moniteur* did not say at what hour Napoleon would pass; but very early all the town had gathered together at the end of the Rue de Paris. I for my part with other children of my age, had gone forward as far as an eminence, from which we could see the high-road for the space of a league.

'There we stayed from morning until three o'clock.

'At three o'clock we saw a courier coming. He approached us rapidly. Very soon he was up with us. 'Is the Emperor coming?' we cried to him. He stretched his hand out to the horizon.

"There he is," said he.

'In fact, we saw two carriages approaching, galloping, each with six horses. They disappeared for an instant in a valley, then rose again at a quarter of a league's distance from us. Then we set off running towards the town, crying *L'Empereur! l'Empereur!*

'We arrived breathless, and only preceding the Emperor by some five hundred paces. I thought he would not stop, whatever might be the crowd awaiting him: and so made for the post-house, when I sunk down half dead with the running: but at any rate I was there. In a moment, appeared turning the corner of a street, the foaming horses; then the postilions all covered with ribbons; then the carriages themselves; then the people following the carriages. The carriages stopped at the post.

‘I saw Napoleon !

‘He was dressed in a green coat, with little epaulets, and wore the officer’s cross of the Legion of Honour. I only saw his bust, framed in the square of the carriage window.

‘His head fell upon his chest—that famous medallic head of the old Roman emperors. His forehead fell forward ; his features, immovable, were of the yellowish colour of wax ; only his eyes appeared to be alive.

‘Next him, on his left, was Prince Jerome, a king without a kingdom, but a faithful brother. He was at that period a fine young man of six-and-twenty or thirty years of age, his features regular and well formed, his beard black, his hair elegantly arranged. He saluted in place of his brother, whose vague glance seemed lost in the future—perhaps in the past.

‘Opposite the Emperor was Letort, his aide-de-camp, an ardent soldier, who seemed already to snuff the air of battle: he was smiling, too, the poor fellow, as if he had long days to live !

‘All this lasted for about a minute. Then the whip cracked, the horses neighed, and it all disappeared like a vision.

‘Three days afterwards, towards evening, some people arrived from Saint Quentin: they said, that as they came away they had heard cannon.

‘The morning of the 17th a courier arrived, who scattered all along the road the news of the victory.

‘The 18th nothing. The 19th nothing: only vague rumours were abroad, coming no one knew whence. It was said that the Emperor was at Brussels.

‘The 20th. Three men in rags, two wounded, and riding jaded horses all covered with foam, entered the town, and were instantly surrounded by the whole population, and pushed into the courtyard of the town-house.

‘These men hardly spoke French. They were, I believe, Westphalians, belonging somehow to our army. To all our questions they only shook their heads sadly, and ended by confessing that they had quitted the field of battle of Waterloo at eight o’clock, and that the battle was lost when they came away.

‘It was the advanced guard of the fugitives.

‘We would not believe them. We said these men were Prussian spies. Napoleon could not be beaten. That fine army which we had seen pass, could not be destroyed. We wanted to put the poor fellows into prison: so quickly had we forgotten ’13 and ’14 to remember only the years which had gone before !

‘My mother ran to the fort, where she passed the whole day, knowing it was there the news must arrive whatever it were. During this time I looked out in the maps for Waterloo, the name of which even I could

not find ; and began to think the place was imaginary as was the men's account of the battle.

'At four o'clock more fugitives arrived, who confirmed the news of the first comers. These were French, and could give all the details which we asked for. They repeated what the others had said, only adding that Napoleon and his brother were killed. This we would not believe. Napoleon might not be invincible, invulnerable he certainly was.

'Fresh news more terrible and disastrous continued to come in until 10 o'clock at night.

'At 10 o'clock at night we heard the noise of a carriage. It stopped, and the postmaster went out with a light. We followed him, as he ran to the door to ask for news. Then he started a step back, and cried, "It's the Emperor!"

'I got on a stone bench and looked over my mother's shoulder.

'It was indeed Napoleon: seated in the same corner, in the same uniform, his head on his breast as before. Perhaps it was bent a little lower; but there was not a line in his countenance, not an altered feature, to mark what were the feelings of the great gambler, who had just staked and lost the world. Jerome and Letort were not with him now, to bow and smile in his place. Jerome was gathering together the remnants of the army, Letort had been cut in two by a cannon-ball.

'Napoleon lifted his head slowly, looked round as if rousing from a dream, then with his brief strident voice—

"What place is this?" he said.

"Villers-Coteret, sire."

"How many leagues from Soissons?"

"Six, sire."

"From Paris?"

"Nineteen."

"Tell the post-boys to go quick;" and he once more flung himself back into the corner of his carriage, his head falling on his chest.

'The horses carried him away as if they had wings.

'The world knows what had taken place between those two apparitions of Napoleon!

'I had always said I would go and visit the place with the unknown name, which I could not find on the maps of Belgium on the 20th of June, 1815, and which has since been inscribed on that of Europe in characters of blood. The day after arriving at Brussels, then, I went to it.'

How much of this, one cannot fail to ask, with that unlucky knowledge of the author's character which a perusal of his works will force upon one, how much of this is true? It certainly is doubtful that Alexander Dumas's father, the general who must

have been killed in Italy when his son was scarce four or five years of age, should have discoursed much to the lad regarding the character of Bonaparte.¹ It certainly is impossible that King Joachim could have spent much time at Villers-Coteret arguing with Master Alexander with regard to the merits of the Emperor. Public business, and his absence on military duty in Germany, Spain, Russia, and in his kingdom of Naples, must clearly have prevented Murat from very intimate conversation with the little boy who was to become so famous a dramatic author. With regard to Marshal Brune we cannot be so certain: let us give our author full benefit of all the chances in his favour. The rest of his evidence is no doubt true in the main, and is told, as the reader we fancy will allow, with great liveliness and an air of much truth. It is a pity sometimes, therefore, that a man should have a dramatic turn: for our impression on reading this brilliant little episode regarding Napoleon, instead of being perfectly satisfactory, was to try and ascertain whether he had passed through Villers-Coteret on his road to the army; then, whether he had returned by the same route, and at what time? And though, —failing in certain decisive proofs— we are happy to leave M. Dumas in possession of the field (or road) on this occasion, it is not, we are forced to say, without strong suspicion and uncertainty.

From his account of Napoleon, let us turn to our author's description of Waterloo.

'In three hours we had passed through the fine forest of Soignées, and arrived at Mont Saint-Jean. Here the cicerones come to attend you, all saying that they were the guides of Jerome Bonaparte. One of the guides is an Englishman patented by his government, and wearing a medal as a *commissionnaire*. If any Frenchman wish to see the field of battle the poor devil does not even offer himself, being habituated to receive from them pretty severe rebuffs. On the other hand he has all the practice of the English.

'We took the first guide that came to hand. I had with me an excellent plan of the battle, with notes by the Duke of Elchingen (who is at this moment crossing his paternal sabre with the yatagan of the

¹ Since this was written a satisfactory piece of evidence occurs to us. In another volume of M. Dumas, we find the following passage:

"I am the son," said I, "of General Alexander Dumas, the same who, being taken prisoner at Tarentum, in violation of the laws of hospitality, was poisoned at Brindisi with Mauscourt and Dolomieu. This happened at the same time that Caracciolo was hanged in the bay of Naples."

Caracciolo was hanged in the year 1799; General Dumas was poisoned in the same year: his son was scarcely twelve years old in 1815, and perfectly remembers how his father used to curse Napoleon!!

Arabs), and asked at once to be led to the monument of the Prince of Orange. Had I walked a hundred steps farther, there would have been no need of a guide, for it is the first thing you see after passing the farm of Mont Saint-Jean.

‘We ascended the mountain which has been constructed by the hand of man upon the very spot where the Prince of Orange fell, struck in the shoulder while charging chivalrously, his hat in his hand, at the head of his regiment. It is a sort of round pyramid, some hundred and fifty feet high, which you ascend by means of a stair cut in the ground and supported by planks. The earth of which the hill is formed was taken from the soil over which it looks, and the aspect of the field of battle is in consequence somewhat changed; the ravine in this place possessing an abruptness which it had not originally. On the summit of this pyramid is a colossal lion (the tail of which our soldiers on their return from Antwerp would, had they not been prevented, have cut off), which has one paw placed on a ball, and with its head turned to the east menaces France. From this platform, round the lion’s pedestal, you look upon the whole field of battle from Braine L’Alleud and the extreme point reached by the division of Jerome Bonaparte, to the wood of Fricheront whence Blucher and his Prussians issued; and from Waterloo, which has given its name to the battle no doubt because the rout of the English was stopped at that village, to Quatre Bras where Wellington slept after the defeat of Ligny, and the wood of Bossu where the Duke of Brunswick was killed. From this elevated point we awoke all the shadows, and noise and smoke, which have been extinguished for five-and-twenty years, and were present at the battle. Yonder, a little above La Haye Sainte, and at a place where some farm buildings have since been erected, Wellington stood a considerable part of the day, leaning against a beech, which an Englishman afterwards bought for two hundred francs. At the same time fell Sir Thomas Picton charging at the head of a regiment. Near this spot are the monuments of Gordon and the Hanoverians; at the foot of the pyramid is the plateau of Mont Saint-Jean, which would be about as high as the monuments which we have just mentioned, were it not that for the space of about two acres around this spot, a layer of ten feet of earth has been taken away in order to form the hill. It was on this point, on the possession of which depended the gain of the day, that for three hours the main struggle of the battle took place. Here took place the charge of the 1200 cuirassiers and dragoons of Kellermann and Milhaud. Pursued by these from square to square, Wellington only owed his safety to the impassability of his soldiers, who let themselves be poignarded at their post, and fell to the number of 10,000 without yielding a step; whilst their general, tears in his eyes, and his watch in his hand, gathered fresh hope in calculating that it would require two hours more of actual time to kill what remained of his men. Now in one hour he

expected Blucher, in an hour and a half Night: a second auxiliary of whose aid he was certain, should Grouchy prevent the first ally from coming to his aid. To conclude, yonder on the plateau, and touching the high-road, are the buildings of La Haye Sainte, thrice taken and retaken by Ney, who had in these three attacks five horses killed under him.

‘Now, turning our regards towards France, you will see on your right, in the midst of a little wood, the farm of Hougoumont, which Napoleon ordered Jerome not to abandon were he and all his troops to perish there. In face of us is the farm of Belle Alliance, from which Napoleon, having quitted the observatory at Monplaisir, watched the battle for two hours, calling on Grouchy to give him his living battalions, as Augustus did on Varres, for his dead legions. To the left is the ravine where Cambronne, when called upon to surrender, replied, not with the words *La garde meurt* (for in our rage to poetize everything, we have attributed to him a phrase which he never used), but with a single expression of the barrack-room much more fierce and energetic, though not perhaps so genteel. In fine, in front of all this line, was the high-road to Brussels, and at the place where the road rises slightly, the spectator will distinguish the extreme point to which Napoleon advanced, when seeing Blucher’s Prussians (for whom Wellington was looking so eagerly) debouch from the wood of Frichermont, he cried, “Oh, here’s Grouchy at last, and the battle’s ours.” It was his last cry of hope: in another hour that of *Sauve qui peut* sounded from all sides in his ears.

‘Those who wish to examine in further detail this plain of so many bloody recollections, over the *ensemble* of which we have just cast a glance, will descend the pyramid, and, in the direction of Braine L’Alleud and Frichermont, will take the Nivelles road which conducts to Hougoumont. It will be found just as it was when, called away by Napoleon at three o’clock, Jerome quitted it. It is battered by the twelve guns which General Foy brought down to the prince. It looks as if the work of ruin had been done but yesterday, for no one has repaired the ravages of the shot. Thus you will be shown the stone where Prince Jerome, conducted by the same guide whom he had employed before, came to sit: another Marius on the ruins of another Carthage.

‘If the corn is down you may go across the fields from Hougoumont to Montplaisir where Napoleon’s observatory was, and from the observatory to the house of Lacoste, the Emperor’s guide, to which, thrice in the course of the battle, Napoleon returned from Belle Alliance. It was at a few yards from this house, and seated on a little eminence commanding the field of battle, that Napoleon received Jerome whom he had sent for, and who joined him at three in the afternoon. The prince sat down on the Emperor’s left, and Marshal Soult was on his right, and Ney was sent for, who soon joined them.

Napoleon had by him a bottle of Bordeaux wine, and a full glass which he put every now and then mechanically to his lips ; and when Jerome and Ney arrived he smiled (for they were covered with dust and blood, and he loved to see his soldiers thus), and still keeping his eyes on the field sent for three glasses to Lacosto's house, one for Soult, one for Ney, and one for Jerome. There were but two glasses left, however, each of which the Emperor filled and gave to a marshal, then he gave his own to Jerome.

‘Then with that soft voice of his, which he knew so well how to use upon occasion, “Ney, my brave Ney,” said he, *thouing* him for the first time since his return from Elba, “thou wilt take the 12,000 men of Milhaud and Kellermann ; thou wilt wait until my old grumblers have found thee ; thou wilt give the *coup de boutoir* ; and then if Grouchy arrives the day is ours. Go.”

‘Ney went, and gave the *coup de boutoir* ; but Grouchy never came.

‘From this you should take the road to Genappes and Brussels across the farm of Belle Alliance, where Blucher and Wellington met after the battle ; and following the road, you presently come to the last point to which Napoleon advanced, and where he saw that it was not Grouchy but Blucher who was coming up, like Desaix at Marengo, to gain a lost battle. Fifty yards off the right you stand in the very spot occupied by the square into which Napoleon flung himself, and where he did all he could to die. Each English volley carried away whole ranks round about him ; and at the head of each new rank as it formed, Napoleon placed himself : his brother Jerome from behind endeavouring in vain to draw him back, while a brave Corsican officer, General Campi, came forward with equal coolness each time, and placed himself and his horse between the Emperor and the enemy's batteries. At last, after three quarters of an hour of carnage, Napoleon turned round to his brother : “It appears,” said he, “that death will have none of us as yet. Jerome, take the command of the army. I am sorry to have known thee so late.” With this, giving his hand to his brother, he mounted a horse that was brought him, passed like a miracle through the enemy's ranks, and arriving at Genappes, tried for a moment to rally the army. Seeing his efforts were vain, he got on horseback again, and arrived at Laon on the night of the 19-20th.

‘Five-and-twenty years have passed away since that epoch, and it is only now that France begins to comprehend that for the liberty of Europe this defeat was necessary : though still profoundly enraged and humiliated that she should have been marked out as the victim. In looking too, round this field where so many Spartans fell for her ; the Orange pyramid in the midst of it, the tombs of Gordon and the Hanoverians round about ; you look in vain for a stone, a cross, or an inscription to recall our country. It is because, one day, God will call her to resume the work of universal deliverance commenced by

Bonaparte, and interrupted by Napoleon,—and then, the work done, we will turn the head of the Nassau Lion towards Europe, and all will be said."

If in future ages, when the French nation have played the part of liberators of the world (which it seems they *will* play whether the world asks them or not), it will be any accommodation to France that the tail of the Lion of Nassau should be turned towards that country, according to Dumas's notable plan, there can be no harm in indulging her in so very harmless a fancy. Conqueror never surely put forward a less selfish wish than this. Meanwhile the English reader will be pleased, we think, with M. Dumas's lively and picturesque description of the ground of this famous field: which is written too, as we believe, with not too much acrimony, and with justice in the main. As for the *déroute* of the English being stopped at the village of Waterloo, the tears of the duke as he was *chassé* from one square to another—these and other points stated we leave to be judged by military authorities, having here no call to contradict them. But what may be said honestly with regard to the author, without stopping to question his details, is, that his feeling is manly, and not unkindly towards his enemy; and that it is pleasant to find Frenchmen at last begin to write in this way. He is beaten, and wants to have his revenge: every generous spirit they say wishes the same: and the sentiment is what is called 'all fair.'

But suppose Dumas has his revenge and beats the English, let him reflect that the English will want their chance again: and that we may go on murdering each other for ever and ever unless we stop somewhere: and why not now as well as on a future day? Promising mutually (and oh, what a comfort would it be to hear Waterloo no longer talked of after dinner!) not to boast any more of the victory on this side of the water, and not to threaten revenge for it on the other.

Here we have another instance of absurd warlike spirit.

'The court of Berlin never allows an opportunity to escape of showing its envious and anti-revolutionary hatred of France. France on her side takes Waterloo to heart: so that, with a little good-will on the part of the ministers of either country, matters may be arranged to everybody's satisfaction.

'For ourselves, who have faith in the future, we would propose to King Louis Philippe, instead of that ridiculous *pancarte* which is used as the arms of revolutionary France, to emblazon the escutcheon of our country in the following way:

'In the first quarter, the Gallic cock with which we took Rome and Delphi.

'In the second, Napoleon's eagle with which we took Cairo, Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, and Moscow.

'In the third, Charlemagne's bees with which we took Saxony, Spain, and Lombardy.

'In the fourth, the fleur-de-lys of Saint Louis with which we took Jerusalem, Mansourah, Tunis, Milan, Florence, Naples, and Algiers.

'Then we would take a motto, which we would try to keep better than William of Holland did his

'Deus dedit, Deus dabit

and we should just have the finest escutcheon in the world.'

You rob a man of his purse: you are seized by a posse of constables whom the man calls, and obliged to give up the purse, being transported or whipped very likely for your pains. 'Rome, Delphi, Jerusalem, Vienna,' and the rest, are so many instances of the system: but though religion is always commendable, it is surely in this instance misapplied; nor has the footpad who cries 'Money or your life,' much right to say *Deus dedit* as he pockets the coin. Let M. Dumas, a man of the pen, expose the vain-glories of these hectoring practitioners of the sword, and correct them as one with his great authority might do: correcting in future editions such incendiary passages as that quoted above, and of which the commencement, a manifest provocation to the Prussians, might provoke 'woes unnumbered,' were the latter to take the hint.

As soon as he enters the Prussian territory, our author looks about him with a very cautious air, and smartly reprehends the well-known tyranny of 'his Majesty Frederick William.'

'We arrived in the coach-yard just as the horses were put to. There were lucky places in the interior, which I took, and was putting my ticket into my pocket, when my friend M. Poulain told me in the first place to read it.

'For the convenience of travellers, it is written in German and French. I found that I had the fourth place in the coach, and that I was forbidden to change places with my neighbour, even with the consent of the latter. This discipline altogether military, acquainted me, even more than did the infernal jargon of the postilion, that we were about to enter the possessions of his Majesty Frederick William.

'I embraced M. Poulain, and at the appointed hour we set off.

'As I had a corner place, the tyranny of his Majesty the King of Prussia did not appear altogether insupportable, and I must confess that I fell as profoundly asleep as if we had been travelling in the freest

country in the world. At about three o'clock, however, that is to say, just at daybreak, I was awakened by the stoppage of the carriage.

"I thought at first some accident must have happened; that we were either on a bank or in the mud; and put my head out of window. I was mistaken regarding the accident, nothing of the kind had happened. We were standing alone upon the finest road possible.

"I took my billet out of my pocket. I read it once more carefully through: and having ascertained that I was not forbidden to address my neighbour, I asked him how long we had been stationary.

"About twenty minutes," he said.

"And may I, without indiscretion," I rejoined, "take the liberty to ask why we are stopping?"

"We are waiting."

"Oh, we are waiting: and what are we waiting for?"

"We are waiting for the time."

"What time?"

"The time when we have the right to arrive."

"There is then a fixed hour for arriving?"

"Everything is fixed in Prussia."

"And if we arrived before the hour?"

"The conductor would be punished."

"And if after?"

"He would be punished in like manner."

"Upon my word, the arrangement is satisfactory."

"Everything is satisfactory in Prussia."

"I bowed in token of assent, for I would not for the world have contradicted a gentleman whose political convictions seemed to be so firm. My approbation seemed to give him great pleasure, and emboldened by that, and by his polite and succinct manner of answering my former questions, I was encouraged to put some new ones.

"I beg pardon, sir," continued I, "but will you favour me by stating at what hour the conductor ought to arrive at Aix-la-Chapelle."

"At thirty-five minutes past five."

"But suppose his watch goes slow?"

"Watches never go slow in Prussia."

"Have the goodness to explain that circumstance to me, if you please"

"It is very simple."

"Let us see?"

"The conductor has before him, in his place, a clock locked up in a case, and that is regulated by the clock at the Diligence office. He knows at what hour he ought to arrive at this or that town, and presses or delays his postilions accordingly, so that he may arrive at Aix-la-Chapelle exactly at thirty-five minutes past five."

"I am sorry to be so exceedingly troublesome, sir; but your politeness is such that I must venture on one question more."

"Well, sir?"

"Well, sir, with all these precautions, how happens it that we are forced to wait now?"

"It is most probably because the conductor did as you did, fell asleep; and the postilion profited of this, and went quicker."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Well then, I think I will take advantage of the delay and get out of the coach."

"People never get out of the coach in Prussia."

"That's hard, certainly. I wanted to look at yonder castle on your side of the road."

"That is the Castle of Emmaburg."

"What was the Castle of Emmaburg?"

"The place where the nocturnal adventure took place between Eginhard and Emma."

"Indeed! will you have the kindness to change places with me, and let me look at the castle from your side?"

"I would with pleasure, but we are not allowed to change places in Prussia."

"Peste! I had forgotten that," said I.

"*Ces tiapics de Français, il être très pavadés,*" said, without unclosing his eyes, a fat German who sat gravely in a corner opposite to me, and who had not opened his lips since we left Liège.

"What was that you said, sir?" said I, turning briskly round towards him, and not over well satisfied with his observation.

"*Che né tis rien, ché tors.*"

"You do very well to sleep, sir. But I recommend you not to dream out loud: do you understand me? Or if you do dream, dream in your native language."

We have given this story at full length, not because it is true, which it certainly is not; or because if it were true, the truth would be worth knowing: but as a specimen of the art of book-making, which could never have been produced by any less experienced workman than the great dramatist Alexander Dumas. The reader won't fail to see, how that pretty little drama is arranged, and the personages kept up. Mark the easy air which the great traveller assumes in putting his questions; the cool, sneering politeness, which, as a member of the Great Nation, he is authorised to assume when interrogating a subject of 'his Majesty Frederick William.' What point there is in those brief-cutting questions! what meekness in the poor German's replies! All the world is on the laugh, while the great Frenchman is playing his man off; and every now and then he turns round to his audience with a knowing wink and a grin, bidding us be delighted with the absurdities of this fellow. He wonders that

there should be a fixed hour for a coach to arrive. Why should there? Coaches do not arrive at fixed hours in France. There they are contented with a dirty diligence (as our friend, the *Naturforscher*, called it in the last number of this Review), and, after travelling three miles an hour, to arrive some time or other. As coaches do not arrive at stated hours in France, why should they in any other countries? If four miles an hour are good enough for a Frenchman, ought they not to satisfy a German forsooth? This is point one. A very similar joke was in the *Débats* newspaper in September; wherein, speaking of German railroads and engineers, the *Débats* said, 'at least, without depreciating the German engineers in the least, they will concede that about railroads our engineers must naturally know more than they do.' To be sure there is ten times as much railroad in Germany as in France; but are the French writers called upon to know this fact? or, if known, to depreciate their own institutions in consequence? No, no: and so M. Dumas does well to grin and sneer at the German.

See how he follows the fellow up with killing sarcasms! You arrive at a certain hour, do you? and what is this hour, *cette heure*, this absurd hour, at which the diligence comes in? He is prepared to find something comic even in that. Then he is facetious about the timekeeper: a thing that must be ridiculous, because, as we presume, a French conductor does not use one. And, finally, in order to give the Frenchman an opportunity to show his courage as he has before exhibited his wit, a fat German placed expressly in a corner wakes just at the proper moment and says, *Il être très pavadrs le Franzés*. VOUS DITES, MONSIEUR? says Alexander with a scowl, turning round *vivement* towards the German; and so, his points being made, the postilion cries *Forwards*, and off they go. It is just like the Porte Saint Martin. If the postilion did not cry forwards, or Buridan did not appear with his dagger at that very moment, the whole scene would have been spoiled. Of course, then, Buridan is warned by the call-boy, and is waiting at the slips, to rush on at the required moment.

No reader will have been so simple, we imagine, as to fancy this story contains a single word of truth in it; or that Dumas held the dialogue which he has written; or that the German really did cry out, *ce Franzé*, etc.: quiet old Germans do not speak French in their sleep, or for the purpose of insulting great fierce swaggering Frenchmen who sit with them in coaches: above all, Germans do not say *che affre* and *il être*. French Germans do: that is, Brunet and Levassor speak on the stage so when called

upon to represent Blum or Fritz in the play: just as they say, 'yase' and 'godem' by way of English. Nay, so ignorant are the French generally of the German language, that unless the character were called Blum or Fritz, and said *che affre*, and so on, no one would know that the personage was a German at all. They are accustomed to have them in that way: but let not M. Dumas fancy that Germans say *che affre* in their own country, any more than that Kean (whose life he wrote in his tragedy, which he says was very popular in Germany) was banished to Botany Bay by the Prince Regent, for making love to his Royal Highness's mistress.

They say, and with some reason, that we have obtained for ourselves the hatred of Europe by our contemptuous assumption of superiority in our frequent travels: but is it truth, or is it mere national prejudice? It has seemed to us that the French away from home are even more proud of country than we; certainly more loud in their assertions of superiority; and with a pride far more ferocious in its demeanour. There can, however, be no harm for any young British traveller who may be about to make his first tour filled with prejudices, and what is called patriotism, to read well the above dialogue, and draw a moral therefrom. Let him remark how Dumas, wishing to have a most majestic air, in reality cuts a most ridiculous figure: let him allow how mean the Frenchman's affectations of superiority are, his contempt for Jordan as compared with 'Abana and Phaphar,' and his scorn for the usages of the country which he is entering, for its coaches, its manners, and men: and, having remarked that all these airs which the Frenchman gives himself result from stupid conceit on his part, that he often brags of superiority in cases where he is manifestly inferior, and is proud merely of ignorance and dulness (which are, after all, not matters to be proud of): perhaps having considered these points in the Frenchman's conduct, the young Briton will take care to shape his own so as to avoid certain similar failings in which, abroad, his countrymen are said to fall.

From Aix la-Chapelle the adventurous traveller goes to Cologne, and thence actually all the way up the Rhine to Strasburg: visiting Coblenz, Mayence, Frankfort, Mannheim, and Baden. That he has not much to say regarding these places may be supposed: for not more than two or three hours were devoted to each city, and with all the 'preparatory studies' possible, two or three hours will hardly enable a man to find anything new in places which are explored by hundreds of thousands of travellers every season. Hence, as he has to fill two volumes with

an account of his five days' journey, he is compelled to resort to history and romance wherewith to fill his pages: now giving a description of the French armies on the Rhine, now amplifying a legend from the guide-book: and though, as may be supposed, he Frenchifies the tales, whatever they may be, we are bound to say that his manner of relating them is lively, brilliant, and amusing; and that the hours pass by no means disagreeably as we listen to the energetic, fanciful, violent French chronicler. For the telling of legends, as already shown in the notice of M. Dumas's book about Crimes in a former part of this Review, the dramatic turn of the traveller's mind is by no means disadvantageous: but in all the descriptions of common life, on which he occasionally condescends to speak, one is forced to receive his assertions with a great deal of caution: nay, if the truth must be told, to disbelieve every one of them.

We have given one specimen in the Diligence dialogue, and could extract many others as equally apocryphal. For instance, there is a long story to bear out a discovery made by M. Dumas that there is *no such thing as bread in Germany*. Now with all respect for genius, we must take leave to say that this statement is a pure fib: a fib like the coach-conversation; a fib like the adventure at Liège, where Dumas says they would give him nothing to eat because they mistook him for a Flamand; a fib like the history of the two Englishmen whom he meets at Bonn, and whom he leaves drunk amidst fourteen empty bottles of Johannisberger and Champagne, and whom he finds on board the steamer on a future day, where he causes them to drink fourteen bottles more. The story is too long to extract, but such is the gist of it. One of the Englishmen he calls Lord B——, the other Sir Patrick Warden. He describes them as always on the river between Mayence and Cologne, always intoxicated, and drinking dozens of Johannisberger. It is only in novels that Johannisberger is drunk in this way; it is only great French dramatists that fall in with these tipsy eccentric Anglais: the wonder is that he did not set them boxing after their wine, as all French Englishmen do.

At Mannheim there were historical souvenirs which were of no small interest to the French dramatist, and he records at great length the history of Sand. He visits the house where Kotzbuë was killed; the field where Sand was executed; and comes provided from Frankfort with a letter of recommendation to a gentleman by the name of Widemann, who can give him a great deal of information on the subject.

What a delighted dramatist must Alexander Dumas have

been ! This M. Widemann, Doctor of Medicine, living at Heidelberg, was no other than the hereditary executioner of Baden ! His father cut off Sand's head ; the son has never been called upon to execute his office on any criminal, but showed Alexander Dumas the very sword with which Sand had been killed : there were spots of rust upon the blade where the poor enthusiast's blood had fallen on it.

'M. Widemann was a handsome young man of thirty or two-and-thirty years of age. His hair was black, his complexion dark, and his whiskers were cut so as to surround his whole face. He presented himself with perfect ease and elegance, and asked "What had procured him the unexpected honour of my visit?"

'I confess that for the moment I had not a word to say in answer. I contented myself by holding out the letter of M. D——, which he read, and then asked, bowing again, "In what he could be useful to me ? I am at your orders," said he, "to give you all the information in my power. Unluckily," he continued, with a slight ironical accent, "I am not a very curious executioner, having as yet executed no one. But you must not, sir, be angry with me on that account : it is not my fault, it is the fault of these good Germans who do nothing deserving of death, and of our excellent Grand Duke, who pardons as much as he can."

"Sir," said I, "it is M. le Docteur Widemann that I am come to see ; the son of the man who, in accomplishing his terrible duty on poor Sand, still exhibited towards the unhappy young man a respect which might have compromised those who showed it."

"There was little merit in that, sir. Every man loved and pitied Sand : and certainly if my father had thought any sacrifice on his part could have saved the criminal, he would have cut off his right hand rather than have executed the sentence. But Sand was condemned, and it was necessary that he should suffer." . . .

"Thank you, sir," answered I, "for your politeness in receiving a visit which might have been otherwise met. . . . There is one thing more, which must be in your possession, and which I would like to see, though in truth I scarcely know how to ask for it."

"And what is this one thing now ?" said M. Widemann, with the same sarcastic smile that I had before remarked in him.

"Pardon me," said I, "but you do not encourage me to make my demand."

He at once changed his expression. "Pray excuse me," said he, "what is it you desire to see ? I shall have great pleasure in showing it to you."

"The sword with which Sand was beheaded."

A deep blush passed over M. Widemann's face as I spoke : but shaking his head as if to shake the blush away, he said,

"I will show it you, sir, but you will find it in bad condition. Thanks be to God, it has not been used for twelve years, and for my part this will be the first time I ever shall have touched it. Had I known that I was about to have the honour of your visit, I would have had it cleaned: but you know, sir, better than any one, that this visit was quite unexpected by me." With these words he quitted the room, leaving me much more embarrassed than he could be himself. However, I had taken the foolish part, and resolved to play it out.

In a moment M. Widemann returned, holding a large sword without a sheath. It was broader at the end than towards the hilt. The blade was hollow, and contained a certain quantity of quicksilver, which in precipitating itself from the handle to the point gave a much greater force to the blow. On several parts of the blade there was a good deal of rust, for, as is known, the rust almost always reappears upon the places where blood has stained.

"Here is the sword that you asked to see, sir."

"I must make you new apologies for my indiscretion, and thank you once more for your complaisance," answered I.

"Well, sir, if you consider you owe me anything for my complaisance, will you let me fix one condition upon it?"

"And what is that, sir?"

"That is, that you will pray God, as I do, sir, that I may never have occasion to touch this sword, except to satisfy the curiosity of strangers who are good enough to honour with a visit the poor house of the executioner of Heidelberg."

I saw that the moment was come for me to take my leave, and giving M. Widemann the promise he demanded, I saluted and left him.

It was the first time that in half an hour's conversation I was ever so completely *floored* (*roulé*): not having found during the whole time, a single chance to take my revenge.

Nevertheless I kept my promise to M. Widemann: and no doubt our *common prayer* was efficacious, for I have not heard that since my visit he has had occasion to take the rust off his sword.'

With regard to the efficacy of the prayers of M. Alexandre Dumas it is not for us to speak. But we may question the taste of the individual who could go so far for the purpose of viewing so disgusting a relic; who could insult this unhappy gentleman (as the executioner appears to be), for the satisfaction of a curiosity which was neither more nor less than brutal; and who can talk with a sneer of praying to the Almighty that the poor executioner's hand might be kept from blood. It is a serious thing, O Dumas, to talk even in Melodramas or Impressions de Voyage about praying and killing. Even in fifth acts of plays there may be too much poetic murdering: whereby (to carry out the Alexandre-

Dumatic metaphor) the brightness of the imagination is stained : *car la rouille comme on le sait reparaît presque toujours aux endroits que le sang a taché.*

However, to do the dramatist justice, he is by no means so bloody minded now as he was in earlier youth : and he has grown more moral too, and decent, so that ladies, skipping such Borgian temptations as are noted in a former part of this Review, may, on the whole, find it possible to read him. When time shall have further softened an emphatic bullying manner, which leads him at present to employ the largest and fiercest words in place of simple and conciliating ones ; and he shall cease to set down as armed castles all the peaceful windmills of everyday life ; it is probable that we shall be indebted to him for much amusing reading. Some we have had already, as our readers know. For he has both humour and eloquence, and in spite of his hectoring manner his heart is both manly and kind. And so schooled down as we trust he will not fail to be, we may look forward to his writing a couple of thousand volumes, even more interesting than those which he has at present produced.

THE END.

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